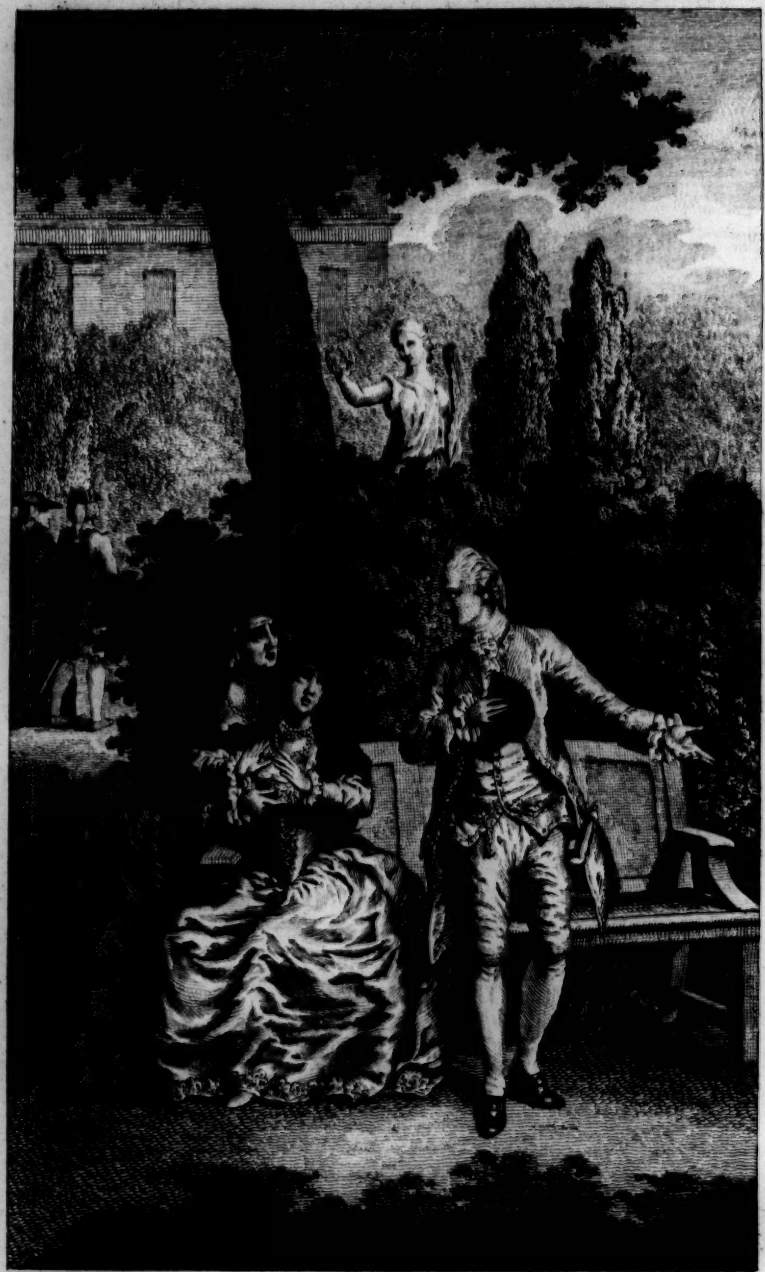

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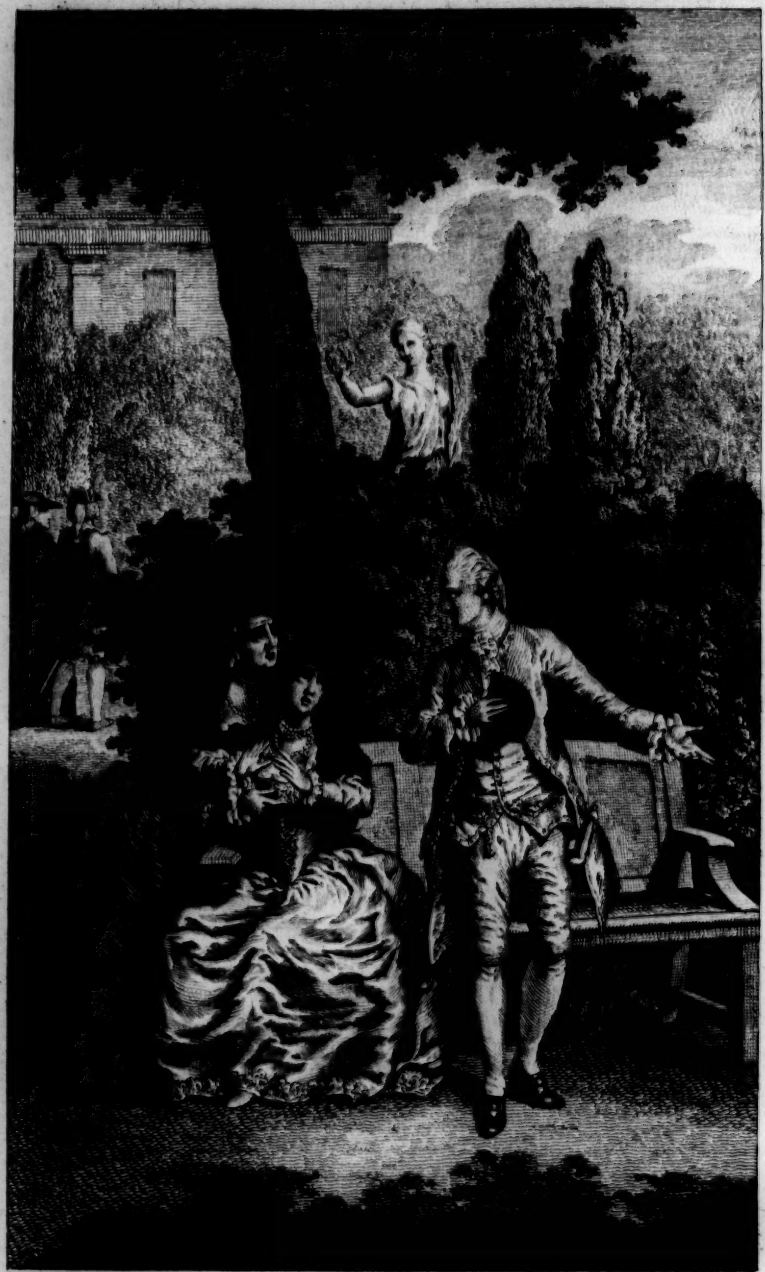

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THE

HISTORY

OF

SIR CHARLES GRANDISON;

IN A

SERIES OF LETTERS.

BY Mr. SAMUEL RICHARDSON,

AUTHOR OF PAMELA AND CLARISSA.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

VOL. V.

THE EIGHTH EDITION.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. LONGMAN, J. JOHNSON, G. G. AND J. ROBINSON, R. BALDWIN, J. NICHOLS, S. BLADON, W. RICHARDSON, W. LANE, W. LOWNDES, G. AND L. WILKIE, P. MC. QUEEN, C. D. PIGUENIT, CADELL AND DAVIES, AND S. BAGSTER.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

THE HISTORY OF SIR CHARLES GRANDISON, Bart.

LETTER I.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Monday Night, May 15-26.

I AM juſt returned. You will expect me to be particular.

I went the earlier in the afternoon, that I might paſs half an hour with my Jeronymo. He complains of the aperture ſo lately made: But Mr. Lowther gives us hopes from it.

When we were alone, They will not let me ſee my Siſter, ſaid he; I am ſure ſhe muſt be very bad. But I underſtand, that you are to be allowed that favour, by-and-by. O my Grandiſon! how I pity that tender, that generous heart of yours!—But what have you done to the General? He aſſures me, that

he admires and loves you; and the Biſhop has been congratulating *me* upon it. He knew it would give me pleaſure. My dear Grandiſon, you ſubdue every body; yet in your own way; for they both admire your ſpirit.

Juſt then came in the General. He ſaluted me in ſo kind a manner, that Jeronymo's eyes overflowed; and he ſaid, Bleſſed be God, that I have lived to ſee you two, deareſt of men to me, ſo friendly together.

This ſweet girl! ſaid the General:—How, Grandiſon, will you bear to ſee her?

The Biſhop entered: O Chevalier! my Siſter is inſenſible to every-thing, and every-body. Camilla is nobody with her to-day.

They had forgot Jeronymo, tho' in his chamber; and their attention being taken by his audible ſenſibilities, they comforted him; and withdrew with me into Mr. Lowther's apartment; while Mr. Lowther went to his patient.

The Marchioneſs joined us in tears. This dear child knows me not; heeds me not: She never was unmindful of her mother before. I have talked to her of the Chevalier Grandiſon: She regards not your name. O this affecting ſilence!—Camilla has told her, that ſhe is to ſee you. My Daughter-in-law has told her ſo. O Chevalier! ſhe has quite, quite loſt her underſtanding Nay, we were barbarous enough to try the name of Laurana. She was not terrified, as ſhe uſed to be, with that.

Camilla came in with a face of joy: Lady Clementina has juſt ſpoken! I told her, ſhe muſt prepare to ſee the Chevalier Grandiſon in all his glory, and that every-body, the General in particular, admired him. Go, naughty Camilla, ſaid ſhe, tapping my hand; you are a wicked deceiver. I have been told this ſtory too often, to credit it. This was all I could get her to ſay.

Hence it was concluded, that ſhe would take ſome notice of me when ſhe ſaw me; and I was led by

by the General, followed by the reſt, into the Marchioneſs's drawing-room.

Father Mareſcotti had given me an advantageous character of the General's Lady, whom I had not yet ſeen. The Biſhop had told me, that ſhe was ſuch another excellent woman as his Mother, and like her, had the Italian reſerve ſoftened by a polite French education.

When we came into the drawing-room, the General preſented me to her. I do not, madam, bid you admire the Chevalier Grandiſon, ſaid he; but I forgive you if you do; becauſe you will not be able to do otherwiſe.

My Lord, ſaid ſhe, you told me an hour ago, that I muſt: And now, that I ſee the Chevalier, you will have no cauſe to reproach me with diſobedience.

Father Mareſcotti, madam, ſaid I, bid me expect from the Lady of the young Marcheſe della Porretta every-thing that was condeſcending and good. Your compaſſionate Love for an unhappy new Siſter, who deſerves every-one's Love, exalts your character.

Father Mareſcotti came in. We took our places. It was deſigned, I found, to try to revive the young Lady's attention, by introducing her in full aſſembly, I one of it. But I could not forbear aſking the Marchioneſs, If Lady Clementina would not be too much ſtartled at ſo much company?

I wiſh, ſaid the Marquis, ſighing, that ſhe *may* be ſtartled.

We meet, as only on a converſation-viſit, ſaid the Marchioneſs. We have tried every other way to awaken her attention.

We are all near relations, ſaid the Biſhop.

And want to make our obſervations, ſaid the General.

She has been bid to expect you among us, reſumed the Marchioneſs. We ſhall only be attended by Laura and Camilla.

Juſt then entered the ſweet Lady, leaning upon Camilla, Laura attending. Her movement was ſlow and ſolemn. Her eyes were caſt on the ground. Her robes were black and flowing. A veil of black gauze half covered her face. What woe was there in it!

What, at that moment, was my emotion! I aroſe from my ſeat, ſat down, and aroſe again, irreſolute, not knowing what I did, or what *to* do!

She ſtopt in the middle of the floor, and made ſome motion, in ſilence, to Camilla, who adjuſted her veil: But ſhe looked not before her; lifted not up her eyes; obſerved no-body.

On her ſtopping, I was advancing towards her; but the General took my hand: Sit ſtill, ſit ſtill, dear Grandiſon, ſaid he: Yet I am charmed with your ſenſibility. She comes! She moves towards us!

She approached the table round which we ſat, her eyes more than half cloſed, and caſt down. She turned to go towards the window. Here, here, madam, ſaid Camilla, leading her to an elbow-chair that had been placed for her, between the two Marchioneſſes. She implicitly took her woman's directions, and ſat down. Her Mother wept. The young Marchioneſs wept. Her Father ſobbed; and looked from her. Her Mother took her hand: My Love, ſaid ſhe, look around you.

Pray Siſter, ſaid the Count her Uncle, leave her to her own obſervation.

She was regardleſs of what either ſaid; her eyes were caſt down, and half cloſed. Camilla ſtood at the back of her chair.

The General, grieved and impatient, aroſe, and ſtepping to her, My deareſt Siſter, ſaid he, hanging over her ſhoulder, look upon us all. Do not *ſcorn* us, do not *deſpiſe* us: See your Father, your Mother, your Siſter, and every-body, in tears. If you love us, ſmile upon us. He took the hand which her Mother had quitted, to attend to her own emotions.

She

She reared up her eyes to him, and, ſweetly condeſcending, tried to ſmile; but ſuch a ſolemnity had taken poſſeſſion of her features, that ſhe only could ſhew her obligingneſs, by the effort. Her ſmile was a ſmile of woe. And, ſtill further to ſhew her compliance, withdrawing her hand from her Brother, ſhe looked on either ſide of her; and ſeeing which was her Mother, ſhe, with both hands, took hers, and bowed her head upon it.

The Marquis aroſe from his ſeat, his handkerchief at his eyes. Sweet creature! ſaid he, never, never let me again ſee ſuch a ſmile as that. It is *here*, putting his hand to his breaſt.

Camilla offered her a glaſs of lemonade; ſhe accepted it not, nor held up her head for a few moments.

Obliging Siſter! you do not ſcorn us, ſaid the General. See, Father Mareſcotti is in tears [The reverend man ſat next me]: Pity his grey hairs! See, your own Father too—Comfort your Father. *His* grief for your ſilence—

She caſt her eyes that way. She ſaw me. Saw me greatly affected. She ſtarted. She looked again; again ſtarted; and, quitting her Mother's hand, now changing pale, now reddening, ſhe aroſe, and threw her arms about her Camilla—O Camilla! was all ſhe ſaid; a violent burſt of tears wounding, yet giving ſome eaſe to every heart. I was ſpringing to her, and ſhould have claſped her in my arms before them all; but the General taking my hand, as I reached her chair, Dear Grandiſon, ſaid he, pronouncing in her ear my name, keep your ſeat. If Clementina remembers her Engliſh tutor, ſhe will bid you welcome once more to Bologna.—O Camilla, ſaid ſhe, faithful, good Camilla! Now, at laſt, have you told me truth! It is, it is he!—And her tears *would* flow, as ſhe hid her face in Camilla's boſom.

The General's native pride again ſhewed itſelf. He

took me aſide. I ſee, Grandiſon, the conſequence you are of to this unhappy girl: Every one ſees it. But I depend upon your honour: You remember what you ſaid this morning—

Good God! ſaid I, with ſome emotion: I ſtopt—And reſuming, with pride equal to his own, Know, Sir, that the man whom you thus remind, calls himſelf a man of honour; and you, as well as the reſt of the world, ſhall find him ſo.

He ſeemed a little abaſhed. I was flinging from him, not too angrily for *him*, but for the reſt of the company, had they not been attentive to the motions of their Clementina.

We, however, took the Biſhop's eye. He came to us.

I left the General; and the Biſhop led him out, in order to enquire into the occaſion of my warmth.

When I turned to the company, I found the dear Clementina, ſupported by the two Marchioneſſes, and attended by Camilla, juſt by me, paſſing towards the door, in order, it ſeems, at *her* motion, to withdraw. She ſtopt. Ah, Chevalier! ſaid ſhe; and reclining her head on her Mother's boſom, ſeemed ready to faint. I took one hand, as it hung down lifeleſsly extended (her Mother held the other); and, kneeling, preſſed it with my lips—Forgive me, Ladies; forgive me, Lady Clementina!—My ſoul overflowed with tenderneſs, tho' the moment before it was in a tumult of another kind; for ſhe caſt down her eyes upon me with a benignity, that for a long time they all afterwards owned they had not beheld. I could not ſay more. I aroſe. She moved on to the door; and when there, turned her head, ſtraining her neck to look after me, till ſhe was out of the room. I was a ſtatue for a few moments; till the Count, ſnatching my hand, and Father Mareſcotti's, who ſtood neareſt him, We ſee to what the malady is owing—Father, you muſt join their hands!—Chevalier! you will be

a Catholic!—Will you not?—O that you would! ſaid the Father—Why, why, joined in the Count, did we refuſe the ſo-earneſtly requeſted interview, a year and half ago?

The young Marchioneſs returned, weeping—They will not permit me to ſtay. My Siſter, my dear Siſter, is in fits!—O Sir, turning graciouſly to me, you *are* —I will not ſay *what* you are—But I ſhall not be in danger of diſobeying my Lord, on your account.

Juſt then entered the General, led in by the Biſhop. Now, Brother, ſaid the latter, if you will not be generous, be, however, juſt—Chevalier, were you not a little haſty.

I *was*, my Lord. But ſurely the General was unſeaſonable.

Perhaps I was.

There is as great a triumph, my Lord, ſaid I, in a due acknowledgment, as in a victory. Know me, my Lords, as a man incapable of meanneſs; who will aſſert himſelf; but who, from the knowledge he has of his own heart, wiſhes at his ſoul to be received as the unqueſtionably diſintereſted friend of this whole family. Excuſe me, my Lords, I am obliged to talk greatly, becauſe I would not wiſh to act petulantly. But my ſoul is wounded by thoſe diſtreſſes, which had not, I am ſorry to ſay it, a little while ago, a firſt place in *your* heart.

Do you reproach me, Grandiſon?

I need not, my Lord, if you *feel* it as ſuch. But indeed you either know not me, or forget yourſelf. And now, having ſpoken all my mind, I am ready to aſk your pardon for any-thing that may have offended you in the manner. I ſnatched his hand ſo ſuddenly, I hope not rudely, but rather fervently, that he ſtarted —Receive me, my Lord, as a friend. I will *deſerve* your friendſhip.

Tell me, Brother, ſaid he to the Biſhop, what I ſhall ay to this ſtrange man? Shall I be angry or pleaſed?

Be pleaſed, my Lord, replied the Prelate.

The General embraced me—Well, Grandiſon, you have overcome. I *was* unſeaſonable. You were paſſionate. Let us forgive each other.

His Lady ſtood ſuſpended, not being able to gueſs at the occaſion of this behaviour, and renewed friendſhip.

We ſat down, and reaſoned variouſly on what had paſſed, with regard to the unhappy Lady, according to the hopes and fears which actuated the boſoms of each.

But I cannot help thinking, that had this interview been allowed to paſs with leſs ſuprize to her, ſhe might have been ſpared thoſe fits, with the affecting deſcription of which the young Marchioneſs alarmed us; till Camilla came in with the happy news, that ſhe was recovering from them; and that her Mother was promiſing her another viſit from me, in hopes it would oblige her; though it was not what ſhe required.

I took this opportunity to put into the hands of the young Marchioneſs, ſealed up, the opinions of the phyſicians I had conſulted in England, on the caſe of Clementina; requeſting that ſhe would give it to her Mother, in order to have it conſidered.

The Biſhop withdrew, to acquaint Jeronymo, in the way he thought beſt, with what had paſſed in this firſt interview with his Siſter; reſolving not to take any notice of the little ſally of warmth between the General and me.

I hope to make the pride and paſſion of this young nobleman of uſe to myſelf, by way of caution: For am I not naturally too much inclined to the ſame fault? O Dr. Bartlett! how have I regretted the paſſion I ſuffered myſelf to be betray'd into, by the fooliſh violence of O'Hara and Salmonet, in my own houſe, when it would have better become me, to have had them ſhewed out of it by my ſervants!

And

And yet, were I to receive affronts with tameneſs from thoſe haughty ſpirits, who think themſelves of a rank ſuperior to me, and from men of the ſword, I, who make it a principle not to draw mine but in my own defence, ſhould be ſubjected to inſults, that would be continually involving me in the difficulties I am ſolicitous to avoid.

I attended the General and his Lady to Jeronymo. The generous youth forgot his own weak ſtate, in the hopes he flattered himſelf with, of a happy concluſion to his Siſter's malady, from the change of ſymptoms which had already taken place; though violent hyſterics diſordered and ſhook her before-wounded frame.

The General ſaid, that if ſhe could overcome this firſt ſhock, perhaps it was the beſt method that could have been taken to rouſe her out of that ſtupidity and inattention which had been for ſome weeks ſo diſturbing to them all.

There were no hopes of ſeeing the unhappy Lady again that evening. The General would have accompanied me to the Caſino *(a)*; ſaying, that we might both be diverted by an hour paſſed there: But I excuſed myſelf. My heart was full of anxiety, for the welfare of a Brother and Siſter, both ſo much endeared to me by their calamities: And I retired to my lodgings.

(a) The Caſino at Bologna is a fine apartment, illuminated every night, for the entertainment of the Gentlemen and Ladies of the city, and whomever they pleaſe to introduce. There are card-tables; and waiters attend with chocolate, coffee, ice. The whole expence is defrayed by twelve men of the firſt quality, each in turn taking his month.

LETTER II.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Tueſday, May 16-27.

I Had a very reſtleſs night; and found myſelf ſo much indiſpoſed in the morning, with a feveriſh diſorder, that I thought of contenting myſelf with ſending to know how the Brother and Siſter reſted, and of ſtaying within, at leaſt till the afternoon, to give my hurried ſpirits ſome little repoſe: But my meſſenger returned with a requeſt from the Marchioneſs, to ſee me preſently.

I obeyed. Clementina had aſked, Whether ſhe had really ſeen me, or had only dreamed ſo. They took this for a favourable indication; and therefore ſent the above requeſt.

I met the General in Jeronymo's apartment. He took notice that I was not very well. Mr. Lowther propoſed to bleed me. I conſented. I afterwards ſaw my friend's wounds dreſſed. The three ſurgeons pronounced appearances not to be unfavourable.

We all then retired into Mr. Lowther's apartment. The Biſhop introduced to us two of the faculty. The preſcriptions of the Engliſh phyſicians were conſidered; and ſome of the methods approved, and agreed to be purſued.

Clementina, when I came, was retired to her own apartment with Camilla. Her terrors on Laurana's cruelty had again got poſſeſſion of her imagination; and they thought it not adviſeable that I ſhould be admitted into her preſence, till the hurries ſhe was in, on that account, had ſubſided.

But by this time, being a little more compoſed, her Mother led her into her dreſſing-room. The General, and his Lady, were both preſent; and, by their deſire, I was aſked to walk in.

Clementina,

Clementina, when I entered, was ſitting cloſe to Camilla; her head leaning on her boſom, ſeemingly thoughtful. She raiſed her head, and looked towards me; and, claſping her arms about Camilla's neck hid her face in *her* boſom for a few moments; then, looking as baſhful towards me, ſhe looſed her hands, ſtood up, and looked ſteadily at me, and at Camilla, by turns, ſeveral times, as irreſolute. At laſt, quitting Camilla, ſhe moved towards me with a ſtealing pace; but when near me, turning ſhort, hurried to her Mother; and putting one arm about her neck, the other held up, ſhe looked at me, as if ſhe were doubtful whom ſhe ſaw. She ſeemed to whiſper to her Mother, but not to be underſtood. She went then by her Siſter-in-law, who took her hand as ſhe paſſed her, with both hers, and kiſſed it; and coming to the General, who ſat ſtill nearer me, and who had deſired me to attend to her motions, ſhe ſtood by him, and looked at me with a ſweet irreſolution.

As ſhe had ſtolen ſuch advances towards me, I could no longer reſtrain myſelf. I aroſe, and, taking her hand, Behold the man, ſaid I, with a bent knee, whom once you honour'd with the name of tutor, your Engliſh tutor!—Know you not the grateful Grandiſon, whom all your family have honoured with their regard?

O yes!—Yes,—I think I do.—They rejoiced to hear her ſpeak.—But where have you been all this time?

In England, madam—But returned, *lately* returned, to viſit you and your Jeronymo.

Jeronymo! one hand held up; the other not withdrawn. Poor Jeronymo.

God be praiſed! ſaid the General: Some faint hopes. The two Marchioneſſes wept for joy.

Your Jeronymo, madam, and my Jeronymo, is, we hope, in a happy way. Do you love Jeronymo?

Do I!—But what of Jeronymo? I don't underſtand you.

Jeronymo, now you are well, will be happy.

Am I well? Ah, Sir!—But ſave me, ſave me, Chevalier!—faintly ſcreaming, and looking about her, with a countenance of woe and terror.

I *will* ſave you, madam. The General will alſo protect you. Of whom are you afraid?

O the cruel, cruel Laurana!---She withdrew her hand in a hurry, and lifted up the ſleeve of the other arm—You ſhall ſee—O I have been cruelly uſed—But *you* will protect me. Forbearing to ſhew her arm, as ſhe ſeemed to intend.

Laurana ſhall never more come near you.

But don't hurt her!—Come, ſit down by me, and I will tell you all I have ſuffered.

She hurried to her former ſeat; and ſat down by her weeping Camilla. I followed her. She motioned to me to ſit down by her.

Why, you muſt know, Chevalier—She pauſed—Ah my head! putting her hand to it—Well, but, now you muſt leave me. Something is wrong—Leave me—I don't know myſelf——

Then looking with a face of averted terror at me—You are not the ſame man I talked to juſt now!—Who *are* you, Sir?—She again faintly ſhrieked, and threw her arms about Camilla's neck, once more hideing her face in her boſom.

I could not bear this. Not very well before, it was too much for me. I withdrew.

Don't withdraw, Chevalier, ſaid the General, drying his eyes.

I withdrew, however, to Mr. Lowther's chamber. He not being there, I ſhut the door upon myſelf—So oppreſſed! my dear Dr. Bartlett, I was greatly oppreſſed.

Recovering myſelf in a few moments, I went to Jeronymo. I had but juſt entered his chamber, when the General, who ſeemed unable to ſpeak, took my hand, and in ſilence led me to his Mother's dreſſing-room. As we entered it, She enquires after you,

Chevalier, ſaid he, and laments your departure. She thinks ſhe has offended you. Thank God, ſhe has recollection!

When I went in, ſhe was in her Mother's arms; her Mother ſoothing her, and weeping over her.

See, ſee, my child, the Chevalier! you have *not* offended him.

She quitted her Mother's arms. I approached her. I thought it was not *you* that ſat by me, a while ago. But when you went away from me, I ſaw it could be no body but you. Why did you go away? Was you angry?

I could not be angry, madam. You bid me leave you: And I obeyed.

Well, but now what ſhall I ſay to him, madam? I don't know what I would ſay. You, madam, ſtepping with a haſty motion towards her Siſter-in-law, will not tell Laurana any thing againſt me?

Unhappy hour, ſaid her Mother, ſpeaking to the General, that I ever yielded to her going to the cruel Laurana!

The Marchioneſs took her hand; I hate Laurana, my dear; I love no-body but you.

Don't hate her, however—Chevalier, whiſperingly, Who is this Lady?

The General rejoiced at the queſtion; for this was the firſt time ſhe had ever taken any particular notice of his Lady, or enquired who ſhe was, notwithſtanding her generous tenderneſs to her.

That Lady is your Siſter, your Brother Signor Giacomo's wife——

My Siſter! how can that be?—Where has ſhe been all this time?

Your Siſter by marriage: Your elder Brother's wife.

I don't underſtand it. But why, madam, did you not tell me ſo before? I wiſh you happy. Laurana would not let me be *her* Couſin. Will *you* own me?

The young Marchioneſs claſped her arms about her.

My

My Siſter, my friend, my dear Clementina! Call me your Siſter, and I ſhall be happy!

What ſtrange things, ſaid ſhe, have come to paſs?

How did theſe dawnings of reaſon rejoice every one!

Sir, turning to the General, let me ſpeak with you.

She led him by the hand to the other end of the room.—Let nobody hear us, ſaid ſhe: Yet ſpoke not low. What had I to ſay?—I had ſomething to ſay to you very earneſtly. I don't know what——

Well, don't puzzle yourſelf, my dear, to recollect it, ſaid the General. Your new Siſter loves you. She is the beſt of women. She is the joy of my life. Love your new Siſter, my Clementina.

So I will. Don't I love every-body?

But you muſt love her better than any other woman, the beſt of Mothers excepted. She is *my* Wife, and *your* Siſter; and ſhe loves both you, and our dear Jeronymo.

And no-body elſe? Does ſhe love no-body elſe?

Whom elſe would you have her love?

I don't know. But every-body, I think; for I do.

Whomever you love, ſhe will love. She is all goodneſs.

Why that's well. I will love her, now I know who ſhe is. But, Sir, I have ſome notion—

Of what, my dear?

I don't know. But pray, Sir, What brings the Chevalier over hither again?

To comfort you, your Father, Mother, Jeronymo: To comfort us all. To make us all well, and happy in each other.

Why that's very good. Don't *you* think ſo? But he was always good. Are you, Brother, happy?

I am, and ſhould be more ſo, if you and Jeronymo were.

But that can never, never be.

God forbid! my Siſter. The Chevalier has brought over with him a ſkilful man, who hopes to cure our Jeronymo. Has

Has the Chevalier done this? Why did he not do ſo before?

The General was a little diſconcerted; but generouſly ſaid, We were wrong; we took not right methods. I, for my part, wiſh we had followed his advice in every-thing.

Bleſs me!—holding up one hand. How came all theſe things about! Sir, Sir, with quickneſs—I will come again preſently—And was making to the door.

Camilla ſtept to her—Whither, whither, my dear young Lady?—O! Camilla will do as well—Camilla, laying her hand upon her ſhoulder, go to Father Mareſcotti—Tell him—There ſhe ſtopt: Then proceeding, Tell him, I have ſeen a viſion—He ſhall pray for us all.

Then ſtepping to her Mother, and taking her paſſive hand, ſhe kiſſed it, and ſtroked her own forehead and cheek with it—Love me, madam; love your child. *You* don't know, neither do I, what ails my poor head. Heal it! Heal it! with your gentle hand! Again ſtroking her forehead with it; then putting it to her heart.

The Marchioneſs, kiſſing her forehead, made her face wet with her tears.

Shall I, ſaid Camilla, go to Father Mareſcotti?

No, ſaid the General, except ſhe repeats her commands. Perhaps ſhe has forgot him already.—She ſaid no more of Father Mareſcotti.

The Marchioneſs thinks that ſhe had ſome confuſed notions of the former enmity of the General and Father to me; and finding the former reconciled, wanted the Father to be ſo too, and to pray for us all.

I was willing, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to give you minutely the workings of the poor Lady's mind on our two firſt interviews. Every-body is rejoiced at ſo hopeful an alteration already.

We all thought it beſt, now, that ſhe had ſo ſurpriſingly taken a turn, from obſerving a profound ſilence,

ſilence, to free talking, and ſhewn herſelf able, with very little incoherence, to purſue a diſcourſe, that ſhe ſhould not exhauſt herſelf; and Camilla was directed to court her into her own dreſſing-room, and endeavour to engage her on ſome indifferent ſubjects. I aſked her leave to withdraw: She gave it me readily, with theſe words, I ſhall ſee you again, I hope, before you go to England.

Often, I hope, very often, anſwered the General for me.

That is very good, ſaid ſhe; and, courteſying to me, went up with Camilla.

We all went into Jeronymo's apartment; and the young Marchioneſs rejoiced him with the relation of what had paſſed. That generous friend was for aſcribing to my preſence the hoped-for happy alteration; while the General declared, that he never would have her contradicted for the future, in any reaſonable requeſt ſhe ſhould make.

The Count her Uncle, and Signor Sebaſtiano his eldeſt Son, are ſet out for Urbino. They took leave of me at my lodgings. He hoped, he ſaid, that all would be happy; and that I would be a Catholic.

I HAVE received a large pacquet of Letters from England.

I approve of all you propoſe, my dear Dr. Bartlett. You ſhall not, you ſay, be eaſy, except I will inſpect your accounts. Don't refuſe to give your own worthy heart any ſatisfaction that it can receive, by conſulting your true friend: But otherwiſe, you need not aſk my conſent to any-thing you ſhall think fit to do. Of one thing, methinks, I could be glad, that only ſuch children of the poor, as ſhew a peculiar ingenuity, have any great pains taken with them in their *books*. Huſbandry and labour are what are moſt wanting to be encouraged among the lower claſs of people. Providence has given to men different genius's and capacities,

capacities, for different ends; and that all might become uſeful links of the ſame great chain. Let us apply thoſe talents to Labour, thoſe to Learning, thoſe to Trade, to Mechanics, in their different branches, which point out the different purſuits, and then no perſon will be unuſeful; on the contrary, every one may be eminent in ſome way or other. Learning, of itſelf, never made any man happy. The ploughman makes fewer miſtakes in the conduct of life than the ſcholar, becauſe the ſphere in which he moves is a more contracted one. But if a genius ariſe, let us encourage it: There will be ruſtics enough to do the common ſervices for the finer ſpirits, and to carry on the buſineſs of the world, if we do not, by our own indiſcriminate good offices, contribute to their miſapplication.

I will write to congratulate Lord W. and his Lady. I rejoice exceedingly in their happineſs.

I will alſo write to my Beauchamp, and to Lady Beauchamp, to give her joy on her enlarged heart. Surely, Dr. Bartlett, human nature is not ſo bad a thing, as ſome diſgracers of their own ſpecies have imagined. I have, on many occaſions, found, that is is but applying properly to the paſſions of perſons, who, tho' they have not been very remarkable for benevolence, may yet be induced to do right things in *ſome* manner, if not always in the *moſt graceful*. But as it is an obſervation, that the miſer's feaſt is often the moſt ſplendid; ſo may we ſay, as in the caſes of Lord W. and Lady Beauchamp, the one to her Son-in-law, the other to his Lady and Nieces, that when ſuch perſons are brought to taſte the ſweets of a generous and beneficient action, they are able to behave greatly. We ſhould not too ſoon, and without making *proper* applications, give up perſons of ability or power, upon conceptions of their general characters; and then, with the herd, ſet our faces againſt them, as if we knew them to be incorrigible. How many

ways

ways are there to overcome perſons, who may not, however, be naturally beneficent! Policy, a regard for outward appearances, oſtentation, love of praiſe, will ſometimes have great influences: And not ſeldom is the requeſter of a favour himſelf in fault, who perhaps ſhews as much *ſelf* in the application, as the refuſer does in the denial.

Let Charlotte know, that I will write to her when *ſhe gives me a ſubject.*

I will write to Lord and Lady L. by the next mail. To write to either, is to write to both.

I have already anſwered Emily's favour. I am very glad that her Mother, and her Mother's Huſband, are ſo wiſe as to purſue their own intereſts in their behaviour to that good girl, and their happineſs in their conduct to each other.

My poor couſin Grandiſon—I am concerned for him. I have a very affecting Letter from him. But I ſee the proud man in it, valuing himſelf on his knowledge of the world, and rather vexed to be overreached by the common artifices of ſome of the worſt people in it, than from right principles. I know not what I can do for him, except I were on the ſpot. I am grieved that he has not profited by other mens wiſdom: I wiſh he may by his own experience. I will write to him; yet neither to reproach him, nor to extenuate his folly, tho' I wiſh to free him from the conſequences of it.

I write to my aunt Eleanor, to congratulate and welcome her to London. I hope to find her there on my return from Italy.

The unhappy Sir Hargrave! The ſtill unhappier Merceda! What ſport have they made with their health in the prime of their days; and with their reputation! How poor would have been their triumph, had they eſcaped, by a flight ſo ignominious, the due reward of their iniquitous contrivances! But to meet with ſuch a diſgraceful puniſhment, and ſo narrowly

to

to eſcape a ſtill *more* diſgraceful one—Tell me, Can the poor men look out into open day?

But poor Bagenhall! ſunk as he is, almoſt beneath pity, what can be ſaid of him?

We ſee, Dr. Bartlett, in the behaviour, and ſordid acquieſcence with inſults, of theſe three men, that offenſive ſpirits cannot be true ones.

If you have any call or inclination to go to London, I am ſure you will look in upon the little Oldhams, and their Mother.

My compliments to the young officer. I am glad he is pleaſed with what has been done for him.

I have Letters from Paris. I am greatly pleaſed with what is done, and doing there, in purſuance of my directions, relating to good Mr. Danby's Legacy.

As he gained a great part of his conſiderable fortune in France, I think it would have been agreeable to him, to find out there half of the objects of his benevolence: Why elſe named he France in his Will?

The *intention* of the bequeather, in doubtful caſes, ought always to be conſidered: And another caſe has offered, which, I think, as there is a large ſurplus in my hands, after having done by his relations more than they expected, and full as much as is neceſſary to put them in a flouriſhing way, I ought to conſider in that light.

Mr. Danby, at his ſetting out in life, owed great obligations to a particular family, then in affluent circumſtances. This family fell, by unavoidable accidents, into indigence. Its deſcendants were numerous: Mr. Danby uſed to confer on no leſs than ſix granddaughters, and four grandſons, of this family, an annual bounty, which kept them juſt above want. And he had put them in hopes, that he would cauſe it to be continued to them, as long as they were unprovided for: The elder girls were in ſervices; the younger were brought up to be qualified for the ſame

uſeful

uſeful way of life: The Sons were neither idle nor vicious. I cannot but think, that it was his *intention* to continue his bounty to them by his laſt will, had he not forgot them when he gave orders for drawing it up; which was not till he thought himſelf in a dying way.

Proper enquiries have been made; and this affair is ſettled. The numerous family think themſelves happy. And the ſuppoſed intention of my deceaſed friend is fully anſwered; and no Legatee a ſufferer.

You kindly, my dear Dr. Bartlett, regret the diſtance we are at from each other. I am the loſer by it, and not you; ſince I give you, by pen and ink, almoſt as minute an account of my proceedings, as I could do were we converſing together: Such are your expectations upon, and ſuch is the obedience of,

Your ever-affectionate and filial Friend.

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER III.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

June 12-23.

WE have now, thank God, ſome hopes of our Jeronymo. The opening made below the great wound anſwers happily its intention; and that in the ſhoulder is once more in a fine way.

Lady Clementina has been made to underſtand, that he is better; and this good news, and the method ſhe is treated with, partly in purſuance of the advice of the Engliſh phyſicians, leave us not without hopes of her recovery.

The General and his Lady are gone to Naples, in much higher ſpirits than when they left that city.

His

His Lady ſeconding his earneſt invitation, I was not able to deny them the promiſe of a viſit there.

Every one endeavours to ſooth and humour Lady Clementina; and the whole family is now ſatisfied, that this was the method which always ought to have been taken with her; and lay to the charge of Lady Sforza and Laurana, perhaps much deeper views than they had at firſt; tho' they might enlarge them afterwards, and certainly did extend them, when the poor Lady was deemed irrecoverable.

Let me account to you, my dear friend, for my ſilence of near a month ſince the date of my laſt.

For a fortnight together, I was every day once with Lady Clementina. She took no ſmall pleaſure in ſeeing me. She was very various all that time in her abſences; ſometimes ſhe had ſenſible intervals, but they were not durable. She generally rambled much; and was very incoherent. Sometimes ſhe fell into her ſilent fits: But they ſeldom laſted long when I came. Sometimes ſhe aimed to ſpeak to me in Engliſh: But her ideas were too much unfixed, and her memory too much ſhattered, to make herſelf underſtood for a ſentence together, in the tongue ſhe had ſo lately learned, and for ſome time diſuſed. Yet, on the whole, her reaſon ſeemed to gather ſtrength. It was a heavy fortnight to me; and the heavier, as I was not very well myſelf—Yet I was loth to forbear my daily viſits.

Mrs. Beaumont, at the fortnight's end, made the family and me a viſit of three days. In that ſpace, Lady Clementina's abſences were ſtronger, but leſs frequent than before.

I had, by Letter, been all this time preparing the perſons who had the management of Mr. Jervois's affairs, to adjuſt, finally, the account relating to his eſtate, which remained unſettled; and they let me know, that they were quite ready to put the laſt hand to them. It was neceſſary for me to attend thoſe gen-

tlemen in perſon: And as Mrs. Beaumont could not conveniently ſtay any longer than the three days, I acquainted the Marchioneſs, that I ſhould do myſelf the honour of attending her to Florence.

As well Mrs. Beaumont, as the Marchioneſs, and the Biſhop, thought I ſhould communicate my intention, and the neceſſity of purſuing it, to Lady Clementina; leſt, on her miſſing me, ſhe ſhould be impatient, and we ſhould loſe the ground we had gained.

I laid before the young Lady, in preſence of her Mother and Mrs. Beaumont, in a plain and ſimple manner, my obligation to leave her for a few days, and the reaſon for it. To Florence, ſaid ſhe? Does not Lady Olivia live at Florence?—She does, uſually, anſwered Mrs. Beaumont: But ſhe is abroad on her travels.

Well, Sir, it is not for me to detain you, if you have buſineſs: But what will become of my poor Jeronymo in the mean time?—But, before I could anſwer, What a ſilly queſtion is that? I will be his comforter.

Father Mareſcotti juſt then entered—O Father! rambled the poor Lady, you have not prayed with me for a long time. O, Sir, I am an undone creature! I am a loſt ſoul!—She fell on her knees, and with tears bemoaned herſelf.

She endeavoured, after this, to recollect what ſhe had been talking of before. We make it a rule not to ſuffer her, if we can help it, to puzzle and perplex herſelf, by aiming at recollection; and therefore I told her what was our ſubject. She fell into it again with chearfulneſs—Well, Sir, and when may Jeronymo expect you again?—In about ten days, I told her. And taking her hint, I added, that I doubted not but ſhe would comfort Signor Jeronymo in my abſence. She promiſed ſhe would; and wiſhed me happy.

I attended Mrs. Beaumont accordingly. I concluded,

cluded, to my ſatisfaction, all that remained unadjuſted of my Emily's affairs, in two days after my arrival at Florence. I had a happy two days more with Mrs. Beaumont, and the Ladies her friends; and I ſtole a viſit out of the ten days to the Count of Belvedere, at Parma.

This excurſion was of benefit to my health; and having had a Letter from Mr. Lowther, as I had deſired, at Modena, in my way to Parma, with very favourable news, in relation both to the Siſter and Brother, I returned to Bologna, and met with a joyful reception from the Marquis, his Lady, the Biſhop, and Jeronymo; who all joined to give me a ſhare in the merit that was principally due to Mr. Lowther, and his aſſiſtants, with regard to the Brother's amendment, and to their own ſoothing methods of treating the beloved ſiſter; who followed ſtrictly the preſcriptions of her phyſicians.

I was introduced to Lady Clementina by her mother, attended only by Camilla. The young Lady met me at the entrance of her antechamber, with a dignity like that which uſed to diſtinguiſh her in her happier days. You are welcome, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe: But you kept not your time. I have ſet it down; pulling out her pocket-book—Ten days, madam: I told you ten days. I am exactly to my time—You ſhall ſee that: I cannot be miſtaken, ſmiling. But her ſmiles were not quite her own.

She referred me to her book. You have reckoned two days twice over, madam. See here—

Is it poſſible?—I once, Sir, was a better accomptant. Well, but we will not ſtand upon two days in ſo many. I have taken great care of Jeronymo in your abſence. I have attended him ſeveral times; and would have ſeen him oftener; but they told me there was no need.

I thanked her for her care of my friend—

That's good enough, ſaid ſhe, to thank me for the care of myſelf. Jeronymo is myſelf.

Signor

Signor Jeronymo, replied I, cannot be dearer to his Sister than he is to me.

You are a good man, returned she; and laid her hand upon my arm; I always said so. But, Chevalier, I have quite forgot my English. I shall never recover it. What happy times were those, when I was innocent, and was learning English!

My beloved young Lady, said Camilla, was always innocent.

No, Camilla!—No!—And then she began to ramble—And taking Camilla under the arm, whispering, Let us go together, to that corner of the room, and pray to God to forgive us. You, Camilla, have been wicked as well as I.

She went and kneeled down, and held up her hands in silence: Then rising, she came to her Mother, and kneeled to her, her hands lifted up—Forgive me, forgive your poor child, my Mamma!

God bless my child! Rise, my Love!—I do forgive you!—But do you forgive me, tears trickling down her cheeks, for ever suffering you to go out of my own sight? for delivering you into the management of less kind, and less indulgent relations?

And God forgive *them* too, rising. Some of them made me crasy, and then upbraided me with being so. God forgive them! I do.

She then came to me; and, to my great surprize, dropt down on one knee. I could not, for a few moments, tell what to do, or what to say to her. Her hands held up, her fine eyes supplicating—Pray, Sir, forgive me!

Humour, humour the dear creature, Chevalier, said her Mother, sobbing.

Forgive you madam!—Forgive you, dear Lady! for what?—You have not offended! You could not offend.

I raised her; and, taking her hand, pressed it with my lips! Now, madam, forgive *me*—For this freedom forgive me!

O Sir,

O Sir, I have given you, I have given every-body, trouble!—I am an unhappy creature; and God and you are angry with me—And you will not ſay you forgive me?

Humour her, Chevalier.

I do, I do forgive you, moſt excellent of women.

She heſitated a little; then turned round to Camilla, who ſtood at diſtance, weeping; and running to her, caſt herſelf into her arms, hiding her face in her boſom—Hide me, hide me, Camilla!—What have I done!—I have kneeled to a man!—She put her arm under Camilla's, and hurried out of the room with her.

Her Mother ſeeing me in ſome confuſion; Rejoice with me, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, yet weeping, that we ſee, tho' her reaſon is imperfect, ſuch happy ſymptoms. Our child will, I truſt in God, be once more our own. And you will be the happy inſtrument of reſtoring her to us.

The Marquis, and the Biſhop, were informed of what had paſſed. They alſo rejoiced, in theſe further day-breaks, as they called them, of their Clementina's reaſon.

You will obſerve, my dear Dr. Bartlett, that I only aim to give you an account of the greater and more viſible changes that happen in the mind of this unhappy Lady; omitting thoſe converſations between her and her friends, in which her ſituation varied but little from thoſe before deſcribed. By this means, you will be able to trace the ſteps to that recovery of her reaſon, which we preſume to hope will be the return to our fervent prayers, and humble endeavours.

LETTER IV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Bologna, June 13-24.

THE Conte della Porretta, and his two Sons, came hither yeſterday, to rejoice on the hopeful proſpects before us.

I thought I ſaw a little ſhyneſs and reſerve ſit upon the brow of the Marchioneſs, which I had not obſerved till the arrival of the Count. A complaiſance that was too civil for friendſhip; for *our* friendſhip. I never permit a cloud to hang for one hour upon the brow of a friend, without examining into the reaſon of it, in hopes it may be in my power to diſpel it. An abatement in the freedom of one I love, is a charge of unworthineſs upon me, that I muſt endeavour to obviate the moment I ſuſpect it. I deſired a private audience of the good Lady.

She favoured me with it at the firſt word. But as ſoon as I had opened my heart to her, ſhe aſked, If Father Mareſcotti, who loved me, ſhe ſaid, as if I were his own ſon, might be allowed to be preſent at our converſation? I was a little ſtartled at the queſtion; but anſwered, By all means.

The Father was ſent to, and came. Tender concern and reſerve were both apparent in his countenance. This ſhewed that he was appriſed of the occaſion of the Marchioneſs's reſerve; and expected to be called upon, or employed in the explanation, had I *not* demanded it.

I repeated, before him, what I had ſaid to the Marchioneſs, of the reſerve that I had thought I ſaw ſince yeſterday in one of the moſt benign countenances in the world.

Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, if you think that every one of our family, as well thoſe of Urbino and Naples, as thoſe

thoſe of this place, do not love you as one of their own family, you do not do us juſtice.

She then enumerated and exaggerated their obligations to me. I truly told her, that I could not do leſs than I had done, and anſwer it to my own heart.

Leave *us*, replied ſhe, to judge for ourſelves on this ſubject. And, for God's ſake, do not think us capable of ingratitude. We begin with pleaſure to ſee the poor child, after a courſe of ſufferings and diſtreſſes, that few young creatures have gone thro', reviving to our hopes. She muſt in gratitude, in honour, in juſtice, be yours, if you require her of us, and upon the terms you have formerly propoſed.

I think ſo, ſaid the Father.

What can I ſay? proceeded ſhe: We are all diſtreſſed. I am put upon a taſk that grieves me. Eaſe my heart, Chevalier, by ſparing my ſpeech.

Explain yourſelf no further, madam: I fully underſtand you. I will not impute ingratitude to any heart in this family. Tell me, Father Mareſcotti, if you can allow for *me*, as I could for *you*, were you in my circumſtances (and you cannot be better ſatisfied in your religion, than I am in mine) tell me, by what you *could do*, what I *ought*.

There is no anſwering a caſe ſo ſtrongly put, replied the Father. But can a falſe religion, an hereſy, perſuade an ingenuous mind as ſtrongly as the true?

Dear Father Mareſcotti, you know you have ſaid nothing: It would ſound harſhly to repeat your own queſtion to you; yet that is all I need to do. But let us continue our prayers, that the deſirable work may be perfected: That Lady Clementina may be quite recovered. You have ſeen, madam, that I have not offered to give myſelf conſequence with her. You ſee the diſtance I have obſerved to her: You ſee nothing in her, not even in her moſt afflicting reveries, that can induce you to think ſhe has marriage in view.

As I told your Ladyſhip at firſt, I have but one wiſh at preſent; and that is, her perfect recovery.

What, Father, can we ſay? reſumed the Marchioneſs. Adviſe us, Chevalier. You know our ſituation. But do not, do not impute ingratitude to us. Our child's ſalvation, in our own opinion, is at ſtake—If ſhe be yours, ſhe will not be long a Catholic—Once more, adviſe us.

You generouſly, I know, madam, think you ſpeak in time, both for the young Lady's ſake and mine. You ſay ſhe ſhall be mine upon the terms I formerly offered, if I inſiſt upon it. I have told the General, that I will have the conſent of all three brothers, as well as yours, madam, and your good Lord's, or I will not hope for the honour of your alliance: And I have declared to you, that I look upon myſelf as bound; upon you all, as free. If you think that the ſenſe of ſuppoſed obligation, as Lady Clementina advances in her health, may engage her further than you wiſh, let me decline my viſits by degrees, in order to leave her as diſengaged as poſſible in her own mind; and that I may not be thought of conſequence to her recovery. In the firſt place, I will make my promiſed viſit to the General. You ſee ſhe was not the worſe, but, perhaps, the better, for my abſence of ten days. I will paſs twenty, if you pleaſe, at Rome, and at Naples; holding myſelf in readineſs to return poſt, at the firſt call. Let us determine nothing in the interim. Depend upon the honour of a man, who once more aſſures you, that he looks upon himſelf as bound, and the Lady free; and who will act accordingly by her, and all your family.

They were both ſilent, and looked upon each other.

What *ſay* you, madam, to this propoſal? What ſay *you*, Father Mareſcotti? Could I think of a more diſintereſted one, I would make it.

I ſay, you are a wonderful man.

I have

I have not words, reſumed the Lady—She wept. Hard, hard fate! The man, that of all men—

There ſhe ſtopt. The Father was preſent, or, perhaps, ſhe had ſaid more.

Shall we, ſaid ſhe, acquaint Jeronymo with this converſation?

It may diſturb him, replied I. You know, madam, his generous attachment to me. I have promiſed the General a viſit. Signor Jeronymo was as much pleaſed with the promiſe, as with the invitation. The performance will add to his pleaſure. He may get more ſtrength: Lady Clementina may be ſtill better: And you will, from events ſo happy, be able to reſolve. Still be pleaſed to remember, that I hold myſelf bound, yourſelves to be free.

Yet I thought at the time, with a concern, that, perhaps, was too viſible, When, ſhall I meet with the returns, which my proud heart challenges as its due? But then my pride (ſhall I call it?) came in to my relief—Great God! I thank thee, thought I, that thou enableſt me to do what my conſcience, what humanity tells me, is fit and right to be done, without taking my meaſures of right and wrong from any other ſtandard.

Father Mareſcotti ſaw me affected. Tears ſtood in his eyes. The Marchioneſs was ſtill more concerned. She called me the moſt generous of men, I took a reſpectful leave, and withdrew to Jeronymo.

As I was intending to return to my lodgings, in order to try to calm there my diſturbed mind, the Marquis and his Brother, and the Biſhop, ſent for me into the Marchioneſs's drawing-room, where were ſhe and Father Mareſcotti; who had acquainted them with what had paſſed between her, himſelf, and me.

The Biſhop aroſe, and embraced me—Dear Grandiſon, ſaid he, how I admire you?—Why, why will

you not let me call you Brother?—Were a prince your competitor, and you would be a Catholic—

O that you would! ſaid the Marchioneſs; her hands and eyes lifted up.

And will you not? Can you not, my dear Chevalier? ſaid the Count.

That, my Lord, is a queſtion kindly put, as it ſhews your regard for me—But it is not to be anſwered now.

The Marquis took my hand. He applauded the diſintereſtedneſs of my behaviour to his family. He approved of my propoſal of abſence; but ſaid, that I muſt myſelf undertake to manage that part, not only with their Clementina, but with Jeronymo; whoſe grateful heart would otherwiſe be uneaſy, on a ſurmiſe, that the motion came not from myſelf, but them.

We will not reſolve upon any meaſures, ſaid he. God continue and improve our proſpects; and the reſult we will leave to his Providence.

I went from them directly to Jeronymo; and told him of my intended journey.

He aſked me, What would become of Clementina in the mean time? Was there not too great a danger that ſhe would go back again?

I told him I would not go, but with her approbation.

I pleaded my laſt abſence of ten days, in favour of my intention. Her recovery, ſaid I, muſt be a work of time. If I am of the conſequence your friendſhip for me ſuppoſes, her attention will, probably, be more engaged by ſhort abſences, and the expectations raiſed by them, than by daily viſits. I remember not, my dear Jeronymo, continued I, a ſingle inſtance, that could induce any one to imagine, that your Clementina's regard for the man you favour was a perſonal one. Friendſhip never lighted up a purer flame in a human heart, than in that of your Siſter. Was not the future happineſs of the man ſhe eſteemed,

the

the conſtant, I may ſay, the *only* object of her cares? In the height of her malady, Did ſhe not declare, that were that great article but probably ſecured, ſhe would reſign her life with pleaſure?

True, very true: Clementina is an excellent creature: She ever was. And you only can deſerve her. O that ſhe could be now worthy of you! But are my Father, Mother, Brother, willing to part with you? Do they not, for Clementina's ſake, make objections?

The laſt abſence ſitting ſo eaſy on her mind, they doubt not but frequent abſences may excite her attention.

Well, well, I acquieſce. The General and his Lady will rejoice to ſee you. I muſt not be too ſelfiſh. God preſerve you, where-ever you go!—Only let not the gentle heart of Clementina be wounded by your abſence. Don't let her miſs you.

To-morrow, replied I, I will conſult her. She ſhall determine for me.

LETTER V.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

June 14-25.

HAVING the honour of an invitation to a converſation-viſit, to the Cardinal Legate, and to meet there the Gonfalonier, I went to the palace of Porretta in the morning.

After ſitting about half an hour with my friend Jeronymo, I was admitted to the preſence of Lady Clementina. Her Parents and the Biſhop were with her. Clementina, Chevalier, ſaid her Mother, was enquiring for you. She is deſirous to recover her Engliſh. Are you willing, Sir, to undertake your pupil again?

Ay, Chevalier, ſaid the young Lady, thoſe were

happy times, and I want to recover them. I want to be as happy as I was then.

You have not been very well, madam: And is it not better to defer our lectures for ſome days, till you are quite eſtabliſhed in your health?

Why, that is the thing. I know I have been very ill: I know that I am not yet quite well; and I *want* to be ſo: And that is the reaſon that I would recover my Engliſh.

You will ſoon recover it, madam, when you begin. But at preſent, the thought, the memory, it would require you to exert, would perplex you. I am afraid the ſtudy would rather retard, than forward your recovery.

Why, now, I did not expect this from you, Sir. My mamma has conſented.

I did, my dear, becauſe I would deny you nothing that your heart was ſet upon: But the Chevalier has given you ſuch good reaſons to ſuſpend his lectures, that I wiſh you would not be earneſt in your requeſt.

But I can't help it, madam. I want to be happy.

Well, madam, let us begin now. What Engliſh book have you at hand?

I don't know. But I will fetch one.

She ſtept out, Camilla after her; and, poor lady, forgetting her purpoſe, brought down ſome of her own work, the firſt thing that came to hand, out of a drawer that ſhe pulled out, in her dreſſing-room; inſtead of looking into her book-caſe. It is an unfiniſhed piece of Noah's ark, and the riſing deluge: the execution admirable. And, coming to me, I wonder where it has lain all this time. Are you a judge of womens works, Chevalier?

She went to the table—Come hither, and ſit down by me. I did. Madam, to her Mother; my Lord, to her Brother (for the Marquis withdrew, in grief, upon this inſtance of her wandering); come, and ſit down by the Chevalier and me. They did. She

ſpread

ſpread it on the table, and, in an attentive poſture, her elbow on the table, her head on one hand, pointing with the finger of the other—Now tell me your opinion of this work.

I praiſed, as it deſerved, the admirable finger of the workwoman. Do you know, that's *mine*, Sir? But tell me; every-body can praiſe; Do you ſee no fault?—I think *that* is one, ſaid I; and pointed to a diſproportion that was pretty obvious—Why ſo it is. I never knew you to be a flatterer.

Men, who can find faults more gracefully, ſaid the Biſhop, than others praiſe, need not flatter. Why that's true, ſaid ſhe. She ſighed; I was happy when I was about this work. And the drawing was my own too, after—after—I forget the painter—But you think it tolerable—Do you?

I think it, upon the whole, very fine. If you could rectify that one fault, it would be a maſter-piece.

Well, I think I'll try, ſince *you* like it. She rolled it up—Camilla, let it be put on my toilette. I am glad the Chevalier likes it. But, Sir, if I am not at a loſs; for my head is not as it ſhould be—

Poor lady! She loſt what ſhe was going to ſay—She pauſed as if ſhe would recollect it—Do you know, at laſt, ſaid ſhe, what is the matter with my head? putting her hand to her forehead—Such a ſtrange confuſion juſt here! And ſo ſtupid!—She ſhut her eyes. She laid her head on her Mother's ſhoulder; who dropt an involuntary tear on her forehead.

The Biſhop was affected. Can you, Chevalier, whiſpered he, ſuppoſe this dear creature's reaſon in your power, and yet with-hold it from her?

Ah, my Lord, ſaid I, how cruel!---

She raiſed her head; and, taking her Mother's and Camilla's offered ſalts, ſmelt to them in turn—I think I am a little better. Were you, Chevalier, ever in ſuch a ſtrange way?—I hope not---God preſerve all people from being as I have been!---Why now you

are all affected. Why do you all weep? What have I ſaid? God forbid, that I ſhould afflict any-body—Ah! Chevalier! and laid her hand upon my arm, God will bleſs you. I always ſaid, you were a tender-hearted man. God will pity him, that can pity another!—But, Brother, my Lord, I have not been at church of a long time: Have I? How long is it?—Where is the General? Where is my Uncle?—Laurana! poor Laurana! God forgive her; She is gone to anſwer for all her unkindneſs!—And ſhe ſaid ſhe was ſorry; Did ſhe?

Thus rambled the poor Lady! What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can be more affecting than theſe abſences, theſe reveries, of a mind once ſo ſound and ſenſible!

She withdrew at her own motion, with Camilla; and we had no thoughts of communicating to her, at that time, my intentional abſence. But as I was about taking my leave for the day, Camilla came into Jeronymo's chamber, where I was; and told me, that her young Lady was very ſedate, and deſired to ſee me, if I were not gone.

She led me into Clementina's dreſſing-room, where was preſent the Marchioneſs only; who ſaid, ſhe thought I might appriſe her daughter of my propoſed journey to Naples; and ſhe herſelf began the ſubject.

My dear, ſaid ſhe, the Chevalier has been acquainting my Lord and me with an engagement he is under to viſit you Brother Giacomo, and his Lady, at Naples.

That is a vaſt journey, ſaid ſhe.

Not for the Chevalier, my dear. He is uſed to travel.

Only for a viſit!—Is it not better, Sir, for you to ſtay here, where every-body loves you?

The General, my dear, and his Lady, love the Chevalier.

May be ſo. But did you promiſe them, Sir?

I did, madam. Why

Why then you muſt perform your promiſe. But it was not kind in them to engage you.

Why ſo, my dear? aſked her Mother.

Why ſo! Why what will poor Jeronymo do for his friend?

Jeronymo has conſented, my dear. He thinks the journey will do the Chevalier good.

Nay, then—Will the journey do you good, Sir? If it will, I am ſure Jeronymo would not, for the world, detain you.

Are you willing, my dear, that the Chevalier ſhould go?

Yes, ſurely, madam, if it will do him good. I would lay down my life to do him good. Can we ever requite him for his goodneſs to us?

Grateful heart! ſaid her Mother; tears in her eyes.

Gratitude, piety, ſincerity, and every duty in the ſocial life, are conſtitutional virtues in this Lady. No diſturbance of mind can weaken, much leſs efface them.

Shall you not want to ſee him in his abſence?

Perhaps I may: But what then? If it be for his good, you know—

Suppoſe, my dear, we could obtain the favour of Mrs. Beaumont's company, while the Chevalier is gone?

I ſhould be glad.

Mrs. Beaumont is all goodneſs, ſaid I. I will endeavour to engage her. I can go by ſea to Naples; and then Florence will be in my way.

Florence! Ay, and then you may ſee Olivia too, you know.

Olivia is not in Italy, madam. She is on her travels.

Nay, I am not againſt your ſeeing Olivia, if it will do you good to ſee her.

You don't love Olivia, my dear, ſaid her Mother.

Why, not much—But *will* you ſend Mrs. Beaumont to keep me company?

I hope, madam, I may be able to engage her.

And how long ſhall you be gone?

If I go by ſea, I ſhall return by the way of Rome: And ſhall make my abſence longer or ſhorter, as I ſhall hear how my Jeronymo does, or as he will or will not diſpenſe with it.

That is very good of you—But, but—Suppoſe—(a ſweet bluſh overſpread her face)—I don't know what I would ſay--But, for Jeronymo's ſake, don't ſtay longer than will do you good. No need of *that*, you know.

Sweet creature! ſaid the Mother.

Did you call *me* ſo, madam? wrapping her arms about her, and hiding her faintly-bluſhing face in her boſom. Then raiſing it up, her arms ſtill folded about her Mother: As long as I have my mamma with me, I am happy. Don't let me be ſent away from you again, my mamma. I will do every-thing you bid me do. I never was diſobedient---Was I? Fie upon me, if I was!

No, never, never, my deareſt Life.

So I hoped. For when I knew nothing, this I uſed to ſay over my beads; Gracious Father! let me never forget my duty to Thee, and to my Parents! I was afraid I *might*, as I remembered nothing—But that was partly owing to Laurana. Poor Laurana! She has now anſwered for it. I would pray her out of her pains, if I could. Yet ſhe *did* torment me.

She has entertained a notion, that Laurana is dead: And as it has removed that terror which ſhe uſed to have, at her very name, they intend not to undeceive her. But, Dr. Bartlett, well or ill, did you ever know a more excellent creature!

Well, Sir, and ſo you *muſt* go—She quitted her Mother, and with a dignity like that which uſed to diſtinguiſh her, ſhe turned to me; and gracefully waveing one hand, while ſhe held up the other—God preſerve you where-ever you go! You *muſt* go from friend to friend, were it all the world over. You will

let

let Jeronymo hear often from you—Won't you?—Pray do. And I will, in every viſit I make to him, enquire when he heard from his friend. Adieu, Sir: Adieu.

I had not intended then to take my leave of her; but, as ſhe anticipated me, I thought it right to do ſo; and, reſpectfully bowing, kiſſed her hand, and withdrew, followed by her eyes and her bleſſings.

I went to Jeronymo. The Marchioneſs came to me there; and was of opinion with me, that I ſhould take this as a farewel viſit to her Clementina; and to-morrow (ſooner by two days than I intended) I propoſe to ſet out for Florence, in hopes to engage for them Mrs. Beaumont's company.

Mr. Lowther will write to me at all opportunities: And, perhaps, you will not, for ſome weeks, hear further from

Your ever-affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER VI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Thurſday, May 11.

I Write on purpoſe to acquaint you, that I have had a viſit from Lady Olivia. She dined with us; and is juſt ſet out for Northampton. We all joined, in the moſt cordial manner, to entreat her to favour us with her company till morning: But ſhe was not o be prevailed upon. Every one of us equally admires and pities her. Indeed ſhe is a finer woman than you, Lady G. would allow her to be, in the debate between us in town, on that ſubject.

After dinner, ſhe deſired a quarter of an hour's diſcourſe with me alone. We retired into the cedar-parlour.

She

She opened, as ſhe ſaid, her *whole* heart to me. What an hatred has ſhe to the noble Lady Clementina! She ſometimes frighted me by her threatenings. Poor unwomanly Lady!

I took the liberty to blame her. I told her, ſhe muſt excuſe me; it was ever my way with thoſe I reſpected.

She would fain have got me to own, that I loved Sir Charles Grandiſon. I acknowleged gratitude and eſteem—But as there are no proſpects (*hopes* I had like to have ſaid), I would go no further. But ſhe was ſure it was ſo. I *did* ſay, and I am in earneſt, that I never could be ſatisfied with a divided heart. She claſped me in her arms upon this.

She told me, that ſhe admired him for his virtue. She knew he had reſiſted the greateſt temptations that ever man was tried with. I hope, poor woman, that none of them were from her!—For her own ſake (notwithſtanding what Dr. Bartlett once whiſpered, and, good man as he is) I hope ſo!—The Chevalier, ſhe ſaid, was ſuperior to all attempts that were not grounded on honour and conſcience. She had heard of women who had ſpread their ſnares for him in his early youth: But women, in her country, of ſlight fame, ſhe ſaid, had no way to come at *him*: And women of virtue were ſecure from *his* attempts. Yet would you not have thought, aſked ſhe, that beauty might have marked him for its own? Such an air, ſuch an addreſs, ſo much perſonal bravery, accuſtomed to ſhine in the upper life; all that a woman can value in a man, is the Chevalier Grandiſon!

She, at laſt, declared, that ſhe wiſhed him to be mine, rather than any woman's on earth.

I was very frank, very unreſerved. She ſeemed delighted with me; and went away, profeſſing to every one, as well as to me, that ſhe admired me for my behaviour, my ſincerity, my prudence (ſhe was

pleaſed

pleaſed to ſay) and my artleſſneſs, above all the women ſhe had ever converſed with.

May her future conduct be ſuch, as may do credit to her birth, to her high fortune, to her ſex!

In anſwer to your kind enquiries about my health—I only ſay, What muſt be, will—Sometimes better than at others. If I could hear you were good, I ſhould be better, I believe. Adieu, my dear Lady G.: Adieu.

LETTER VII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

[*On Sir* Charles's *firſt Letter from* Bologna, Vol. IV. Letter XL. p. 277.]

Wedneſday, May 31 *.

I Am greatly obliged to you, my dear Lady G. for diſpatching to me, in ſo extraordinary a way, the firſt Letter of your Brother to Dr. Bartlett. I thank God for his ſafe arrival at the deſtined place; and for the faint hopes given in it of his friend's life. The Almighty will do his own work, and in his own way. And that muſt be beſt.

You aſk me for my opinion of the contents of this Letter, at large—What can I ſay?—Thus much I muſt ſay—

I admire, more and more, your Brother: I pity the family he is gone to comfort and relieve: And I pray for Clementina and Jeronymo; and this as well for your Brother's ſake as theirs.

He generouſly rejoices, that he did not purſue his

* Several Letters of Miſs Byron, Lady G. Lady L. and Miſs Jervois, which were written between the date of the preceding Letter and the preſent, are omitted.

own INCLINATIONS—I am very happy in what he ſays of your Harriet. Indeed, my dear, I am. Tho' we may be conſcious of not deſerving the praiſes beſtowed upon us, yet are we fond of ſtanding high in the opinion of thoſe we love. Two paragraphs I have got by heart. I need not tell you which they are. But, alas! his greatly favoured friend is *not* ſo free, as he hoped ſhe was. It is a pleaſure to me, however, becauſe it is ſuch to him, that it is not his fault, but her own, that ſhe is not.

The Counteſs, whom he ſo juſtly praiſes, writes to me; and I anſwer—But to what purpoſe? I am afraid, that a very important obſervation of his comes not in time to do me ſervice; ſince if my prudence is proportioned to my trials, I ought to have endeavoured to exert it ſooner.

But, it ſeems, there is an inſuperable objection againſt the poor lady's going into a Nunnery. I never heard of that before. It ſeems right to the Marchioneſs, that the young lady, who is intitled to a great ſhare of this world's goods, ſhould not be dedicated to heaven. This *may* be ſo in the family eye, for ought I know: But I am perſuaded, that if there is any one of it, who would not have pleaded this obſtacle to a divine dedication, it would be Clementina herſelf. And yet I own, I can allow of their regret, that the cruel Laurana ſhould be a gainer by Clementina's being loſt, as I may ſay, to the world.

Your Brother's kind remembrance of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, is an honour done to me, as well as to them. I *muſt* take it ſo, Lady G. And what he ſays of me in the paragraph in which he mentions Emily, adds to the pride he had raiſed in me before.

Dr. Bartlett is extremely obliging, in not offering to with-hold any paſſage in your Brother's Letters from us. I have let him know, that I think him ſo; and have begged him not to ſpare any-thing out of tenderneſs

derneſs to me, on a ſuppoſition that I may be affected, or made uneaſy, by what your Brother ſhall write to him. This is ſpeaking very plainly, my dear: But it is to Dr. Bartlett; and he ſignified to us, more than once, that he could not be a ſtranger to the heart of your Harriet.

And now, my dear Lady G. let me aſk you, in my turn, What you think of one paſſage in your Brother's Letter, of which you have not taken the leaſt notice in yours to me? "Charlotte, I hope, is happy. "If ſhe be not, it muſt be her own fault."

You have honeſtly owned in your laſt (yet too roguiſhly for a true penitent) that it was evidently ſo in the debate about being preſented. *Miſs Grandiſon uſed* to like the drawing-room well enough. Her Brother has owned, in my hearing, as well as in yours, that had he not been ſo long out of England, and, ſince his return to it, ſo ſeldom in town, he would have made it a part of his duty to pay his attendance there at proper times. But *Lady* G. forſooth, diſdained to appear as the property [Reflect but, my dear, how abſurd] of a worthy man, to whom ſhe had vowed love, honour, and obedience.

I ſhould not remind you thus of paſt flippancies, did not new ones ſeem to ſpring up every day.

For heaven's ſake, my dear Lady G. let it not be carried from England to Italy, that Lord G. is not ſo happy with a ſiſter of Sir Charles Grandiſon, as might be expected; leſt it be aſked, Whether that Siſter, and this Brother, had the ſame Mother. I have written before all that I could poſſibly ſay on this ſubject. You know yourſelf to be wrong. It would be impertinence to expoſtulate further on a duty ſo known, and acknowledged: No more, therefore, on this head (authorize me to ſay) for ever!

As to my health—I would fain be well. I am more ſorry, that I am not, for the ſake of my friends (who are inceſſantly grieving for me) than for my own. I have

have not, I *think* I have not, any-thing to reproach myſelf with; nor yet any body to reproach me. To whom have I given cauſe of triumph over me, by my ill uſage, or inſolence to him? I yield to an event to which I ought to ſubmit: And to a woman, not *leſs*, but *more* worthy than myſelf; and who has a prior claim.

I long to hear of the meeting of this noble pair. May it be propitious! May Sir Charles Grandiſon have the ſatisfaction, and the merit with the family, of being the means of reſtoring to reaſon (a greater reſtoration than to health) the woman, every faculty of whoſe ſoul ought, in that caſe, to be devoted to GOD and to him! Methinks I have at preſent but one wiſh; it is, that I may live to *ſee* this Lady, if ſhe *is* to be the happy woman. Could I, do you think, Lady G. if I were to have this honour, cordially congratulate her as Lady Grandiſon? Heaven only knows! But it would be my glory, if I could; for then I ſhould not ſcruple to put myſelf in a rank with Clementina; and to demand her hand, as that of my Siſter.

But, poor Olivia!—Shall I not pity the unhappy woman, who, I am afraid, is too ſhort-ſighted to look forward to that only conſolation which can weaken the force of worldly diſappointments.

My Couſin Reeves, in a joyful Letter, juſt now received, acquaints me with the birth of the fine boy his wife has preſented to him: An event that exceedingly rejoices us all. He tells me in it, how good you are. Continue to them, my dear Lady G. your affectionate regards. They ever loved you: Even for your very faults, ſo bewitchingly lively are you. But I have told Mr. Reeves, that his partiality for you ſhews that he feels not for Lord G. as he would for himſelf, were *his* wife a Lady G.

I will write to my other friends. Dear creature! Don't let me ſay, that I love Lord G. better than I do Lady G.: Yet, were the aggreſſor in a quarrel

my

my own Siſter, endeared to me by a thouſand generous offices, I would, I *muſt* love the ſufferer beſt; at leaſt, while he is a ſufferer. Witneſs,

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER VIII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Thurſday, June 1.

THANKS an hundred times repeated, to you, my dear Lady G. and to good Dr. Bartlett, for the favour of Sir Charles's Letters, of May 22. 23. 26. and 27. N. S. all following ſo quick, that which you favoured me with of the 10th-21ſt, upon which I wrote to you yeſterday. I diſpatch them to you for the Doctor all together.

I cannot, my dear, have much to ſay to the contents of theſe.

They *have* met: Had more interviews than one.

Why cannot the Count of Belvidere—But no more of that. I don't like this General. The whole family (the two noble ſufferers Jeronymo and Clementina excepted) ſeem to me to have more pride than gratitude—Ay, Mother and all, my dear!

But you ſee Sir Charles has been indiſpoſed. No wonder.—Viſited by the Marquis and Marchioneſs, you ſee: Not a ſlight illneſs, therefore, you may believe. God preſerve him, and reſtore Lady Clementina, and the worthy Jeronymo!

His kind remembrance of me—But, my dear, I think the Doctor and you muſt forbear obliging me with any more of his Letters—His goodneſs, his tenderneſs, his delicacy, his ſtrict honour, but adds—Yet can any new inſtances add to a character ſo uniformly good?—But the chief reaſon of my ſelf-denial, if you were to take me at my word, as to theſe communications, is, that his affecting deſcriptions and narratives

tives of Lady Clementina's reveries (poor, poor Lady!) will break my heart! Yet you muſt ſend them to

Your ever obliged

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER IX.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

My dear Creature! *Monday, June* 5.

YOU muſt not, you ſhall not be ill. What ſignify your *Heroics*, child, if they only give you placid looks, and make an hypocrite of the ſincereſt girl in England? In other words, if they are only a cover for a deſpairing heart? Be better: Be leſs affected; or I can tell you, the Doctor and I, and Lady L. ſhall all think it but right to take you at your firſt word, and ſend you no more of my Brother's Letters. Yet we are all of us as greatly affected by the contents of them, as our dear Harriet can be. I am ſure you will allow us to be ſo for the poor Lady. But to ſubjects leſs intereſting.

The Doctor is with us. Aunt Nell is in love with him. He ordered his matters, and came to town at Lady L's requeſt and mine, and Beauchamp's, that we might the ſooner come at my Brother's Letters—Very obliging!—Beauchamp worſhips the good man. He would have been with him at Grandiſon-Hall, but that Sir Harry and Lady Beauchamp knew not how to part with him: And I fancy another ſlier reaſon with-held him, half unknown to himſelf. Love is certainly creeping into his heart. This Emily! a little rogue! has already (yet ſuſpects it not) made a conqueſt. He deſerves her better than any man I know: She him, had ſhe not already a great hole in her heart, thro' which one may run one's head. But does not Beauchamp love the ſame perſon as much

as

as ſhe can do? And does he not know, that the girl is innocent, and the man virtuous, even, as I believe, to chaſtity?—Dear Harriet! Don't let the Ladies around you, nor the Gentlemen neither, hear this grace ſuppoſed to be my Brother's. Nobody about us ſhall for *me*. I would not have my Brother made the jeſt of one Sex, and the averſion of the other; and be thought ſo ſingular a young man.

Beauchamp ſays nothing to any-body of his regard to Emily: But he lays himſelf out in ſo many unaffected aſſiduities to her, that one cannot but ſee it. She likes his company and his converſation. But why? becauſe he is always launching out in the praiſes of his and her beloved friend. He ſays, there is not, he believes, ſuch another innocent and undeſigning heart in the world, except one in Northamptonſhire.—There's for you, Harriet!—So he praiſes not *mine*. That is the wickedeſt thing of theſe *felons* of men: Poverty compels them tho'—Poverty, of genius!—They cannot praiſe one woman, but by robbing the reſt. Different, however, from all men, is my Brother. I will engage he could find attributes for fifty different women, yet do juſtice to them all: Becauſe, tho' he ſees every one with favour, he is above flattering any.

Well, but, Harriet, I expected Letters ſix times as long as thoſe you have ſent me. Upon my word, if you are ſo very heavenly-minded, as you appear to be in the firſt (for the ſecond is hardly a Letter) I will have you to town, and nun you up with Aunt Nell. The Doctor is one of the moſt pious men in England: But ſhe will tire him with praying, and *expounding*, as ſhe calls it. Do you know that the good creature was a Methodiſt in Yorkſhire? Theſe *overdoers*, my dear, are wicked wretches. What do they, but make religion look unlovely, and put *underdoers* out of heart? My Brother is *The Man*: You know I muſt always bring in my Brother, tho' I am a little

a little out of humour with him, at preſent: And am I not juſtified by the *many?* Since it is always the way of thoſe who intend not to amend, to ſet their hearts againſt their correctors—My Brother profeſſes not the one half of what he practiſes. He uſes the faſhion without abuſing it, or himſelf, by following it. Some ſuch words in a ſacred book rumble in my mad head; but I know I have not them right.

It is impoſſible, ſay what you will, Harriet, to be long upon terms with *this* man—Lord G. I mean. He was once half in the right, to be ſure; but you ſhould not have reproached me with *that*. The bride was ſhewn, the jewels were ſhewn, the whole family paraded it together; and Emily wrote you all how-and-about it. But never fear for your poor friend. The honeſt man will put *himſelf* in the wrong next, to ſave her credit. He has been long careleſs, and now he is, at times, *imperious*, as well as careleſs. Very true! Nay, it was but yeſterday that he attempted to hum a tune of contempt, upon my warbling an Italian air. An opera couple, we! Is it not charming to ſing *at* (I cannot ſay *to*) each other, when we have a mind to be ſpiteful? But he has a miſerable voice. He cannot ſing ſo fine a ſong as I can. He ſhould not attempt it. Beſides, I can play to my ſong; that cannot he. Such a foe to melody, that he hates the very ſight of my harpſichord. He flies out of the room, if I but move towards it.

He has every-body of his ſide; Lord and Lady L., Emily, nay, Dr. Bartlett, and Aunt Nell. This ſets him up. No ſuch thing as managing one's own Huſband, when ſo many wiſe heads join together, to uphold him. *Ut*-terl-ly ruined for a Huſband, is Lord G.; I once had ſome hopes of him. But now, every good-natured jeſt is turned into earneſt by theſe mediators and mediatrices.

A few days ago, in a fond fit, I would have ſtroked his cheek; tho' he was not in a very good humour neither—

neither—*So, then! So, then!* ſaid I, as I had ſeen Beauchamp do an hour before, by his prancing nag; and it was conſtrued as a contempt, and his briſtles got up upon it. Bleſs me, thought I, this man is not ſo ſenſible of a favour as Beauchamp's horſe; and yet I have known the time, when he has thought it an honour to be admitted to preſs the ſame fair hand with his lips, on one knee.

Hark! He is now, at this very inſtant, complaining to Aunt Nell. Little do they think, that I am in her cloſet. She hears all he has to ſay, with greedy ears—Theſe antiquated ſouls are happy, when they can find reaſons from the diſagreement of honeſt people in matrimony, to make a virtue of neceſſity. "Thank "the Lord, I am not married! If theſe be the fruits "of matrimony!"—Ah! Lord, my dear! Now theſe *laſt* words have ſlipt me—The man—between you and me, has been a villain to me! Can I forgive him? Could *you* in my circumſtances? Yet I hope it is *not* ſo. If it ſhould, and Lady Gertrude and Aunt Nell (ſpiteful old ſouls) ſhould find their perpetual curioſity anſwered as they wiſh, I will have my own will in every-thing.

And how came I, you will wonder, in Aunt Nell's cloſet?—I will tell you. She had got my pen and ink: And I went to fetch it myſelf: The ſcribbling fit was ſtrong upon me; ſo I ſat down in her cloſet to write: And they both came into her chamber together, to have their own talk—Hark, I ſay.—They are really talking of me—Complaining!—Abominable!—*This* wicked Aunt of mine—"I tell you, Nephew, that you "are too ready to make up with her."—Could you have believed this of one's own Aunt? No wonder that he is ſo refractory at times. But, huſh!—Why don't he ſpeak louder? He can't be in earneſt hurt, if he does not raiſe his voice. Creeping ſoul, and whiner!—I can't hear a word he ſays. I have enough againſt *her!*—But I want ſomething againſt *him*—

Duec

Duce take them both! I can't hear more than the ſound of her broken-toothed voice, mumbling; and his plaintive hum-drum, whimpering. I will go out in full majeſty. I will lighten upon them with airs imperial. How the poor ſouls will ſtart at my appearance! How will their conſciences fly in their faces! The complainer and adviſer both detected in the very fact, as I may ſay: And yet perhaps you, Harriet, will think them leſs blameable than their conſcience-ſtriker.

Hem!—Three hems in anger!—And now I burſt upon them.

O HARRIET! what a triumph was mine!

Aunt Nell, who has naturally a good blowzing north-country complexion, turned as pale as aſhes. Her chin, noſe, and lips, were all in motion. My nimble Lord gave a jump, and three leaps, to the other ſide of the room. He had not the courage to look directly at me. His face, as ſharp as a new moon in a froſty night, and his ſides *ſo* gaunt—As if he wanted to ſhrink into himſelf. They could not in their hearts but accuſe themſelves of all they had ſaid, as if I had heard every word of it.

While I (what a charming thing is innocence!) half a foot taller than uſual, ſtalked along between them, caſting a look of indignation upon Aunt Nell; of haughtineſs on Lord G. My with-held breath raiſed my complexion, and ſwelled my features; and when I got to the door, I pulled it after me with an air, that I hope made them both tremble.

LETTER X.

Lady G. *In Continuation.*

WELL, my dear—Aunt Nell and I have made up. I have been pacified by her apologies and promiſes never again to interfere between man and

Wife. As I *told* the forlorn ſoul, You maiden Ladies, tho' you have lived a *great while* in the world, cannot know what ſtrange creatures theſe Huſbands are, and how many cauſes (that cannot be mentioned by the poor Wife to her friends) a woman may have to be diſpleaſed with her man, in order to keep the creature in ſome little decorum—Indeed, madam—There I ſtopt—This excited her prudery; and ſhe made out the reſt, and, perhaps, a great deal more than the reſt. She looked down, to ſhew ſhe was ſenſible, tried for a bluſh; and, I verily believe, had ſhe been a young woman, would have ſucceeded. "Why, truly, Niece, "I believe you are right. Theſe men are *odious crea-* "*tures!*"—And then ſhe ſhuddered, as if ſhe had ſaid, Lord defend me from them!—a prayer, that, being a good creature, ſhe need not doubt will be anſwered.

But for Lord G. there lies no forgiveneſs. To complain of his Wife to her Aunt! A married man to ſubmit matrimonial ſquabbles (and every honeſt pair has *ſome*) to others! to an old maid, eſpecially! and to authorize her to ſit in judgment on his Wife's little whimſies, when the good woman wants to make herſelf important to him; and thereby endeavour to deſtroy the Wife's ſignificance; there's no bearing of that. He had made Lord L. and Lady L. judges over me before. Nay, this infant Emily has taken her ſeat on the ſame bench; and, in her pretty manner, has, by beſeeching me to be good, ſuppoſed me bad. And to ſome one of them (who knows but to the tell-tale himſelf, tho' he denies it?) my Brother's hint is owing, on which you ſo ſagely expoſtulate: My reputation, therefore, as an obedient Wife, with all thoſe whoſe good opinion was worth courting, is gone: And is not this enough to make one careleſs?

BLESS me, my dear! This man of errors has committed, if poſſible, a ſtill worſe fault. He regards me not as any-body. The Earl and he have been long

uneaſy, it ſeems, that we live at the expence of my Brother, to whom there is no making returns; and a houſe offering in Groſvenor-ſquare, he has actually contracted for it, without conſulting me. I muſt own, that I cannot in my heart diſapprove either of the motive, or the houſe, as I have the latter deſcribed to me: But his doing it of his own head, is an inſolent act of prerogative. Don't you in conſcience think ſo? Does he not, by this ſtep, make me his chattels, a piece of furniture only, to be removed as any other piece of furniture, or picture, or cabinet, at his pleaſure?

He came to me—I hope, madam, in a reproaching accent, I have done ſomething now that will pleaſe you: Ought his ſtiff air, and the reflecting word NOW, to have gone unpuniſhed? Haſt thou found out any other old maid, to ſit in judgment on the behaviour of thy Wife? But what haſt thou done?

I was aſtoniſhed when the man told me.

And who is to be thy houſekeeper? Is this done, in hope I'll follow thee? Or doſt thou intend to exclude from thy habitation the poor woman who met thee at church a few weeks ago?

Juſt then came in Lady L. I aſked her, What ſhe thought of this ſtep?

Had ſhe vindicated him, I never would have regarded a word ſhe ſaid between us. But ſhe owned, that ſhe thought I *ſhould* have been conſulted. And then he began to ſee that he had done a wrong thing. I acquainted her with his former fault, unatoned for as it was—Why, as to *that*, ſhe did not know what to ſay; only, that it became *my* character, and good ſenſe, ſo to behave, as that Lord G. ſhould have no reaſon to complain of me to *any*-body. A hard thing, Harriet, to be reflected upon by an own Siſter!

LADY L. prevailed upon me, unknown to Lord G. to go with her to ſee this houſe. 'Tis a handſome houſe.

houſe. I have but the one aforeſaid objection to it—But let me aſk you again: Is not the ſlight he has put upon me, in taking it without conſulting me, an inexcuſable thing?—I know you will ſay it is. But I'll tell you how I think to do—I will make him give up the contract; and when he has done ſo, unknown to him, take the ſame houſe myſelf. This will be returning the compliment. His excuſe is, He was ſure I ſhould like the houſe and the terms. If he is ſure of my liking it, and has choſen it himſelf, the duce is in it, if I may not be ſure of his—Would *he* diſlike it, becauſe *I* liked it?—Say ſo, if you dare, Harriet; and ſuppoſe *me* blameable.

O my dear! What ſhall I do with this paſſionate man? I could not, you know, forgive him for the two unatoned-for ſteps which he had taken, without *ſome* contrition: And do you think he would ſhew any?—Not he!—I ſaid ſomething that ſet him up; ſomething bordering upon the whimſical—No matter what. He pranced upon it. I, with my uſual meekneſs, calmly rebuked him; and then went to my harpſichord: And, what do you think? How ſhall I tell it? Yet to you I may—Why then he whiſked his hat from under his arm (he was going out); and ſilenced, broke, demoliſhed, my poor harpſichord.

I was ſurprized: But inſtantly recovering myſelf; You are a violent wretch, Lord G. ſaid I, quite calmly: How could you do ſo?—Suppoſe (and I took the wicked hat) I ſhould throw it into the fire? But I gave it to him, and made him a fine courteſy. There was command of temper! I thought, at the inſtant, of Epictetus and his ſnapt leg. Was I not as great a Philoſopher?

He is gone out. Dinner is ready; and no Lord G. Aunt Nell is upon the fret: But ſhe remembers

her late act of delinquency; ſo is obliged to be ſilent. I have her under my thumb.

THE man came in after we had dined. I went to him, as if nothing had been the matter between us. You look vexed, my Lord!—It *was* a very violent action: It vexed *me* at firſt: But you ſee how ſoon I recovered my temper. I wiſh you would learn patience of me. But, come, I forgive you; I will not be angry with you, for an evil that a little money will repair. I ſee you are vexed.

So I am, madam, at my very ſoul! But it is not—

Now to be helped—True, my Lord, and I forgive you—

But curſe me, if I forgive you, madam—

O fie! that's wickedly ſaid: But I know you *will*, when I aſk you.

Aunt Nell ſat by the window; her eyes half ſhut; her mouth as firmly cloſed, as if her lips were glewed together.

Madam, addreſſing himſelf to her, I ſhall ſet out to-morrow for Windſor.

Windſor, my Lord? ſaid I.—He anſwered me not.

Aſk my good Lord G. madam, ſaid I, in a ſweet humble voice, how long he ſhall ſtay at Windſor?

How long, my Lord? mumbled out Aunt Nell—

From Windſor I ſhall go to Oxford.

Aſk him, madam, how long he ſhall be before he returns?

How long my Lord, ſhall you be abſent from us?

When I find I can return, and not be the jeſt of my own Wife—I *may*, perhaps—There he ſtopt, and looked ſtately.

Tell my Lord, that he is too ſerious, madam. Tell him, that hardly any other man but would ſee I was at play with him, and would play again.

You hear what my Niece ſays, my Lord.

I regard nothing ſhe ſays.

Aſk

Aſk him, madam, who is to be of his party.

Who, my Lord, is to be of your party?

Nobody; turning himſelf half round, that he might not be thought to anſwer *me*, but *her*.

Aſk him, madam, whether it be buſineſs or pleaſure, that engages him to take this ſolitary tour?

She *looked* the queſtion to him.

Neither, madam, to her. I left my pleaſure ſome weeks ago, at St. George's Church. I have never found it ſince.

A ſtrange forgetful man! and as ungrateful as forgetful. And I ſtept to him, and looked in his face, *ſo* courteouſly! and with ſuch a *ſweet* ſmile!

He ſullenly turned from me, and to Aunt Nell.

Aſk my Lord, if he takes this journey, thinking to oblige me?

Aſk him your own queſtions, Niece.

My Lord won't anſwer *me*.

He ſtrutted, and bit his lip with vexation.

Come, I'll try once more if you think me worth anſwering—I think, my Lord, if you ſhall be gone a *month* or *two*, I may take a little trip to Northamptonſhire. Emily ſhall go with me. The girl is very uneaſy to ſee Miſs Byron: And Miſs Byron will rejoice to ſee us both. A viſit from us will do her good.

He took it, that I was not deſirous of a ſhort abſence. And he pouched his mouth, and reared himſelf up, and ſwelled; but anſwered me not.

See, madam, my Lord is ſullen; he won't anſwer *me*. I muſt get *you* to aſk my queſtions. I think it my duty to aſk leave to go. My *Lord* may go where he pleaſes, without my leave—Very fit he ſhould. He is a *man*. I once could have done ſo; high-ho! but I have vowed obedience and vaſſalage. I will not break my vow. Aſk him, If I have his conſent for a viſit to Miſs Byron, of a month or two? Aſk him, madam, If he can make himſelf happy in my abſence? I ſhould otherwiſe be loth to go for ſo long a time.

I ſhould be as welcome, ſaid he, to Miſs Byron, as *her*—

As her! As ſhe! you ſhould ſay, I believe, if you won't ſay *As you*, madam, and bow to me—I believe ſo, my Lord. Miſs Byron would rejoice to ſee any of *my* friends. Miſs Byron is very good.

Would to God—

That ſomebody were half as good, interrupted I. Somebody underſtands you, my Lord, and wiſhes ſo too—Pray, madam, aſk my Lord, If I may go?—His *new houſe* will be putting in order mean time—

I will aſk none of your queſtions for you—*New houſe*, Niece! You harp too much on one ſtring.

I mean not offence. I have done with that ſubject. My Lord, to be ſure, has dominion over his bird. He can chooſe her cage. She has nothing to do, but ſit and ſing in it—when her inſtrument is mended, and in tune—He has but one fault. He is *too good-natured* to his bird. But would he take *your* advice, madam—

Now, tho' this may ſound to you, Harriet, a little recriminating; yet, I do aſſure you, I ſpoke it in a very ſweet accent: Yet up got Aunt Nell, in a paſſion: My Lord too was all alive. I put myſelf between her and the door; and throwing my arms about her, You ſhan't go, madam—Smiling ſweetly in her glowing face. Upon my honour you ſhan't.

Wicked trifler! ſhe called me, as I led her to a chair. Perverſe girl! and two or three other names;—apropos enough: My character is not difficult to hit; that's the beauty of it.

My Lord withdrew in wrath; and then the old Lady ſaid, ſhe would now tell me a piece of her mind: And ſhe made me ſit down by her; and thus ſhe addreſſed me:

Niece, it is my opinion, that you might be, if you *would*, one of the happieſt women in the world.

You don't hear *me* complain, madam.

Well, if Lord G. *did* complain to me; it *was* to *me*:

And

And you ſhould be ſorry for the occaſion, and not for the complaint.

I may be ſorry for both, madam.

Well, but Lord G. is one of the beſt-natured men in the world—

The man's well enough. Paſſionate men, they ſay, *are* good-natured.

Why won't you be happy, Niece?

I will. I am not now *un*-happy.

More ſhame for you then, that you will not make Lord G. happy.

He is captious. I am playful. That's all.

What do you think your Brother would ſay—

He would blame me, as you do.

Dear creature, be good. Dear creature, make Lord G. happy.

I am like a builder, madam. I am digging for a foundation. There is a good deal of rubbiſhy humours to remove; a little ſwampineſs of ſoil: And I am only removing it, and digging deeper, to make my foundation ſure.

Take care, take care, Niece: You may dig too deep. There may be ſprings: You may open, and never be able to ſtop them, till they have ſapped your foundation. Take care, Niece.

Thank you, madam, for your caution. Pity you had not been a builder yourſelf!

Had ſuch a fellow-labourer as Lord G. offered, I ſhould not have refuſed a partnerſhip with him, I do aſſure you.

Fairly anſwered, Aunt Nell! thought I. I was pleaſed with her.

Don't you think Lord G. loves you dearly?

As to *dearly*, I can't ſay: But I believe he loves me as well as moſt Huſbands love their wives.

Are you not ungrateful then?

No. I am only at play with him. I don't hate him.

Hate him! Dreadful if you did! But he thinks you deſpiſe him.

That is one of the rubbiſhy notions I want to remove. He would have it that I did, when he could have helped himſelf. But he injures me now, if he thinks ſo. I can't ſay I have a very profound reverence for him. *He* and my *Brother* ſhould not have been allied. But had I deſpiſed him in my heart, I ſhould have thought myſelf a very bad creature for going to church with him.

That's well ſaid. I love you now. Your Brother, is, indeed, enough to put all other men down with one. But may I tell Lord G. that you love him?

No, madam.

No! I am ſorry for that.

Let him find it out. But he ought to know ſo much of human nature, and of my ſincerity, as to gather from my behaviour to him, that had I either hated or deſpiſed him, I would not have been his; and it would have been impoſſible for me to be ſo playful with him; to be ſo domeſtic, and he ſo much at home with me. Am I fond of ſeeking occaſions to carry myſelf from him? What delights, what diverſions, what public entertainments, do I hunt after?—None. Is not he, are not all my friends, ſure of finding me at home, whenever they viſit me?

So far, ſo good, ſaid Aunt Eleanor.

I will open my heart to you, madam. You are my Father's Siſter. You have a right to my ſincerity. But you muſt keep my ſecret.

Proceed, my dear.

I know my own heart, madam. If I thought I could not truſt it (and I wiſh Lord G. had a good opinion of it) I would not dance thus, as you ſuppoſe, on the edge of danger.

Good creature!—I ſhall call you good creature by-and-by. Let me call Lord G. to us.

I was ſilent. I contradicted her not. She rang.

She

She bid the ſervant tell Lord G. that ſhe deſired his company. Lord G. was pranced out. She regretted (I was not glad) that he was.

I will tell you what, my dear, ſaid ſhe. I have heard it ſuggeſted, by a friend of yours, that you would much rather have had Mr. Beauchamp—

Not a word more of ſuch a ſuggeſtion, madam. I ſhould hate myſelf, were I capable of treating Lord G. meanly, or contemptibly, with a thought of preference to any man breathing, now I am his. I have a great opinion of Mr. Beauchamp. He deſerves it. But I never had the ſhadow of a wiſh, that I had been his. I never ſhould have ſpoken of my Brother's excellencies, as outſhining thoſe of Lord G. had he not been my *Brother*, and therefore could not be *more* to me; and had they not been ſo conſpicuous, that no other man could be diſgraced by giving place to him. No, madam, let me aſſure you, once for all, that I am ſo far from deſpiſing my Lord G. that, were any misfortune to befal him, I ſhould be a miſerable woman.

She embraced me. Why then—

I know your inference, madam. It is a juſt one. I am afraid I think as well of my own underſtanding as I do of Lord G's. I love to jeſt, to play, to make him look about him. I diſlike not even his petulance. You ſee I bear all the flings and throws, and peeviſhneſs, which he returns to my ſaucineſs. I think I *ought*. His complaints of me to you, to Lord and Lady L. which bring upon me their and your grave lecturings, and even anger, I can forgive him for; and this I ſhew, by making thoſe complaints matter of pleaſantry rather than reſentment. I know he intended well, in taking the houſe, tho' he conſulted me not firſt. It was ſurely wrong in him; yet I am not mortally offended with him for it. His violence to my poor harpſichord ſtartled me; but I recollected myſelf; and had he buffetted *me* inſtead of *that*, as I was afraid he would,

I ſhould have thought I *ought* to have borne it, whether I *could* or *not*, and to have returned him his hat with a courteſy. Believe me, madam, I am not a bad, I am only a whimſical creature. I tried my Brother once. I ſet him up. I was afraid of *him*, indeed: But I tried him again. Then he called it conſtitution, and laughed at me, and run me out of breath in my own way. So I let *him* alone. Lord L. Lady L. had it in turn. Lord G. has a little more than his turn perhaps: And why? becauſe he is for ever fitting the cap to his head; and becauſe I don't love him leſs than thoſe I am leſs free with. Come, madam, let me demand your kind thoughts. I *will* deſerve them. Contradiction and oppoſition, mediators and mediatrices, have carried my playfulneſs further than it would otherwiſe have gone. But henceforth *your* precepts, my *Brother's*, and Miſs *Byron's*, ſhall not want their weight with me, whether I may ſhew it or not at the inſtant. My reign, I am afraid, will be but ſhort. Let the man bear with me a little now-and-then. I am not abſolutely ungenerous. If he can but ſhew his Love by his forbearance, I will endeavour to reward his forbearance with my Love.

She embraced me, and ſaid, That now ſhe attributed to the gaiety of my ſpirits, and not to perverſeneſs, my *till*-now unaccountable behaviour. I was ſure, ſaid ſhe, that you were more your Mother's, than your Father's Daughter. Let me, when my Lord comes in, ſee an inſtance of the behaviour you bid me hope for.

I will try, ſaid I, what can be done.

We parted. I went up to my pen; and ſcribbled down to this place.

This moment my Lord is come in. Into my Brother's ſtudy is he directly gone. Not a queſtion aſked about me. Sullen! I warrant. He uſed to pay his duty to me, and aſk bleſſing the moment he came in, if *admiſſible* [Is that a word, Harriet?]: But times are altered. Ah, Harriet! when I know I am ſaucy, I can

can bear negligence and flight: But when I intend to be good, knowing my own heart to be right, I ſhall be quite ſaucy if he is ſullen. Is not the duty of wedded people reciprocal?—Aunt Eleanor and he are talking together. She is endeavouring, I ſuppoſe, to make a Philoſopher of him. "Promiſe nothing for me, Aunt "Nell. I will have the whole merit of my own re-"formation."

LETTER XI.

Lady G. In Continuation.

PREPARE, Harriet, to hear ſtrange and wonderful things.

My Lord ſent up his compliments, and deſired to know, if he might attend me. I was in my dreſſing-room. He was not always ſo polite. I wiſh, thought I, ſince diſpleaſure produces reſpect, that familiarity does not ſpoil this man. But I'll try him.

I ſhall be glad to ſee my Lord, was the anſwer I returned.

Up he came, one leg dragged after the other. Not alert, as he uſed to be on admiſſion to his Charlotte. The laſt eight ſtairs his ſteps ſounded, I, go, up, with, an, hea-vy, heart. He entered; bowed: Were the words yours, You ſhould be glad to ſee me, madam?

They *were*, my Lord.

Would to God you ſaid truth!

I did. I *am* glad to ſee you. I wanted to talk with you—About this Northamptonſhire viſit?

Are you in earneſt, madam, to make that viſit?

I am. Miſs Byron is not well. Emily pines to ſee her as much as I. You have no objection?

He was ſilent.

Do you ſet out, to-morrow, Sir, for Windſor and Oxford?

He ſighed, I think ſo, madam.

Shall you viſit Lord W?

I ſhall.

And complain to him of me, my Lord?—He ſhook his grave head, as if there were wiſdom in it—Be quiet, Harriet—Not good all at once—That would not be to hold it.

No, madam, I have done complaining to *any*-body. You will one day ſee you have not acted generouſly by the man who loves you as his own ſoul.

This, and his eyes gliſtening, moved me—Have we not been *both* wrong, my Lord?

Perhaps we have, madam: But here is the difference—I have been wrong, with a *right intention:* You have been wrong, and *ſtudied* to be ſo.

Prettily ſaid. Repeat it, my Lord—How was it? And I took his hand, and looked very graciouſly.

I cannot bear theſe airs of contempt.

If you call them ſo, you are wrong, my Lord, tho', perhaps, *intending* to be *right.*

He did not ſee how good I was diſpoſed to be. As I ſaid, a change all at once would have been unnatural.

Very well, madam! and turned from me with an air half-grieved, half-angry.

Only anſwer me, my Lord; Are you willing I ſhould go to Northamptonſhire?

If you chooſe to go, I have no objection. Miſs Byron is an angel.

Now, don't be perverſe, Lord G. Don't praiſe Miſs Byron at the expence of ſomebody elſe.

Would to heaven, madam—

I wiſh ſo too—And I put my hand before his mouth—*So* kindly!

He held it there with both his, and kiſſed it. I was not offended. But do you actually ſet out for Windſor and Oxford to-morrow, my Lord?

Not, madam, if you have any commands for me.

Why, now, that's well ſaid. Has your Lordſhip any-thing to propoſe to me?

I could not be ſo welcome to you as your *eſcorte*, as I am ſure I ſhould be to Miſs Byron and her friends, as her *gueſt?*

You *could* not? How can you ſay ſo, my Lord? You would do me both honour and pleaſure.

What would I give, that you mean what you ſay!

I *do* mean it, my Lord—My hand upon it—I held out my hand for his. He ſnatched it; and I thought would have devoured it.

We will take the coach, my Lord, that I may have your company all the way.

You equally aſtoniſh and delight me, madam! Is it poſſible that you are—

Yes, yes, don't, in policy, make it ſuch a wonder that I am diſpoſed to be what I *ought* to be.

I ſhall be too, too, too happy! ſobbed the grateful man.

No, no! I'll take care of that. Married folks, brought up differently, of different humours, inclinations, and ſo-forth, never can be too happy. Now I intend to put up all our little quarrels in my work-bag [You know I am a worker: Not quite ſo bad, at worſt, as ſome modern wives]: There they ſhall lie, till we get to Miſs Byron's—I revere the character of Mrs. Shirley: Mrs. Selby you have ſeen: Harriet, and you, and I, and the two ſages I have named, will get together in ſome happy hour. Then I will open my work-bag, and take out our quarrels one by one, and lay them on the table before us; and we will be determined by their judgments.

My dear Lady G. if you think there is any-thing amiſs in your behaviour to me, or in mine to you, let us ſpread the faults on your toilette now; and we ſhall go down to Northamptonſhire all love and harmony, and delight thoſe excellent—

Always preſcribing, my Lord!—O theſe men!—Why will you not let me have my own way?—Have not all theſe good folks heard of our folly? And ſhall they

they not be witneſſes of our wiſdom? If they are not at the agreement, they will wonder how it came about. —I tell you, Sir, that they ſhall have an opportunity to laugh at us both; at *me*, for my flippancy; at *you* for your petulance. I will be ſorry, you ſhall be aſhamed, that quarrels ſo eaſily made up, and where the heart of either is not bad, ſhould ſubſiſt a quarter of an hour, and be perpetually renewing. I *will* have my own way, I tell you.

Don't make me look like a fool, madam, before ſuch Ladies as thoſe, if we do viſit them.

I *muſt* have my jeſt, my Lord. You know (for have you not tryed it?) that I can have patience—Let me ſee—Is that the hat that you pulled off with an air ſo lately?—Piſh! How your countenance falls! I am *not* angry with you. But don't do ſo again, if you can help it—I *muſt* have my jeſt, I ſay: But aſſure yourſelf of the firſt place in my heart—What more would the man have?

O madam! nothing, nothing more! And he kiſſed my hand on one knee, with a rapture that he never could have known had we always been quiet, eaſy, and drowſy, like ſome married folks, whom the world calls happy.

But then the man came out with his gew-gaw japan-china taſte. Why is it the privilege of people of quality now, to be educated in ſuch a way, that their time can hardly ever be worthily filled up; and as if it were a diſgrace to be either manly or uſeful? He began to talk of equipage, and ſuch nonſenſe; but I cut him ſhort, by telling him, that I muſt have my whole way on this occaſion—Our viſit is to be a private one, ſaid I. We will have only the coach. Jenny ſhall attend on Emily and me. No other female ſervant. Two men: We will have no more. I will not have ſo much as your French-horn. We go to the land of harmony. Kings ſometimes travel incog. We will ape kings, when they put off royalty.

Will

Will not this thought gratify your pride?—You, my Lord, have ſome foibles to be cured of, as well as I.---We ſhall be wonderfully amended, both of us, by this excurſion.

Poor man! His heart was as light as a *feather*. Upon my word, my dear, I begin to think, that if my Lord and Maſter had been a wiſe man, I ſhould not have known what to do with him. Yet I will not forgive any one but myſelf, who finds him out to be *other*-wiſe.

He told me, in raptures of joy, that I ſhould direct every-thing as I pleaſed. God grant that I might not change my mind, as to the viſit! He hoped I was in earneſt; and looked now-and-then at me, as if he queſtioned it.

But what do you think the man did? He retired; came back preſently; called me his deareſt life; and ſaid, That it was poſſible I might want to have an opportunity given me to make ſome preſents, or to furniſh myſelf with trinkets of one nature or other, againſt I ſet out; and he ſhould be very ſorry, if, by his inattention, I were obliged to aſk him for the means to ſhew the natural liberality of my ſpirit in the way I thought beſt to exert it; and then he begged me to acept of that note; putting into my hand a bank note of 500*l*.

I ſtept to my cloſet, and *as* inſtantly returned. This, my Lord, ſaid I, is a moſt cruel reflexion upon me. It looks as if I were to be bribed to do my duty---There, my Lord! Take back your preſent. I will endeavour to be good without it---And as a proof that I *will*, you muſt not only receive back your favour (tho' I look upon it as ſuch, and from my heart thank you for it) but take, as your right, this note which Lord W. preſented to me on the day you received me as yours.

He held back both hands, gratefully reluctant.

You muſt, you *ſhall*, take *both* notes, my Lord. I only

only wanted a fit opportunity to put Lord W's note into your hands before. It was owing to my flippant folly, and not to your want of affection, that I had not that opportunity ſooner. Bear with me now-and-then, if I ſhould be ſilly again. Complain of me only to myſelf. My heart, I re-aſſure you, is yours, and yours *only*. I was not willing that you ſhould owe to any other perſon's interpoſition, my declarations of affection and regard to you, not even to Miſs Byron (tho' I talked of my work-bag) whom I love as my own Siſter.

The worthy man was in ecſtacies. He could not expreſs in words the joy of his heart. He kneeled, and wrapt his arms about my waiſt; and ſobbed his requeſt to me to forgive his petulance, and the offences he had ever given me, by any acts of paſſion, or words of anger.

You have not offended me, my Lord. Forgive my paſt follies, and my future failures. When you were moſt angry, I wondered at your patience. Had I been you, I ſhould not have borne what you bore with me.

For God's ſake, madam, take back both notes. We *can* have but one intereſt. You will make me eaſier, when I know that you have power in your hands to gratify every wiſh of your heart.

You *muſt*, you *ſhall*, my Lord, take theſe notes. I will apply to you whenever I have occaſion, and receive your favours, as ſuch. I wiſh not to be independent of you. I have a handſome ſum by me, the moiety of the money that was my Mother's, which my Brother divided between my Siſter and me, when he firſt came over. Is not the ſettlement made upon me more than my Brother aſked, or thought I *ſhould* expect? Did he not oppoſe ſo large an annuity for pin-money, as your Father, Lady Gertrude, and you, would have me accept of, becauſe he thought that ſuch a large allowance might make a Wife independent

dent of her Huſband, and put it out of his power, with diſcretion, to oblige her? My Brother, in an inſtance glorious to him, ſaid, That he would not be a richer man than he ought to be. In ſuch inſtances I will be his Siſter.

Aunt Nell joined us. My Lord, in tranſports, told her what had paſſed. The good old ſoul took the merit of the reformation to herſelf. She wept over us. She rejoiced to hear of our intended journey to Northamptonſhire. My Lord propoſed to have the houſe he had taken fitted up to my liking, while we were away. At his deſire, I promiſed to ſee it in his company, and give my opinion of his deſigned alterations. But as I know he has judgment in nick-knackatories, and even as much as I wiſh him in what is called *taſte*, I intend to compliment him with leaving all to him; and reſolve to be ſatisfied with whatever he does.

And now is the good man *ſo* buſy, *ſo* pleaſed, *ſo* important! Bleſs me, my dear! Who would rob the honeſt man of any part of his merit; or even wiſh to divide it with him?

And what, Harriet, do you ſay to me *now?*—In a week's time I ſhall be with you. Be ſure be chearful, and well; or I ſhall be ready to queſtion my welcome.

This moment, having let Dr. Bartlett into our intended viſit, he has offered to accompany us. Now ſhall we, I know, be doubly welcome. The Doctor, Emily, my Lord G. and your Charlotte, will be happy in one coach. The Doctor is prodigiouſly pleaſed with me. *What* is the text? *more joy in heaven over one ſinner that repenteth, than over ninety-and-nine juſt perſons, who need it not.*

I long to ſee you, and every one of the family, ſo deſervedly dear to you! God give you health; and us no worſe news from Italy than we have yet had; and how happy ſhall we be!—Lord and Lady L. wiſh they could be of the party. They are in love with me now. Emily ſays, ſhe dotes upon me. I begin

to

to think that there is almoſt as much pleaſure in being good, as in teazing. Yet a little roguery riſes now-and-then in the heart of

June 8. *Your* CHARLOTTE G.

The Doctor has been ſo good (I believe becauſe I am good) as to allow me to take a copy of a Letter of my Brother's to that wretch Everard; but for your peruſal only. I incloſe it, therefore, under that reſtriction. Let it ſpeak its own praiſes.

We are actually preparing to be your gueſts. You will only have time to forbid us, if we ſhall not be welcome.

Merciful! what a pacquet!

LETTER XII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Mr.* GRANDISON.

Bologna, June 4. *N. S.*

WHAT can I do for my Couſin? Why would he oppreſs me with ſo circumſtantial an account of the heavy evil that has befallen him, and not point out a way by which I could comfort or relieve him? Don't be afraid of what you call the ſeverity of my virtue. I ſhould be ready to queſtion the rectitude of my own heart, if, on examination, I had not reaſon to hope, that charity is the principal of thoſe virtues which you attribute to me. You recriminate enough upon yourſelf. In what way I can extricate or aſſiſt you, is now my only queſtion?

You aſk my advice, in relation to the payment of the debts which the world calls debts of honour; and for which you have aſked, and are granted three months time. Have you not, Sir, ſtrengthened your engagement by your requeſt? And have not they intitled themſelves to the performance, by their compliance with it?

The

The obligation which raſhneſs, and, perhaps, ſurprize, laid you under, your deliberation has confirmed.

You ſay, that your new creditors are men of the town, ſharpers, and gameſters. But, my Couſin, how came you among ſuch? They came not to you. I ſay not this to upbraid you: But I muſt not have you deceive yourſelf. Who but a man's ſelf is to ſuffer by his raſhneſs or inconſideration? They are reputed to have been poſſeſſed of fortunes, however they came by them, which would have enabled them to anſwer the ſtakes they played for, had they been the loſers: And would you not have exacted payment from them, had you been the winner? Did you at the *time* ſuſpect loaded dice, or foul play? You are not, Sir, a novice in the ways of the town. If you had good *proof* of what, from the ill ſucceſs you ſeem only to *ſuſpect*, I ſhould not account the debts incurred *debts of honour*; and ſhould hardly ſcruple, had I not indirectly promiſed payment, by aſking time for it, or had they refuſed to give it, to call in to my aid the Laws of my country; and the rather, as the appeal to thoſe Laws would be a ſecurity to me, againſt ever again being ſeen in ſuch company.

Adverſity is the trial of principle: Without it, a man hardly knows whether he is an honeſt man. Two things my Couſin, in his preſent difficulties, muſt guard againſt; the one, that he do not ſuffer himſelf to be prevailed upon, in hopes to retrieve his loſſes, to *frequent* the tables by which he has ſuffered; and ſo become one of the very men he has ſo much reaſon to wiſh he had avoided [Who would not rather be the ſufferer than the defrauder? What muſt be the nature of that man, who, having himſelf been ruined, will endeavour to draw in other innocent men to their ruin?]

The other, that he do not permit prior and worthier creditors (creditors for valuable conſiderations) to ſuffer by the diſtreſſes in which he has involved himſelf.

It

It is a hard deciſion: But were I my Couſin, I would diveſt myſelf of my whole eſtate (were it neceſſary) for the ſatisfaction of my creditors; and leave it to their generoſity, to allow me what pittance they pleaſed for ſubſiſtence; and within that pittance would I live: And this (were my difficulties owing to my own inconſideration) not only for juſtice ſake, but as a proper puniſhment for not being ſatisfied with my own ampler fortune, and for putting to hazard a certainty, in hopes of obtaining a ſhare in the property of others. Excuſe me, my dear Everard; I mean not particular reflexion; but only to give you my notion of general juſtice in caſes of this nature.

Acquit yourſelf worthily of theſe difficulties. I conſider you as my Brother: And you ſhall be welcome to take with me a Brother's part of my eſtate, till you can be reſtored to a competency.

But with regard to the woman whom the infamous Lord B. would faſten upon you as a Wife, that is an impoſition to which you muſt not ſubmit. Had ſhe been the pooreſt honeſt girl in Britain, and you had ſeduced her, by promiſes of marriage, I muſt have made it the condition of our continued friendſhip, that you had married her: But a kept-woman!—Let not *her*, let not the *bad man*, have ſuch a triumph. I know his character well: I know his dependence on the ſkill of his arm. And I know his litigious ſpirit, and the uſe he is capable of making of his privilege. But regard not theſe: Let me adviſe you, Sir, after you have ſecured to your creditors the payment of their juſt debts, to come over to me: The ſooner the better. By this means you will be out of the way of being diſturbed by the menaces of this Lord, and the machinations of this woman. We will return together. I will make your cauſe my own. As well the courage, as the quality, of the man who can be unjuſt, are to be diſpiſed. Is not Lord B. an unjuſt man in *every* article of his dealings with men? Do not you,

you, my dear Couſin, be ſo in *any-one*; and you will ever command the true fraternal love of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XIII.

Lady G. *To Lady* L.

Selby-houſe, Friday, June 16.

HERE we are, my Caroline: And the happieſt people in the world ſhould we be, if Harriet were but well, my Brother in England, and you and Lord L. with us.

Mrs. Selby, Lucy, Nancy, Harriet, met us at Stony-Stratford, eſcorted by Uncle Selby, and his nephew James.

My Lord and I were Dear, Love, and Life, all the journey. I was the *ſweeteſt*-tempered creature!—Joyful people are not always wiſe ones. When the heart is open, ſilly things will be ſaid; any-thing, in ſhort, that comes uppermoſt. I kindly allowed for my Lord's joy, on twenty occaſions. I ſmiled when he ſmiled, laughed out when he laughed out, did not talk to any-body elſe when he directed his diſcourſe to me; ſo that the honeſt man crowed all the way. It is a charming thing, thought I, ſeveral times, to be on a foot of good underſtanding with each other; for now I can call him *honeſt man*, or any names, that lately would have made him prance and caper; and he takes every-thing kindly: Nay, two or three times he called me *honeſt woman*; but laughed and looked round him at the time, as if he were conſcious that he had made a *bold*, as well as *witty* retort.

Let me tell you, Lady L. that I intend to give him ſigns when he exceeds, and other ſigns when he is right and clever; and I will accept of ſigns from him, that he may not be affronted. I am confident that we ſhall be in time an amazing happy couple.

Emily

Emily was rejoiced to ſee her equally beloved and revered Miſs Byron. Miſs Byron embraced Emily with the affection of a Siſter. My honeſt man kiſſed Miſs Byron's hand on one knee, in the fervour of his love and gratitude; for I had let him know, that he owed much of his preſent happineſs to her. She congratulated him whiſperingly, in my hearing, on my being good.

James Selby almoſt wept for love over Emily; while Emily looked as ſleek and as ſhy as a bird new-caught, for fear of being thought to give him encouragement, after what you may remember paſſed between them at Dunſtable.

We were all in rapture to ſee each other. We were *Mother* and *Siſters* the moment we were ſeated. Uncle Selby began to crack his jokes upon me in the firſt half-hour. I ſpared him not: And Lord G. ſince I muſt have ſomebody to play the rogue with, will fare the better for him. Dr. Bartlett was the revered of every heart. By the way, I am in high credit with that good man, for my behaviour to my Lord.

Miſs Byron received him with open arms, and even, as her Father, with an offered cheek: And the modeſt man was ſo much affected by her filial regard for him, that I was obliged, for our own ſakes, to whiſper her, to rein-in her joy to ſee him, that we might have the pleaſure of hearing him talk.

When we arrived at Selby-houſe, our joy was renewed, as if we had not ſeen each other at Stratford.

O, I ſhould have told you, that in our journey from Stratford hither, Aunt Selby, Harriet, Emily, and I, were in one coach: And I had, as we went on, a great deal of good inſtruction inſinuated to me, by way of felicitation, on my being ſo very kind and obliging to Lord G. And, as if I had been a child (corrected for being untoward) they endeavoured to coax me into a perſeverance in what they called my duty. Aunt Selby,

Selby, on this occaſion, performed the maternal part with ſo much good ſenſe, and her praiſe and her cautions were ſo delicately inſinuated, that I began to think, it was almoſt as pretty to be good as to be ſaucy.

Upon the whole, I really believe Lord G. will have reaſon to rejoice, as long as he lives, that he was ruled by his Wife, in changing his Windſor and Oxford Journey for this of Northamptonſhire. So *right* a thing is it for men to be governable; and, perhaps, you'll add, for women to keep good company.

Lord L. thinks you, my ſage Siſter, ſo good already, that you need not be better, or I would wiſh him to ſend you down to Selby-houſe.

Well may Harriet revere her Grandmother. That venerable woman is good in every ſenſe of the word. She is pious, charitable, benevolent, affectionate, condeſcending to the very foibles of youth; chearful, wiſe, patient under the infirmities of age, having outlived all her wiſhes but one; which is, to ſee her Harriet happily married: And then, ſhe ſays, ſhe hopes to be ſoon releaſed. Never could ſhe be ſo much admired in her blooming youth, tho' ſhe was then, it ſeems, deſervedly celebrated, both for her mind and perſon, as ſhe is now in her declining age.

You have ſeen and admired Mrs. Selby. She riſes upon me every hour. It gives one's heart joy, Lady L. to look forward, beyond the age of youth and flutter, when we ſee by theſe Ladies, that women in their advanced years may, to expreſs myſelf in the ſtile of Sir Rowland Meredith, be good for ſomething; or ſtill better, that the matronly time of female life, is by far the moſt eſtimable of all the ſtages of it; if they make good Wives, good Miſtreſſes, and good Mothers: And, let me ſay, good *Aunts*; were it but to keep in countenance Aunt Gertrude and Aunt Nell; who, good ſouls! will now hardly ever be *Mothers*.

Lucy is an excellent young creature. Nancy, when Lucy is not preſent, is *as* excellent. Her Couſins Kitty and Patty Holles are agreeable young women.

James Selby is a good ſort of blundering well-meaning great boy; who, when he has lived a *few years longer*, may make much ſuch a good ſort of man, as my Lord G. There's for you, my once catechizing Siſter! Pray be as ready to praiſe, as you uſed to be to blame me. I find duty and love growing faſt upon me. I ſhall get into a cuſtom of bringing in Lord G. on every occaſion that will do him credit: And then I ſhall be like Lady Betty Clemſon; who is ſo perpetually dinning the ears of her gueſts with her domeſtic ſuperlatives, that we are apt to ſuſpect the truth of all ſhe ſays.

But Harriet, our dear Harriet, is not at all well. She viſibly falls away; and her fine complexion fades. Mr. Deane was here a week ago; and Lucy tells me, was ſo much ſtartled at the alteration in her lovely countenance, that he broke from her, and ſhed tears to Lucy. This good girl and Nancy lament to each other the too viſible change: But when they are with the reſt of the family, they all ſeem afraid to take notice of it to one another. She herſelf takes generous pains to be lively, chearful, and unapprehenſive, for fear of giving concern to her Grandmother and Aunt; who will ſometimes ſit and contemplate the alteration, ſigh, and, now-and-then, drop a ſilent tear, which, however, they endeavour to ſmile off, to avoid notice. I have already obſerved, that as theſe good Ladies ſit in her company, they watch in ſilent Love every turn of her mild and patient eye, every change of her charming countenance; for they too well know to what to impute the inward malady, which has approached the beſt of hearts; and they know that the cure cannot be within the art of the phyſician. They, as *we* do, admire her voice, and her playing. They aſk her for a ſong, for a leſſon on her harpſichord.

She

She plays, ſhe ſings, at the very firſt word. In no one act of chearfulneſs does ſhe refuſe to join. Her Grandmother and her Aunt Selby frequently give a private ball. The old Lady delights to ſee young people chearful and happy. She is always preſent, and directs the diverſion; for ſhe has a fine taſte. We are often to have theſe Balls, for our entertainment. Miſs Byron, her Couſins ſay, knowing the delight her Grandmother takes in theſe amuſements, for the ſake of the young people, to whom ſhe conſiders it as a healthful exerciſe, as well as diverſion, is one of the alerteſt in them. She excuſes not herſelf, nor encourages that ſupineneſs that creeps on, and invades a heart ill at eaſe. Yet every-one ſees, that ſolitude and retirement are her choice; tho' ſhe is very careful to have it ſuppoſed otherwiſe; and, on the firſt ſummons, haſtens into company, and joins in the converſation. O ſhe is a lovely, and beloved young creature! I think verily, that tho' ſhe was the admiration of every-body, when ſhe was with us, yet ſhe is, if poſſible, more amiable at home, and among her own relations. Her Uncle Selby raillies her ſometimes. But reſpect as well as Love, are viſible in his countenance, when he does: In her returns ſweetneſs and reverence are mingled. She never forgets that the raillier is her Uncle; yet her delicacy is not more apparent, than that ſhe is miſtreſs of fine talents in that way; but often reſtrains them, becauſe ſhe has far more ſuperior ones to value herſelf upon. And is not this the caſe with my Brother alſo?—Not ſo, I am afraid, with your Charlotte.

All her friends, however, rejoice in our viſit to them, for her ſake. They compliment me on my lively turn; and hope for a happy effect on Miſs Byron from it.

I cannot accuſe her of reſerve to me. She owns her Love for our Brother as frankly as ſhe uſed to do, after we had torn the ſecret from her boſom at Colne-

brook. She acknowleges to me, that ſhe glories in it, and will not try to conquer it; becauſe ſhe is ſure the trial will be to no purpoſe; an excuſe, by the way, that if the conqueſt be neceſſary, would better become the mouth of your Charlotte than that of our Harriet: And ſo I have told her.

She prays for the reſtoration of Lady Clementina, and recovery of Signor Jeronymo. She loves to talk of the whole Italian family; and yet ſeems fully aſſured that Clementina will be the happy woman. But, ſurely, Harriet muſt be our Siſter. She values herſelf upon my Brother's ſo ſolemnly requeſting and claiming her friendſhip. True Friendſhip, ſhe but this morning argued with me, being diſintereſted, and more intellectual than perſonal regard, is nobler than Love. Love, ſhe ſaid, does not always ripen into Friendſhip, as is too frequently ſeen in wedlock.

But does not the dear creature refine too much when ſhe argues thus? A calm and eaſy kind of eſteem, is all I have to judge from in *my* matrimony. I know not what Love is. At the very higheſt, and when I was moſt a fool, my motive was *ſuppoſed* convenience (in order to be freed from the apprehended tyranny of a father); and that never carried me beyond liking. But you, Lady L. were an adept in the paſſion. Pray tell me, if there *be* a difference between Love and Friendſhip, which is the nobleſt? Upon my oppoſing you and Lord L. (ſo truly one mind) to her argument, ſhe ſaid, That yours is Love mellowed into Friendſhip, upon full proof of the merit of each: But, that there *was* a time, that the flame was Love only, founded in *hope* of the merit; and the *proof* might have been wanting; as it often is, when the hope has been as ſtrong, and ſeemingly as well founded, as in your courtſhip.

Harriet, poſſibly, may argue from her own ſituation, in order to make her heart eaſy; and my Brother is ſo *unqueſtionably* worthy, that Love and Friend-

ſhip may be one thing, in the boſom of a woman admiring him; ſince he will not enter into any obligation, that he cannot, that he *will* not, religiouſly perform. And if this refinement will make her heart eaſier, and enable her to allow his Love to be placed elſewhere, becauſe of a prior claim, and of circumſtances that call for generous compaſſion, while ſhe can content herſelf with the offered Friendſhip, I think we ought to indulge her in her delicate notions.

Selby-houſe is a large, convenient, well-furniſhed habitation. To-morrow we are to make a viſit, with Lucy and Nancy, to their branch of the Selby Family. James is gone before. Thoſe two girls are orphans: But their Grandmother, by their Mother's ſide (a good old Lady, Mother-in-law to Mr. Selby) lives with them, or, rather, they with her; and loves them.

On our return, we are to have our firſt private Ball, at Shirley-manor; a fine old ſeat, which, already, the benevolent owner calls her Harriet's; with an eſtate of about 500*l.* a year round it.

Adieu, my dear Lady L.—My Lord and you, I hope, will own me now. Yet are you not ſometimes ſurpriſed at the ſuddenneſs of my reformation? Shall I tell you how it came about? To own the truth, I began to find the man could be ſtout. "Charlotte, "thought I, what are you about? You mean not to "continue for ever your playful folly. You have no "malice, no wickedneſs, in your ſaucineſs; only a "little levity: it may grow into habit:—Make your "retreat while you can with honour; before you har-"den the man's heart, and find your reformation a "matter of indifference to him. You have a few "good qualities; are not a modern woman; have "neither wings to your ſhoulders, nor gad-fly in "your cap: You love home. At preſent the honeſt "man loves you. He has no vices. Every one loves "you; but all your friends are buſy upon your con-"duct. You will eſtrange them from you. The

"man will not be a King Log—Be you a prudent "Frog, leſt you turn him into a Stork. A weak man, "if you *ſuppoſe* him weak, made a tyrant, will be an "inſupportable thing. I ſhall make him appear weak "in the eyes of every-body elſe, when I have ſo much "grace left, as would make me riſe againſt any one "who ſhould let me know they thought him ſo. My "Brother will be reflected upon for his ſolicitude to "carry me to church with a man, whom I ſhall make "the world think I deſpiſe. Harriet will renounce "me. My wit will be thought folly. Does not the "ſuckling Emily, does not the ſtale virgin, Aunt "Eleanor, think they have a right to blame, entreat, "inſtruct me? I will be good of choice, and make "my *duty* received as a *favour*. I have travelled a "great way in the road of perverſeneſs. I ſee briars, "thorns, and a pathleſs track, before me. I may be "benighted: The day is far gone. Serpents may be "in the brakes. I will get home as faſt as I can; and "rejoice every one, who now only wonders what is "become of me."

Theſe, Lady L. were ſome of my reaſonings. Make your advantage of them againſt me, if you can. You ſee that your grave wiſdom had ſome weight with my light folly. Allow a little for conſtitution now-and-then; and you ſhall not have cauſe to be aſhamed of your Siſter.

Let me conclude this ſubject, half one way, half t'other—that is to ſay, half ſerious, half roguiſh: If my Lord would but be cured of his taſte for trifles and nick-knacks, I ſhould, poſſibly, be induced to conſider him as a man of better underſtanding than I once thought him: But who can forbear, ſometimes, to think ſlightly of a man, who, by effeminacies, and a Shell and China taſte, undervalues himſelf? I hope I ſhall cure him of theſe foibles; and, if I *can*, I ſhall conſider him as a work of my own hands, and be proud of him, in compliment to myſelf.

Let

Let my Aunt Eleanor (no more Nell, if I can help it) know how good I *continue* to be. And now I will relieve you and myſelf, with the aſſurance that I am, and ever will be, notwithſtanding yours and Lord L's paſt ſeverity to me,

Your truly affectionate Siſter,

CH. G.

LETTER XIV.

Lady G. *To Lady* L.

Selby-houſe, Monday, July 24*.

LORD bleſs me, my dear, what ſhall we do! My Brother, in all probability, may, by this time!——But I cannot tell how to ſuppoſe it!—Ah the poor Harriet! The three Letters from my Brother, which, by the permiſſion of Dr. Bartlett, I incloſe, will ſhew you, that the Italian affair is now at a criſis.

Read them in this place; and return them ſealed up, and directed to the Doctor.

LETTER XV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Florence, Wedneſday, July 5-16.

THREE weeks have now paſt ſince the date of my laſt Letter to my paternal friend. Nor has it, in the main, been a diſagreeable ſpace of time; ſince within it I have had the pleaſure of hearing from you and other of my friends in England; from thoſe

* Several Letters, written in the ſpace between the laſt date, June 16, and the preſent, which give an account of their diverſions, viſits, entertainments, at Selby-houſe, Shirley-manor, &c. are omitted.

at Paris; and good news from Bologna, where-ever I moved, as well from the Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti as from Mr. Lowther.

The Biſhop particularly tells me, that they aſcribe to the amendment of the Brother, the hopes they now have of the Siſter's recovery.

I paſſed near a fortnight of this time at Naples and Portici. The General, and his Lady, who is one of the beſt of women, made it equally their ſtudy to oblige and amuſe me.

The General, on my firſt arrival at Naples, entered into talk with me, on my expectations with regard to his Siſter. I anſwered him, as I had done his Mother; and he was ſatisfied with what I ſaid.

When we parted, he embraced me as his Brother and Friend; and apologized for the animoſity he once had to me. If it pleaſed God to reſtore his Siſter, no more from him, he ſaid, ſhould her mind be endangered: But *her* choice ſhould determine *him*. His Lady declared her eſteem for me, without reſerve; and ſaid, That, next to the recovery of Clementina and Jeronymo, her wiſh was, to be intitled to call me Brother.

What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is, at laſt, to be my deſtiny! The greateſt oppoſer of the alliance once in view, is overcome: But the Biſhop, you will obſerve, by what I have told you, aſcribes to another cauſe the merit which the General gives me; with a view, poſſibly, to abate my expectation. Be the event as it may, I will go on in the courſe I am in, and leave to Providence the iſſue.

Mrs. Beaumont returned from Bologna but yeſterday.

She confirms the favourable account I had before received of the great alteration for the better that there is in the health both of Brother and Siſter; and, becauſe of that, in the whole family. Mr. Lowther, ſhe ſays, is as highly, as deſervedly, careſſed by every one.

one. Jeronymo is able to ſit up two hours in a day. He has tried his pen, and finds it will be again in his power to give his friends pleaſure with it.

Mrs. Beaumont tells me, that Clementina generally twice a day viſits her beloved Jeronymo. She has taken once more to her needle, and often ſits and works in her Brother's room. This amuſes her, and delights him.

She converſes generally without much rambling; and ſeems to be very ſoon ſenſible of her misfortune, when ſhe begins to talk incoherently: For at ſuch times ſhe immediately ſtops; not ſeldom ſheds a tear; and either withdraws to her own cloſet, or is ſilent.

She ſeveral times directed her diſcourſe to Mr. Lowther, when ſhe met him in her Brother's chamber. She obſerved great delicacy when ſhe ſpoke of me to him; and dwelt not on the ſubject: But was very inquiſitive about England, and the cuſtoms and manners of the people; particularly of the women.

Every-body has made it a rule (Jeronymo among the reſt, and to which alſo Camilla ſtrictly conforms) never to lead her to talk of me. She, however, aſks often after me; and numbers the days of my abſence.

At one time, ſeeking Mrs. Beaumont in her dreſſing-room, ſhe thus accoſted her: I come, madam, to aſk you, Why every-body forbears to mention the Chevalier Grandiſon; and when *I* do, talks of ſomebody or ſomething elſe? Camilla is as perverſe in this way as any body: Nay, Jeronymo (I have tried him ſeveral times) does the very ſame. Can Jeronymo be ungrateful? Can Jeronymo be indifferent to his friend, who has done ſo much for him? I hope I am not looked upon as a ſilly, or as a forward creature, that am not to be truſted with hearing the name of the man mentioned, for whom I profeſs an high eſteem and gratitude. Tell me, madam, have I, at any time, in my unhappy hours, behaved or ſpoken aught unworthy of my character, of my family, of the modeſty

of woman?—If I *have*, my heart renounces the guilt; I muſt, indeed, have been unhappy; I could not be Clementina della Porretta.

Mrs. Beaumont ſet her heart at eaſe on this ſubject.

Well, ſaid ſhe, it ſhall be ſeen, I hope ſo, that true modeſty, and high gratitude, may properly have a place together in *this* heart, putting her hand to her boſom. Let me but own, that I eſteem him; for I really do; and I hope my ſincerity ſhall never miſlead or betray me into indecorum: And now, Madam, let us talk of him for one quarter of an hour, and no more. Here is my watch; it is an Engliſh watch; nobody knows that I bought it for that very reaſon. Don't *you* tell. She then, ſuſpecting her head, dropt a tear; and withdrew in ſilence.

Mrs. Beaumont, my dear friend, knows the true ſtate of my heart; and ſhe pities me. She wiſhes that the Lady's reaſon may be eſtabliſhed; ſhe is afraid it ſhould be riſqued by oppoſition: But there *is* a man whom ſhe wiſhes to be Clementina's. There *is* a woman—But—do thou, Providence, direct us both! All that thou ordereſt muſt be beſt.

Mrs. Beaumont thinks Lady Clementina is at times too ſolemn: And is the more apprehenſive when ſhe is ſo, as there is a greatneſs in her ſolemnity, which ſhe is afraid will be too much for her. She has often her ſilent fits, in which ſhe is regardleſs of what anybody but her Mother ſays to her.

As ſhe grows better, the fervor of her devotion, which in her higheſt delirium never went quite off, increaſes. Nor do they diſcourage, but indulge her in it, becauſe in her, it ſeems, by the chearfulneſs with which her ardent zeal is attended, to be owing to true piety, which they juſtly obſerve ſeldom makes a good mind ſour, moroſe, or melancholy.

Mrs. Beaumont ſays, That for two days before ſhe came away, ſhe had ſhewn, on ſeveral occaſions, that ſhe began to expect my return—She broke ſilence in one

one of her dumb fits—"Twenty days, did he ſay, "Camilla?" and was ſilent again.

The day before Mrs. Beaumont ſet out, as ſhe, the young Lady, and Marchioneſs, were ſitting at work together, Camilla entered with unuſual precipitation, with a meſſage from the Biſhop, deſiring leave to attend them—And the Marchioneſs ſaying, By all means, pray let him come in, the young Lady, on hearing him approach, laid down her work, changed colour, and ſtood up with an air of dignity. But on the Biſhop's entrance, ſat down with a look of diſſatisfaction, as if diſappointed.

Adieu, my dear friend! I ſhall reach Bologna, I hope, to-morrow night. You will ſoon have another Letter from

Your truly-affectionate

GRANDISON.

LETTER XVI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *In Continuation.*

Bologna, July 7-18.

IT was late laſt night before I arrived at this place. I ſent my compliments to the family. In the morning I went to their palace, and was immediately conducted to the chamber of Signor Jeronymo. He was diſpoſing himſelf to riſe, that he might receive me up, in order to rejoice me on his ability to do ſo. I ſat down by him, and received the overflowings of his grateful heart. Every-body, he told me, was amended both in health and ſpirits.

Camilla came in ſoon after, congratulating me on my arrival in the name of her young Lady. She let me know, that in leſs than a quarter of an hour ſhe would be ready to receive my viſit.

O Sir, ſaid the good woman, miracles! miracles! —We are all joy and hope!

At going out, ſhe whiſpered as ſhe paſſed (I was then at the window) My young Lady is dreſſing in colours, to receive you. She will no more *appear* to you, ſhe ſays, in black—Now, Sir, will you ſoon reap the reward of all you goodneſs; for the General has ſignified to my Lord his entire acquieſcence with his Siſter's choice, and their determination.

The Biſhop came in: Chevalier, ſaid he, you are welcome, thrice welcome, to Bologna. You have ſubdued us all. Clementina commands her own deſtiny. The man whom ſhe chooſes to call hers, be he who he will, will have a treaſure in her, in every ſenſe of the word.

The Marquis, the Count, Father Mareſcotti, all ſeverally made me the higheſt compliments. The Count particularly taking my hand, ſaid, From *us*, Chevalier, nothing will be wanting to make *you* happy: From *you*, there can be but one thing wanting to make *us* ſo.

The Marchioneſs entering, ſaved me any other return, than by bowing to each. Before I could ſpeak to her, Welcome, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe: But you are not come before you were wiſhed for. You will find, we have kept a more exact account of the days of your abſence, than we did before. I hope her joy to ſee you will not be too much for her. Clementina ever had a grateful heart.

The Chevalier's prudence, ſaid Father Mareſcotti, may be confided in. He knows how to moderate his own joy on his firſt addreſs to her, on ſeeing her ſo greatly amended: And then Lady Clementina's natural delicacy will not have an *example* to carry her joy above her reaſon.

The Chevalier, madam, ſaid the Biſhop, ſmiling, will, at this rate, be *too* ſecure. We leave him not room for *profeſſions*. But he cannot be ungenerous.

The Chevalier Grandiſon, ſaid the kind Jeronymo, ſpeaks by *action*: It is his way. His head, his heart, his lips, his hands, are governed by one motion, and directed

directed by one ſpring. When he leaves no room for doubt, profeſſions would depreciate his ſervice.

He then aſcribed an extraordinary merit to me, on my leaving my native country and friends, to attend them in perſon.

We may, perhaps, my reverend friend, be allowed to repeat the commendations given us by grateful and benevolent ſpirits, when we cannot *otherwiſe* ſo well do juſtice to the generous warmth of their friendſhip. The noble Jeronymo, I am confident, were he in my place, and I in his, would put a more moderate value on the like ſervices, done by himſelf. What is friendſhip, if, on the like calls, and bleſſed with power, it is not ready to exert itſelf in action?

Grandiſon, replied the Biſhop, where he *one of us*, might expect canonization. In a better religion, we have but few young men of quality and fortune ſo good as he; tho' I think none ſo bad, as many of the pretended Reformed, who travel, as if to copy our vices, and not to imitate our virtues.

I was overwhelmed with gratitude, on a reception ſo very generous and unreſerved. Camilla came in ſeaſonably with a meſſage from the young Lady, inviting my attendance on her in her dreſſing-room.

The Marchioneſs withdrew juſt before. I followed Camilla. She told me, as we went, that ſhe thought her not quite ſo ſedate as ſhe had been for ſome days paſt; which ſhe ſuppoſed owing to her hurrying in dreſſing, and to her expectation of me.

The Mother and Daughter were together. They were talking, when I entered—Dear fanciful girl! I heard the Mother ſay, diſpoſing otherwiſe ſome flowers that ſhe had in her boſom.

Clementina, when her mind was ſound, uſed to be all unaffected elegance. I never ſaw but one woman who equalled her in that reſpect. Miſs Byron ſeems conſcious, that ſhe may truſt to her native charms; yet betrays no pride in her conſciouſneſs.

Who ever ſpoke of her jewels, that beheld her face? For mingled dignity, and freedom of air and manner, theſe two Ladies excel amongſt women.

Clementina appeared exceedingly lovely. But her fancifulneſs in the diſpoſition of her ornaments, and the unuſual luſtre of her eyes, which every one was wont to admire for their *ſerene* brightneſs, ſhewed an imagination more diſordered than I hoped to ſee; and gave me pain at my entrance.

The Chevalier, my Love! (ſaid the Marchioneſs, turning round to me) Clementina, receive your friend.

She ſtood up, dignity and ſweetneſs in her air. I approached her: She refuſed not her hand. The General, madam, and his Lady, ſalute you by me.

They received you, I am ſure, as the friend of our family. But tell me, Sir, ſmiling, have you not exceeded your promiſed time?

Two or three days only.

Only, Sir!—Well, I upbraid you not. No wonder that a man ſo greatly valued, cannot always keep his time.

She heſitated, looked at her mother, at me, and on the floor, viſibly at a loſs. Then, as ſenſible of her wandering, turned aſide her head, and took out her handkerchief.

Mrs. Beaumont, madam, ſaid I, to divert her chagrin, ſends you her compliments.

Were you at Florence? Mrs. Beaumont, ſaid you?—Were you at Florence! Then running to her Mother, ſhe threw her arms about her neck, hiding her face in her boſom—O, madam, conceal me! conceal me from myſelf. I am not well.

Be comforted, my beſt Love, wrapping her maternal arms about her, and kiſſing her forehead; you will be better preſently.

I made a motion to withdraw. The Marchioneſs, by her head, approving, I went into the next apartment.

She ſoon enquired for me, and, on notice from Camilla, I returned.

She ſat with her head leaning on her Mother's ſhoulder, She raiſed it—Excuſe me, Sir, ſaid ſhe. I cannot be well, I ſee—But no matter! I am better, and I am worſe, than I was: *Worſe* becauſe I am ſenſible of my calamity.

Her eyes had then loſt all that luſtre which had ſhewn a too raiſed imagination: But they were as much in the other extreme, overclouded with miſtineſs, dimneſs, vapours; ſwimming in tears.

I took her hand: Be not diſheartened, madam. You will be ſoon well. Theſe are uſual turns of the malady you ſeem to be ſo ſenſible of, when it is changing to perfect health.

God grant it!—O Chevalier! what trouble have I given my friends!—my Mamma here!—You, Sir!—Every-body! O that naughty Laurana! But for *her!*—But tell me—Is ſhe dead?—Poor cruel creature! Is ſhe no more?

Would you have her to be no more, my Love? ſaid her Mother.

O no! no! I would have had her to live, and to repent. Was ſhe not the companion of my childhood? She loved me once. I *always* loved her. Say, Chevalier, is ſhe living?

I looked at the Marchioneſs, as aſking, if I ſhould tell her ſhe was; and receiving her approving nod, She is living, madam, anſwered I—and I hope will repent.

Is ſhe, is ſhe indeed, my Mamma? interrupted ſhe.

She is, my dear.

Thank God! riſing from her ſeat, claſping her hands, and ſtanding more erect than uſual; then have I a triumph to come! ſaid the noble creature! Excuſe my pride! I will ſhew her that I can forgive her!—But I will talk of her when I am better. You ſay, Sir,

Sir, I *ſhall* be better! You ſay that my malady is changing—What comfort you give me!

Then dropping down againſt her Mother's chair, on her knees, her eyes and hands lifted up, Great and good God Almighty, heal, heal, I beſeech thee, my wounded mind, that I may be enabled to reſtore to the moſt indulgent of parents, the happineſs I have robbed them of. Join your prayers with mine, Sir! You are a good man—But you, madam, are a Catholic. The Chevalier is not—Do *you* pray for me. I ſhall be reſtored to *your* prayers. And may I *be* reſtored, as I ſhall never more do any-thing, wilfully, to offend or diſturb your tender heart.

God reſtore my child! ſobbed the indulgent parent, raiſing her.

Camilla had not withdrawn. She ſtood weeping in a corner of the room. Camilla, ſaid the young Lady, advancing towards her, lend me your arm. I will return to you again, Sir—Don't go—Excuſe me, madam, for a few moments. I find, putting her hand to her forehead, I am not quite well—I will return preſently.

The Marchioneſs and I were extremely affected by her great behaviour: But tho' we were grieved for the pain her ſenſibility gave her, yet we could not but conſole and congratulate ourſelves upon it, as affording hopes of her perfect recovery.

She returned ſoon, attended by Camilla: who having been ſoothing her, appealed to me, whether I did not think ſhe would ſoon be quite well.

I anſwered, That I had no queſtion of it.

Look you there now, my dear Lady.

I thought you ſaid ſo, Chevalier! but I was not ſure. God grant it! My affliction is great, my Mamma. I muſt have been a wicked creature—Pray for me.

Her Mother comforted her, praiſed her, and raiſed her dejected heart. And then Clementina looking down, a bluſh overſpreading her face, and ſtanding mo-

motionleſs, as if conſidering of ſomething—What is in my child's thoughts? ſaid the Marchioneſs, taking her hand. What is my Love thinking of.

Why, madam, in a low, but audible voice, I ſhould be glad to talk with the Chevalier alone, methinks. He is a good man. But if you think I ought not, I will not deſire it. In every-thing I will be governed by you: Yet I am aſhamed. What can I have to ſay, that my Mother may not hear?—Nothing, nothing. Your Clementina's heart, madam, is a part of yours.

My Love ſhall be indulged in every thing. You and I, Camilla, will retire—Clementina was ſilent; and both withdrew.

She commanded me to ſit down by her. I obeyed. It was not, in the ſituation I was in, for me to ſpeak firſt. I attended her pleaſure in ſilence.

She ſeemed at a loſs. She looked round her; then at me; then on the floor. I could not then forbear ſpeaking.

The mind of Lady Clementina, ſaid I, ſeems to have ſomething upon it, that ſhe wiſhes to communicate. You have not, madam, a more ſincere, a more faithful friend, than the man before you. Your happineſs, and that of my Jeronymo, engroſs all my cares. Honour me with your confidence.

I had ſomething to ſay: I had many queſtions to aſk—But pity me, Sir! my memory is gone: I have loſt it all—But this I know, that we are all under obligations to you, which we never can return: And I am uneaſy under the ſenſe of them.

What, madam, have I done, but anſwered to the call of friendſhip, which, in the like ſituation, not any one of your family but would have obeyed?—

This generous way of thinking adds to the obligation. Say but, Sir, in what way we can expreſs our gratitude, in what way I, in particular, can, and I ſhall be eaſy. Till we have done it, I never ſhall.

And

And can you, madam, think, that I am not highly rewarded, in the proſpect of that ſucceſs which opens to all our wiſhes?

It may be ſo in your opinion: But this leaves the debt ſtill heavier upon us.

How could I avoid conſtruing the hint in my favour? And yet I did not think the Lady, even had ſhe not had *parents* in being, had ſhe been abſolutely independent, well enough to determine for herſelf in a ſituation ſo delicate. How then could I in honour (all her friends expecting that I ſhould be entirely governed by her motions, as they were reſolved to be) take direct advantage of the gratitude which at that inſtant poſſeſſed her noble mind?

If, madam, anſwered I, you *will* ſuppoſe yourſelves under obligations to me, and will not be *eaſy* till you have acknowledged them, the return muſt be a family act. Let me refer myſelf to your Father, Mother, Brothers, and to yourſelf: What you and they determine upon muſt be right.

After a ſhort ſilence—Well, Sir, I believe you have put the matter upon a right footing: But *here* is my difficulty---You *cannot* be rewarded. *I* cannot reward you. But, Sir, the ſubject begins to be too much for me. I have high notions---My duty to God, and to my parents; my gratitude to you---But I have *begun* to write down all that has occurred to me on this important ſubject. I wiſh to act greatly! You, Sir, have ſet me the example. I will *continue* to write down my thoughts: I cannot truſt to my memory---No, nor yet to my heart!---But no more on a ſubject that is at preſent too affecting to me. I will talk to my Mother upon it firſt; but not juſt now; tho' I will aſk for the honour of her preſence.

She then went from me into the next room; and inſtantly returned, leading in the Marchioneſs. Don't, dear madam, be angry with me. I had many things to ſay to the Chevalier; which I thought I could beſt

ſay, when I was alone with him; but I forget what they were. Indeed, I ought not to remember them, if they were ſuch as I could not ſay before my Mother.

My child cannot do any thing that can make me diſpleaſed with her. The Chevalier's generoſity, and my Clementina's goodneſs of heart, can neither of them be doubted.

O, madam! What a deep ſenſe have I of yours and of my father's indulgence to me! How ſhall I requite it! How unworthy ſhould I be of that returning reaſon, which ſometimes ſeems to enliven my hope, if I were not to reſolve, that it ſhall be wholly employed in my duty to God, and to you both! But even then, my gratitude to that generous man will leave a burden upon my heart, that never can be removed.

She withdrew with precipitation, leaving the Marchioneſs and me, in ſilence, looking upon each other, and admiring her. Camilla followed her; and inſtantly returning---My dear young Lady---Don't be frightened, madam—is not well. She ſeems to have exhauſted her ſpirits by talking.

The Marchioneſs haſtened in with Camilla. And while I was heſitating, whether to withdraw to Jeronymo, or to quit the palace, Camilla came to me—My young Lady aſks for you, Sir.

I followed her to her cloſet. She was in her Mother's arms, on a couch; juſt come out of a fit; but not a ſtrong one. She held out her hand to me. I preſſed it with my lips. I was affected with her nobleneſs of mind, and weakeneſs of ſpirit—O Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, how unworthy am I of that tenderneſs which you expreſs for me! O that I could be grateful!—But God will reward you. He *only* can.

She deſired her Mother and me to leave her to her Camilla. We both withdrew.

What can be done with this dear creature, Chevalier?

valier? She is going to be bad again!—O, Sir! Her behaviour is now different from what it ever was!

She ſeems, madam, to have ſomething on her mind, that ſhe has a difficulty to reveal. When ſhe *has* revealed it ſhe will be eaſier. You will prevail upon her, madam, by your condeſcending goodneſs, to communicate it to you. Allow me to withdraw to Signor Jeronymo. Lady Clementina, when ſhe is a little recovered, will acquaint you with what paſſed between her and me.

I heard it all, replied ſhe; and you are the moſt honourable of men. What man would, what man *could*, have acted as you acted, with regard to her, with regard to us; yet not ſlight the dear creature's manifeſt meaning; but refer it to us, and to her, to make it a family act? A family act it muſt, it *ſhall* be. Only, Sir, let me be aſſured, that my child's malady will not leſſen your Love for her: And permit her to be a Catholic!—Theſe are all the terms, I, for *my* part, have to make with you. The reſt of us ſtill wiſh, that *you* would be ſo, tho' but in appearance, for the ſake of our alliances. But I will not expect an anſwer to the laſt. As to the firſt, you cannot be ungenerous to one who has ſuffered ſo much for her Love of you.

The Marquis and the Biſhop entering the room, I leave it to you, madam, ſaid I, to acquaint their Lordſhips with what has paſſed. I will attend Signor Jeronymo for a few moments.

I went accordingly to his chamber; but being told, that he was diſpoſed to reſt, I withdrew with Mr. Lowther into his: And there Camilla coming to me, Mr. Lowther retiring, ſhe told me, that her young Lady was pretty well recovered. It was evident to her, ſhe ſaid, that ſhe never would be well till the marriage was ſolemnized. They are all, ſaid ſhe, in cloſe conference together, I believe upon that ſubject. My young Lady is endeavouring to compoſe herſelf

herſelf in her cloſet. The Marchioneſs hopes you will ſtay, and dine here.

I excuſed myſelf from dining; and deſired her to tell her Lady, that I would attend them in the evening.

I am now preparing to do ſo.

LETTER XVII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Bologna, July 7-18.

NOW, my dear friend, are matters here drawing to a criſis. I was conducted, as ſoon as I entered this palace, to the preſence of the Marquis and Marchioneſs. The Marquis aroſe, and took my hand, with great, but ſolemn kindneſs, and led me to a chair placed between theirs. The Biſhop, the Count, and Father Mareſcotti, entered; and took their places.

My dear, ſaid the Marquis, referring to his Lady.—

After ſome little heſitation—We have no hope, Sir, ſaid ſhe, of our child's perfect reſtoration, but from—She ſtopt—

Our compliance with every wiſh of her heart, ſaid the Biſhop.

Ay, do you proceed, ſaid the Marchioneſs to the Prelate.

It would be to no purpoſe, Chevalier, queſtioned the Biſhop, to urge to you the topic ſo near to all our hearts?

I bowed my aſſent to what he ſaid.

I am ſorry for it, replied the Biſhop.

I am *very* ſorry for it, ſaid the Count.

What ſecurity can we aſk of you, Sir, ſaid the Marquis, that our child ſhall not be perverted?—O Chevalier! It is a hard, hard trial!

Father

Father Mareſcotti, anſwered I, ſhall preſcribe the terms.

I cannot, in conſcience, ſaid the Father, conſent to this marriage: Yet the merits of the Chevalier Grandiſon have taken from me the power of oppoſing it. Permit me to be ſilent.

Father Mareſcotti and I, ſaid the Biſhop, are in one ſituation, as to ſcruples of conſcience. But I will forget the Prelate for the Brother. Dear Grandiſon, will you permit us to ſay to enquirers, that we *look* upon you as one of our church; and that prudential reaſons, with regard to your country, and friends in it, deter you at preſent from declaring yourſelf?

Let not terms be propoſed, my good Lord, that would leſſen your opinion of me, ſhould I comply with them. If I am to be honoured with an admiſſion into this noble family, let me not in my own eyes appear unworthy of the honour. Were I to find myſelf capable of prevaricating in an article ſo important as religion, no one could hate me ſo much as I ſhould hate myſelf, were even an imperial diadem with your Clementina, the nobleſt of women, to be the conſideration.

You have the example of great princes, Chevalier, ſaid Father Mareſcotti, Henry the Fourth of France, Auguſtus of Poland—

True, Father—But great Princes are not always, and in every action of their lives, great men. *They* might make the leſs ſcruple of changing their religion, as they were neither of them ſtrict in the practice of it. They who can allow themſelves in *ſome* deviations, may in *others*. I boaſt not of my own virtue; but it has been my aim to be uniform. I am too well ſatisfied with my own religion, to doubt: If I were not, it would be impoſſible but I muſt be influenced by the wiſhes of friends ſo dear to me; whoſe motives are the reſult of their own piety, and of the regard they have for my everlaſting welfare.

The

The Chevalier and I, rejoined the Biſhop, have carried this argument to its full extent before. My honoured Lord's queſtion recurs; What ſecurity can we have, that my Siſter ſhall not be perverted? The Chevalier refers to Father Mareſcotti to propoſe it. The Father excuſes himſelf. I, as the Brother of Clementina, aſk you, Chevalier, Will you promiſe never by yourſelf, or your Engliſh divines, to attempt to pervert her?—A confeſſor you *have* allowed her. Shall Father Mareſcotti be the man?

And will Father Mareſcotti—

I will, for the ſake of preſerving to Lady Clementina her faith; that faith by which only ſhe can be ſaved; and, perhaps, in hope of converting the man who then will be dear to the whole family.

I not only comply with the propoſal, but ſhall think Father Mareſcotti will do me a favour, in putting it into my power to ſhew him the regard I have for him. One requeſt I have only to make; That Father Mareſcotti will preſcribe his own conditions to me. And I aſſure you all, that they ſhall be exceeded, as to the conſideration, be they ever ſo high.

You and I, Chevalier, replied the Father, ſhall have no difficulty, as to the terms.

None you can have, ſaid the Marquis, as to thoſe. Father Mareſcotti will be ſtill *our* ſpiritual director.

Only one condition I will beg leave to make with Father Mareſcotti; that he will confine his pious cares to thoſe only who are already of his own perſuaſion; and that no diſputable points may ever be touched upon to ſervants, tenants, or neighbours, in a country where a different religion, from that to which he is a credit, is eſtabliſhed. I might, perhaps, have ſafely left this to his own moderation and honour; yet, without ſuch a previous engagement, his conſcience might have been embarraſſed; and had I not inſiſted on it, I ſhould have behaved towards my country in a manner for which I could not anſwer to my own heart.

You

Your countrymen, Chevalier, ſaid the Count, complain loudly of perſecuion from our church: Yet what diſqualifications do Catholics lie under in England!

A great deal, my Lord, may be ſaid on this ſubject. I think it ſufficient to anſwer for myſelf, and my own conduct.

As to our child's ſervants, ſaid the Marchioneſs, methinks I ſhould hope, that Father Mareſcotti might have a ſmall congregation about him, to keep their Lady in countenance, in a country where her religion will ſubject her to inconveniencies, perhaps to *more* than inconveniencies.

Her woman, and thoſe ſervants, replied I, who will immediately attend her perſon, ſhall always be choſen by herſelf. If they behave well, I will conſider them as *my* ſervants for their benefit. If they miſbehave, I muſt be allowed to conſider them alſo as my ſervants, as well as their Lady's. I muſt not be ſubject to the dominion of ſervants; the moſt intolerable of all dominion. Were they to know that they are independent of me, I ſhould be diſobeyed, perhaps inſulted; and my reſentment of their inſolence would be thought a perſecution on account of their religion.

This article bore ſome canvaſſing. If Camilla, at laſt, I ſaid, were the woman; on her diſcretion I ſhould have great dependence.

—And on Father Mareſcotti's you alſo may, Chevalier, ſaid the Biſhop. I ſhould hope, that when my Siſter and you are in England together, you would not *ſcruple* to conſult *him* on the miſbehaviour of any of my Siſter's Catholic ſervants.

Indeed, my Lord, I *would*. I will myſelf be judge in my own houſe of the conduct and behaviour of all my ſervants. From the independence of ſuch people upon me, diſputes or uneaſineſſes might ariſe, that otherwiſe would never happen between their Lady and me. The power of diſmiſſion, on any flagrant miſbehaviour, muſt

muſt be in me. My temper is not capricious: My charity is not confined: My conſideration for people in a foreign country, and wholly in my power, will, I hope, be even generous. I perhaps may bear with them the more for having them in my power. But my Wife's ſervants, were ſhe a ſovereign, muſt be mine.

Unhappy! ſaid Father Mareſcotti, that you cannot be of one faith! But, Sir, you will allow, I hope, if the caſe will bear it, of expoſtulation from me?

Yes, Father: And ſhould *generally*, I believe, be determined by your advice and mediation: But I would not *condition* to make the greateſt ſaint, and the wiſeſt man on earth, a judge in my own family over me.

There is reaſon in this, rejoined the Biſhop: You, perhaps, would not ſcruple, Sir, to conſult the Marchioneſs, before you diſmiſſed ſuch a conſiderable ſervant as a woman, if my Siſter did not agree to it?

The Marquis and Marchioneſs will be judges of my conduct, when I am in Italy: I ſhould deſpiſe myſelf, were it not to be the ſame in England as at Bologna. I have in my travels been attended by Catholic Servants. They never had reaſon to complain of want of kindneſs, even to indulgence, from me. We Proteſtants confine not ſalvation within the pale of our own church: Catholics do; and have therefore an argument for their zeal in endeavouring to make proſelytes, that we have not. Hence, generally ſpeaking, may a Catholic ſervant live more happily with a Proteſtant maſter, than a Proteſtant ſervant with a Catholic maſter. Let my ſervants live but up to their own profeſſions, and they ſhall be indulged with all reaſonable opportunities of purſuing the dictates of their own conſciences. A truly religious ſervant, of whatever perſuaſion, cannot be a bad one.

Well, as to this article, we muſt leave it, acquieſced the Biſhop, to occaſions as they may ariſe. Nine

months

months in the year, I think you propoſe to reſide in Italy—

That, my Lord, was on a ſuppoſition that Lady Clementina would not oblige me with her company to my native country any part of the year; in that caſe, I propoſed to paſs but three months in every year in England: Otherwiſe, I hoped that year and year, in turn, would be allowed me.

We can have no wiſh to ſeparate Man and Wife, ſaid the Marquis. Clementina will, no doubt, accompany her Huſband. We will ſtipulate only for year and year: But let ours be the firſt year: And we cannot doubt but the dear child will meet with all reaſonable indulgence, for the ſake of her tender health.

Not one requeſt that you, my Lord, and you, madam, ſhall think reaſonable, ſhall be denied to the dear Lady.

Let *me* propoſe one thing, Chevalier, ſaid the Marchioneſs; that in the firſt year, which is to be ours, you endeavour to prevail upon your Siſters, amiable women, as we have heard they are, to come over, and be of our acquaintance; Your Ward alſo, who may be looked upon as a little Italian. You love your Siſters; and I ſhould be glad (ſo would Clementina, I make no doubt) to be familiarized to the Ladies of your family before ſhe goes to England.

My Siſters, madam, are the moſt obliging of women, as their Lords are of men. I have no doubt of prevailing upon them, to attend you and Lady Clementina here. And as it will give them time to prepare for the viſit, I believe, if it be made in the latter part of the firſt year, it will be moſt acceptable to them, and to you; ſince then they will not only have commenced a friendſhip with Lady Clementina, and obtained the honour of your good opinion; but will attend her in her voyage to England.

They

They all approved of this. I added, that I hoped, when the ſecond year arrived, I ſhould have the honour of finding in the party ſome of this noble family, which could not fail of giving delight, as well as affiance, to the tender heart of their beloved Clementina.

My Lord and I, ſaid the Marchioneſs, will probably, if well, be of the party. We ſhall not know how to part with a child ſo dear to us—But theſe ſeas—

Well, well, ſaid the Biſhop, this is a contingence, and muſt be left to time, and to the Chevalier and my Siſter, when they are one. As his is the ſtrongeſt mind, it will, in all reaſonable matters, yield to the weaker—Now, as to my Siſter's fortune—

It is a large one, ſaid the Count. We ſhall all take pleaſure in adding to it.

Should there be more Sons than one by the marriage, rejoined the Biſhop, as the eſtate of her two Grandfathers will be an ample proviſion for one of them, and your Engliſh eſtate for another, I hope we may expect that the education of one of them may be left to us.

Every one ſaid, this was a very reaſonable expectation.

I cannot condition for this, my Lord. The education of the Sons was to be left to me; that of the daughters, to the Mother. I will conſent, that the Italian eſtate ſhall be tied up for daughters portions; and that *they* ſhall be brought up under your own eyes, Italians. The Sons ſhall have no benefit by the Italian eſtate—

Except they become Catholics, Chevalier, added the Biſhop.

No, my Lord, replied I: That might be a temptation—Tho' I would leave poſterity as free, as I myſelf am left, in the article of religion; yet would I not lay any ſnares for them. I am for having them

abſolutely ſecluded from any poſſibility of enjoying that eſtate, as they will be Engliſhmen. Cannot this be done by the laws of your country, and the tenure by which theſe eſtates are held?

If Clementina marry, ſaid the Marquis, whether there be iſſue or not, Laurana's claim ceaſes. But, Chevalier, can you think it juſt to deprive children unborn of their natural right?

I have a very good eſtate: It is improving. I have conſiderable expectation beſides. That is not mine which I do not poſſeſs, and ſhall have no right to, but by marriage; and which, therefore, muſt and ought to be ſubject to marriage articles. Riches never made men happy. If my deſcendants will not be ſo with a competence, they will not with a redundance. I hope Signor Jeronymo may recover, and marry: Let the eſtate here, from the hour that I ſhall be honoured with the hand of your dear Clementina, be Jeronymo's, and his poſterity's, for ever. If it ſhall be thought proper for him, on taking poſſeſſion, to make his Siſter any brotherly acknowlegement, it ſhall be to her ſole and ſeparate uſe, and not ſubject to any controul of mine. If Signor Jeronymo marry not, or if he do, and die without iſſue, let the eſtate in queſtion be the General's. He and his Lady deſerve every-thing. The eſtate ſhall not, by my conſent, go out of the name.

They looked upon each other—Brother, ſaid the Count, I ſee not, but we may leave every-thing to the generoſity of ſuch a young man as this. He quite overcomes me.

A diſintereſted and generous man, rejoined the Biſhop, is born a ruler; and he is, at the ſame time, the greateſt of politicians, were policy only to be conſidered.

The moſt equitable medium, I think, reſumed the Marchioneſs, is what the Chevalier hinted at—and moſt anſwerable to the intention of the dear child's Grand-

Grandfathers: It is, that the eſtate in queſtion be ſecured to the Daughters of the marriage. Our Sons will be greatly provided for: And it will be rewarding, in ſome meaſure, the Chevalier for his generoſity, that the Sons of the marriage ſhall not have their patrimony leſſened, by the proviſion to be made for Daughters.

They all generouſly applauded the Marchioneſs; and propoſing this expedient to me, I bowed my grateful aſſent—See Chevalier, ſaid Father Mareſcotti, what a generous family you are likely to be allied with! O that you could be ſubdued by a goodneſs ſo much like your own, and declare yourſelf a Catholic: His Holineſs himſelf (my Lord the Biſhop could engage) would receive you with bleſſings, at the footſtool of his throne. You allow, Sir, that ſalvation may be obtained in our church: Out of it, *we* think it cannot. Rejoice us all. Rejoice Lady Clementina—and let us know no bound in our joy.

What opinion, my dear Father Mareſcotti, would you all have of the man who could give up his conſcience, tho' for the higheſt conſideration on earth? —Did you, could you, think the better of the two Princes mentioned to me, for the change of their religion? One of them was aſſaſſinated in the ſtreets of his metropolis, by an eccleſiaſtic, who queſtioned the ſincerity of his change. Could the matter be of *indifference* to me—But, my dear Father Mareſcotti, let us leave this to be debated hereafter between you and me, as Father and Son. Your piety ſhall command my reverence: But pain not my heart, by putting me on denial of any-thing that ſhall be aſked of me, by ſuch reſpectable and generous perſons, as thoſe I am before; and when we are talking on a ſubject ſo delicate, and ſo important.

Father Mareſcotti, we muſt give up this point, ſaid the Biſhop. The Chevalier and I have diſcuſſed it heretofore. He is a determined man. If you here-

after can gain upon him, you will make us all happy. But now, my Lord, to the Marquis, let the Chevalier know, what he will have with my Siſter, beſides the bequeſts of her Grandfathers, from *your* bounty, and from *yours*, madam, to his Mother, as a Daughter of your houſe.

I beg, my Lord, one word, ſaid I to the Marquis, before you ſpeak. Let not a ſyllable of this be mentioned to me now. Whatever you ſhall be pleaſed to do of this nature, let it be done annually, as my behaviour to your Daughter may deſerve. Do I not know the generoſity of every one of this noble family? Let me be in your power. I have enough for her, and for me, or I do not know the noble Clementina. Whatever you do, for the ſake of your own magnificence, that do: But let us leave particulars unmentioned.

What would Lady Sforza ſay, were ſhe preſent? rejoined the Count. Averſe as ſhe is to the alliance, ſhe would admire the man.

Are you earneſt in your requeſt, Chevalier, aſked the Biſhop, that particulars ſhall not be mentioned?

I *beg* they may not. I *earneſtly* beg it.

Pray let the Chevalier be obliged, returned the Prelate—Sir, ſaid he, and ſnatched my hand, Brother, Friend, what ſhall I call you?—We *will* oblige you; but not in doubt of your kind treatment of Clementina. She muſt, ſhe *will* deſerve it; but that we may have it in our power to be revenged of you. Sir, we will take great revenge of you. And now let us rejoice Jeronymo's heart with an account of all that has paſſed. We might have held this conference before him. All that is further neceſſary to be ſaid, may be ſaid in his preſence.

Who, ſaid Father Mareſcotti, can hold out againſt the Chevalier Grandiſon? I will tell every one who ſhall queſtion me on this alliance, zealous Catholics, with a Proteſtant ſo determined, what a man he is; and then they will allow of this one particular exception to a general rule.

All

All we have now to do, ſaid the Marquis, is to gain his Holineſs's permiſſion. That has not been refuſed in ſuch caſes, where either the Sons or Daughters of the marriage are to be brought up Catholics.

The Count then took the Marchioneſs's hand, and we all entered Jeronymo's chamber together.

I ſtept into Mr. Lowther's apartment, while they related to him all that had paſſed. He was impatient to ſee me. The Biſhop led me in to him. He embraced me as his Brother. Now, my dear Grandiſon, ſaid he, I am indeed happy. This is the point to which I have long directed all my wiſhes. God grant that our dear Clementina's malady may be no drawback upon your felicities; and you muſt both then be happy.

I was ſenſible of a little abatement, on the Biſhop's ſaying to his Mother, not knowing I heard him, Ah, madam! the poor Count of Belvedere—How will *he* be affected!—But he will go to Madrid; and I hope make himſelf happy there with ſome Spaniſh Lady. The poor Count of Belvedere! returned the Marchioneſs, with a ſigh—But he will not know how to blame us—

To-morrow morning I am to drink chocolate with Lady Clementina. We ſhall be left together, perhaps, or only with her Mother or Camilla.

" What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, would I give, to " be aſſured, that the moſt excellent of Engliſh- " women could think herſelf happy with the Earl of " D. the only man of all her admirers, who is, in any " manner, worthy of calling ſo bright a jewel his? " Should Miſs Byron be unhappy, and through my " means, the remembrance of my own caution and " ſelf-reſtraint could not appeaſe the grief of my " heart.

" But ſo *prudent* a woman as ſhe is, and as the

" Counteſs of D. is—What are theſe ſuggeſtions of " tenderneſs—Are they not ſuggeſtions of *vanity* and " *preſumption?* They *are.* They *muſt* be ſo. I " will baniſh them from my thoughts, as ſuch. Ever- " amiable Miſs Byron! friend of my ſoul! forgive " me for them!—Yet if the noble Clementina is to " be mine, my heart will be greatly gratified, if, " before ſhe receive my vows, I could know, that " Miſs Byron had given her hand, in compliance " with the entreaties of all her friends, to the deſerv- " ing Earl of D."

Having an opportunity, I diſpatch this, and my two former. In you I include remembrances to all my beloved friends—Adieu, my dear Dr. Bartlett. " In " the higheſt of our pleaſures, the ſighing heart will " remind us of imperfection." It is fit it ſhould be ſo—Adieu, my dear friend!

CHARLES GRANDISON.

Continuation of Lady G's *Letter to Lady* L. No. XIV.

Begun page 77, *and dated July* 24.

WELL, my dear Siſter!—And what ſay you to the contents of the three incloſed Letters? I wiſh I had been with you and Lord L. at the time you read them, that I might have mingled my tears with yours, for the ſweet Harriet! Why would my Brother diſpatch theſe Letters, without ſtaying till, at leaſt, he could have informed us of the reſult of the next day's meeting with Clementina? *What* was the opportunity that he had to ſend away theſe Letters, which he muſt be aſſured would keep us in ſtrange ſuſpenſe? *Hang* the opportunity that ſo officiouſly offered!—But, perhaps, in the tenderneſs of his nature, he thought that this diſpatch was neceſſary, to prepare us for what was to follow, leſt, were he to acquaint us with the event as decided, our emotion would be too great to be ſupported.

ſupported.—We Siſters, to go over to attend Lady CLEMENTINA GRANDISON, a twelvemoth hence! —Ah the poor Harriet! And will ſhe give us leave? But it ſurely muſt not, cannot be!—And yet—Huſh, huſh, huſh, Charlotte!—And proceed to facts.

Dr. Bartlett, when theſe Letters were brought him poſt from London, was with us at table. We had but juſt dined. He aroſe, and retired to his own apartment with them. We were all impatient to know the contents. When I thought he had withdrawn long enough to read diſpatches of a mile long, and yet found that he returned not, my impatience was heightened; and the dear Herriet ſaid, Bad news, I fear! I hope Sir Charles is well! I hope Lady Clementina is not relapſed! The good Jeronymo! I fear for him.

I then ſtept up to the Doctor's room. He was ſiting with his back towards the door, in a penſive mood; and when, hearing ſomebody enter, he turned about, I ſaw he had been deeply affected—

My dear Dr. Bartlett!—For God's ſake!—How is my Brother?—

Don't be affrighted, madam! All are well in Italy —In a way to be well—But, alas! (Tears ſtarted afreſh) I am grieved for Miſs Byron!

How, how, Doctor! Is my Brother married?—It cannot, it ſhall not be!—Is my Brother married?

O no, not married, by theſe Letters! But all is concluded upon! Sweet, ſweet, Miſs Byron! Now, indeed, will her magnanimity be put to the teſt!—Yet Lady Clementina is a moſt excellent woman! —*You*, madam, may read theſe Letters: Miſs Byron, I believe, muſt not. You will ſee, by the concludeing part of the laſt, how greatly embarraſſed my Patron muſt be between his honour to one Lady and his tenderneſs for the other: Which-ſoever ſhall be his, how much will the other be to be pitied!

I ran over, with a weeping eye, as the paragraphs ſtruck me, the paſſages moſt affecting. O Dr. Bart-

lett, ſaid I; when I had done, how ſhall we break this news to Mrs. Selby, to Mrs. Shirley, to my Harriet!—A trial, indeed, of her magnanimity!—Yet, to have received Letters from my Brother, and to delay going down, will be as alarming as to tell it. Let us go down.

Do you, madam, take the Letters. You have tenderneſs: Your prudence cannot be doubted—I will attend you by-and-by. His eyes were ready to run over.

I went down. I met *my* Lord at the ſtairs foot. How, how, madam, does Sir Charles?—O my Lord! we are all undone. My Brother, by this time, is the Huſband of Lady Clementina.

He was ſtruck, as with a thunderbolt; God forbid! were all the words he could ſpeak; and turned as pale as death.

I love him, for his ſincere Love to my Harriet. I wrung his hand—The Letters do not ſay it. But every-body is conſenting; and, if it be not already ſo, it ſoon will—Step, my Lord, to Mrs. Selby, and tell her, that I wiſh to ſee her in the flower-garden.

Miſs Byron and Nancy, ſaid he, are gone to walk in the garden. She was ſo apprehenſive, on your ſtaying above, and the Doctor not coming down, that ſhe was forced to walk into the air. I left Mr. Selby, his Lady, Emily, and Lucy, in the dining-parlour, to find you, and let you know, how every-body was affected. Tears dropt on his cheeks.

I gave him my hand in love. I was pleaſed with him. I called him my dear Lord.

I think our ſweet friend once ſaid, that fear made us loving. Ill-news will oblige us to look around us for conſolation.

I found the perſons named, juſt riſing from their ſeats to walk into the garden—O my dear Mrs. Selby, ſaid I, every thing is agreed upon in Italy.

They were all dumb but Emily. *Her* ſorrow was audible:

audible: She wrung her hands; ſhe was ready to faint; her Anne was called to take care of her; and ſhe retired.

I then told Mr. and Mrs. Selby what were the contents of the laſt Letter of the three. Mr. Selby broke out into paſſionate grief—I know not what the honour *is*, ſaid he, that could oblige Sir Charles, treated as he had been by the proud Italians, to go over at the firſt invitation. One might have gueſſed that it would have come to this—Oh! the poor Harriet! flower of the world! She deſerved not to be made a ſecond woman, to the ſtatelieſt minx in Italy: But this is my comfort, ſhe is ſuperior to them both. Upon my ſoul, madam, ſhe is. The man, were he a King, that could prefer another woman to our Harriet, does not deſerve her.

He then aroſe from his ſeat, and walked up and down the room in anger; and afterwards ſitting down, My dear Mrs. Selby, ſaid he, we ſhall now ſee what the ſo often pleaded for dignity of your Sex, in the nobleſt-minded, will enable you to do. But, O the dear ſoul! She will find a difference between theory and practice!

Lucy wept. Her grief was ſilent. Mrs. Selby's the ſame for ſome time. My dear Lady G. ſaid ſhe, at laſt, how ſhall we break this to Harriet? *You* muſt do it; and ſhe will apply to me for comfort—Pray, Mr. Selby, be patient. You muſt not reflect upon Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Indeed you ſhould not, Sir, ſaid I. He is to be pitied. I will read you the concluding part of his laſt Letter.

I did.

But Mr. Selby would not be pacified. He tried to blame my Brother.

After all, my dear, theſe Lords of the creation are more violent, more unreaſonable, and, of conſequence, more ſilly and perverſe, more babies, if you pleaſe,

than we women, when they are diſappointed in anything they ſet their hearts upon. But in every caſe, I believe, one extreme borders on another. What a fool has Otway made of Caſtalio, raving againſt the whole Sex, by a common-place invective, on a mere temporary diſappointment; when the fault, and all the dreadful conſequences that attended it, were owing to his own baſeneſs of heart, in being aſhamed to acquaint his Brother, that he meant honourable Love to the unhappy Orphan, who was intitled to inviolable protection! Whenever I ſaw this play I pitied the impetuous Polydore, more than I did the blubbering great boy Caſtalio; tho' I thought both Brothers deſerved to be hanged.

As we were meditating how to break this matter to our lovely friend, Mrs. Shirley came to Selby-houſe in her chariot. We immediately acquainted her with it. No ſurprizes affect her ſteady ſoul. This can't be helped, ſaid ſhe. Our dear girl herſelf expects it. May *I* read the Letter that contains the affecting tidings?

She took it. She run it over ſlightly, to enable herſelf to ſpeak to the contents—Excellent man!—How happy ſhould we have been, bleſſed with the enjoyment of our wiſhes! but you, Mrs. Selby, and I, have always pitied Lady Clementina. His generous regard for our child is too apparent for his own tranquillity. God comfort him, and our Harriet! O the dear creature! Her fading cheeks have ſhewn the ſtruggles of her heart, in ſuch an expectation—Where is my child?

I was running out to ſee for her; and met her juſt aſcending the ſteps that lead from the garden into the houſe. Your Grandmamma, my Love, ſaid I—

I hear ſhe is come, anſwered ſhe. I am haſtening to pay my duty to her.

But how do you, Harriet?

A little better for the air! I ſent up to Dr. Bartlett, and he has let me know, that Sir Charles is well, and every-body better: And I am eaſy.

She hurried in to her Grandmother, rejoicing, as ſhe always does to ſee her. She kneeled; received her tender bleſſing. And what brings my Grandmamma to her girl?

The day is fine; the air, and the ſight of my Harriet, I thought would do me good—You have Letters, I find, from Italy, my Love?

I, madam, have not: Dr. Bartlett has: But I am not to know the contents, I ſuppoſe. Something, I doubt not, that will be thought unwelcome to me, by their not being communicated. But as long as everybody there is well, I *can* have patience. Time will reveal all things.

Dr. Bartlett, who admires the old Lady, and is as much admired by her, came down, and paid his reſpects to her. Mrs. Shirley had returned me the Letters. I ſlid them into the Doctor's hand, unperceived by Miſs Byron.

I am told, ſaid ſhe, that my Emily is not well; I will juſt aſk how ſhe does—And was going from us—No, don't, my Love, ſaid her Aunt, taking her hand; Emily ſhall come down to us.

I ſee, ſaid ſhe, by the compaſſionate looks of everyone, that ſomething is the matter. If it be any-thing that moſt concerns me to know, don't, through a miſtaken tenderneſs, let me be the laſt to whom it is communicated. But I *gueſs*—with a forced ſmile.

What does my Harriet gueſs? ſaid her Aunt.

Dr. Bartlett, replied ſhe, has acquainted me, that Sir Charles Grandiſon is well; and that his friends are on the recovery: Is it not then eaſy to gueſs, by everyone's ſilence on the contents of the Letters brought to Dr. Bartlett, that Sir Charles is either married, or near being ſo? What ſay you, my good Dr. Bartlett?

He was ſilent; but tears were in his eyes. She turned round, and ſaw us with our handkerchiefs at ours. Her Uncle, riſing from his ſeat, ſtood with his back to us, at one of the windows.

Well, my dear friends, and you are all *grieved* for me. It is kind, and I can thank you for your *concern* for me, becauſe the man is Sir Charles Grandiſon—And ſo, Doctor, laying her hand upon his, he is actually married? God Almighty, piouſly bending one knee, make him and his Clementina happy!—Well, my deareſt dear friends, and what is there in this, more than I expected?

Her Aunt embraced her.

Her Uncle ran to her and claſped his arms about her; Now, now, ſaid he, have you overcome me, my Niece: For the future I never will diſpute with you on ſome of the arguments I have heretofore held againſt your Sex. Were all women like you—

Her Grandmother, as ſhe ſat, held out her open arms: My own Harriet! child of my heart! let me fold you to it!—She ran to her, and claſped her knees, as the old Lady threw her arms about her neck—Pray for me, however, my Grandmamma—that I may act up to my judgment, and as your child, and my Aunt Selby's!—It *is* a trial—I own it—But permit me to withdraw for a few moments.

She aroſe, and was haſtening out of the room; but her Aunt took her hand; My deareſt love, ſaid ſhe, Sir Charles Grandiſon is not married—but—

Why, why, interrupted ſhe, if it *muſt* be ſo, is it *not* ſo?

At that moment in came Emily. She had been trying to ſuppreſs her concern; and fanſied, it ſeems, that ſhe had recovered her preſence of mind: But the moment ſhe ſaw her beloved Miſs Byron, her fortitude forſook her. She guſhed into tears, and, ſobbing, would have quitted the room; but Miſs Byron, ſtepping after her, caught her arm; my Emily, my Love, my Friend, my Siſter! fly me not: Let me give you an example, my dear!---I am not aſhamed to own myſelf affected: But I have fortitude, I hope!---Sir Charles Grandiſon, when he could not be happy from his

his own affairs, made himſelf a partaker in the happineſs of others; and ſhall not you and I, after ſo great an example, rejoice in *his*?

I am, I am---grieved, replied the ſobbing girl, for my Miſs Byron. I don't love Italian Ladies! Were you, madam, turning to her, Lady Grandiſon, I ſhould be the happieſt creature in the world.

But, Dr. Bartlett, ſaid I, may we not, now that Miſs Byron knows the worſt, communicate to her the contents of theſe Letters?

I hope you will, Sir, ſaid Mrs. Shirley. You ſee that my Harriet is a noble girl.

I rely upon your judgments, Ladies, anſwered the Doctor; and put the Letters into Mrs. Shirley's hands.

I *have* read them, ſaid I. We will leave Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miſs Byron, together. We, Lucy, Nancy, Emily, will take a walk in the garden. Shall we have *your* company, Dr. Bartlett? I ſaw he was *deſirous* to withdraw. Lucy *deſired* to ſtay behind. Harriet looked, as if ſhe wiſhed Lucy to ſtay; and I led the other two into the garden, Dr. Bartlett leaving us at the entrance into it; and I told them the contents of the Letters, as we walked.

They were greatly affected, as I thought they would be; which made me lead them out. Lord G. joined us in our walk, as well as in our concern; ſo that the dear Harriet had none but comforters left about her; who enabled her to ſupport her ſpirits; for Mrs. Shirley and Mrs. Selby had always applauded the preference their beloved child was ſo ready to give to Clementina, becauſe of her malady; tho' it is evident, againſt their wiſhes. There never were three nobler women related to each other than Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Miſs Byron. But Mr. Selby is by no means ſatisfied, that my Brother, loving Harriet, as he *evidently* does, ſhould be ſo ready to leave her, and go to Italy. *His* cenſure ariſes from his Love to my Brother and to his Niece: But I need not tell you, that, tho' a *man*,

he

he has not a ſoul half ſo capacious as that of either of the three Ladies I have named.

At our return from our little walk, it was lovely to ſee Harriet take her Emily aſide, to comfort her, and to plead with her in favour of my Brother's obligations; as afterwards ſhe did againſt her Uncle. How the generous creature ſhone in my eyes, and in thoſe of every-one preſent!

When ſhe and I were alone, ſhe took grateful notice of the concluding part of the third Letter; where ſhe is mentioned with ſo much tenderneſs, and in a manner ſo truly worthy of the character of the politeſt of men, as well reſpecting herſelf as her Sex, charging himſelf with vanity and preſumption, but to ſuppoſe to himſelf, that Miſs Byron wanted his compaſſion, or had the tender regard for *him*, that he avows for *her*. She pleaſed herſelf, that he had not *ſeen* the very great eſteem ſhe had for him, as you and I had done: And how *could* he, you know? ſaid ſhe; for he and I were not often together; and I was under obligation enough to him to make him attribute my regard to gratitude: But it is plain, proceeded ſhe, that he *loves* the poor Harriet—Don't you think ſo? and perhaps would have given her a preference to all other women, had he not been circumſtanced as he was. Well, God bleſs him, added ſhe; he was my firſt Love; and I never will have any other—Don't blame me for this declaration my dear Lady G. My Grandmamma, as well as you, once chid me for ſaying ſo, and called me *romancer*—But is not the man Sir Charles Grandiſon?

But, alas! with all theſe appearances, it is eaſy to ſee, that this amiable creature's ſolitary hours are heavy ones. She has got a habit of ſighing. She riſes with ſwelled eyes: Sleep forſakes her: Her appetite fails: And ſhe is very ſenſible of all this; as ſhe ſhews, by the pains ſhe takes to conceal the alteration.

And muſt Harriet Byron, bleſſed with beauty ſo unequalled;

unequalled; health ſo blooming; a temper ſo even; paſſions ſo governable; generous and grateful, even to heroiſm!—Superior to every woman in frankneſs of heart, in true delicacy; and in an underſtanding and judgment beyond her years—Muſt *ſhe* be offered up, as a victim on the altar of hopeleſs Love!—I deprecate ſuch a fate;—I cannot allow the other Sex ſuch a triumph, tho' the man be my Brother. It is, however, none; on the contrary, it is apparently a grief to his noble and truly manly heart, that ſo excellent a creature cannot be the ſole miſtreſs of it.

Mr. Deane came hither this morning. He is a valuable man. He opened his heart to me about an hour ago. He always, he ſays, deſigned Miſs Byron for the heireſs of the principal part of his poſſeſſions; and he let me know his circumſtances; which are great. It is, I am convinced, true policy to be good. Young and old, rich and poor, dote upon Miſs Byron. You remember what her Uncle ſays in his ludicrous Letter to her, covertly praiſing her, by pretending to find fault with her, that he is more noted for being the Uncle of Miſs Byron, than ſhe is for being his Niece; tho' of ſo long ſtanding in the county: And I aſſure you, he is much reſpected too. But ſuch beauty, ſuch affability, a character ſo benevolent, ſo frank, ſo pious, yet ſo chearful and unaffected, as hers is, muſt command the veneration and love of every one.

Mr. Deane is extremely apprehenſive of her declineing health. He believes her in a conſumption; and has brought a phyſician of his intimate acquaintance to viſit her: But ſhe, and we all are convinced, that medicine will not reach her caſe: And ſhe affected to be ſtartled at his ſuppoſing ſhe was in ſo bad a way, on purpoſe, as ſhe owned, to avoid his kind importunity to take advice in a malady that nothing but time and patience can cure.

A charming correſpondence is carried on between Harriet and the Counteſs of D. Harriet is all frank-

neſs

neſs in it; ſo is Lady D. One day I hope to procure you a ſight of their Letters. I am allowed to incloſe a copy of the Counteſs's laſt. You will ſee the force of the reaſoning on Harriet's declaration, that ſhe will never think of a *ſecond* Lover. Her Grandmother is entirely with the Counteſs. So am I—Tho' the *firſt* was Sir Charles Grandiſon.

What will become of Lady Olivia, if the alliance between my Brother and the Bologna family take effect?—She has her emiſſaries, who I ſuppoſe will ſoon appriſe her of it. How will ſhe flame out! I ſuppoſe you, who correſpond with her, will ſoon be troubled with her invectives on this ſubject.

All here wiſh for you and Lord L. For my part, I long to ſee you both, and to be ſeen by you. You never could ſee me more to my advantage than now. We have nothing between us. But—"What your "Lordſhip pleaſes." "My deareſt life, you have *no* "choice." "You *prevent* me, my Lord, in all my "wiſhes."

I have told him, in Love, of ſome of his foibles: And he thanks me for my inſtruction; and is reſolved to be all I wiſh him to be.

I have made diſcoveries in his favour—More wit, more humour, more good ſenſe, more learning, than I had ever till now, that I was willing to enquire after thoſe qualities in him, imagined he had. He allows me to have a vaſt ſhare of good underſtanding; and ſo he ought, when I have made ſuch diſcoveries to *his* advantage.

In ſhort, we ſo monſtrouſly improve upon each other, that if we go on thus, we ſhall hardly know ourſelves to be the ſame man and woman, that made ſuch aukward figures in the eyes of all beholders a few months ago at St. George's church; and muſt be married over again, to be ſure of each other; for you muſt believe, that we would not be the ſame odd ſouls we then were, on any account.

What raiſes him with me, is the good opinion every-body here has of him. *They* alſo have found him out to be a man of ſenſe, a good-natured man; nay (would you believe it?) a handſome man; and all theſe people having deſervedly the reputation of good ſenſe, penetration, and ſo-forth, I cannot contradict them with credit to myſelf. When we married folks have made a ſilly choice, we ſhould in policy, you know, for the credit of our judgment, try to make the beſt of it. I could name you half a ſcore people who are continually praiſing, the man his Wife, the woman her Huſband, who, were they at liberty to chooſe again, would be hanged before they would renew their bargain.

Let me tell you, that Emily will make an excellent Wife, and miſtreſs of a family. Miſs Byron is one of the beſt oeconomiſts, and yet one of the fineſt Ladies in the county. As ſoon as ſhe came down, ſhe reſumed the family direction, in eaſe of her Aunt; which was her province before ſhe came to London. I thought my-*ſelf* a tolerable manager: But ſhe has for ever ſtopt *my* mouth on this ſubject. Such a *ſucceſſion* of *orderlineſs*, if I may ſo call it! One right thing is an introduction to another; and all is in ſuch a method, that it ſeems impoſſible for the meaneſt ſervants to miſtake their duty. Such harmony, ſuch obſervance, yet ſuch pleaſure in every countenance!—But ſhe is miſtreſs of ſo much eaſe, ſo much dignity, and ſo much condeſcenſion, that ſhe is worſhipped by all the ſervants; and it is obſervable, hardly ever was heard to direct twice the ſame thing to be done, or remembered.

The ſervants have generally time for themſelves, an hour or two in a day. Her orders are given over night; and as the family live in a genteel manner, they are never ſurpriſed, or put out of courſe, by company. The poor only have the leſs of the remnants, if viſitors or gueſts come in unexpectedly; and in ſuch

ſuch caſe, ſhe ſays, they ſhall fare better another day. Emily is taking minutes of all her management: She is reſolved to imitate her in every-thing. Hence it is, that I ſay, the girl will make one of the beſt wives in England: Yet, how the dear Harriet manages it, I cannot tell; for we hardly ever miſs her. But early hours, and method, and eaſe, without hurry, will do every-thing.

POSTSCRIPT.

LORD bleſs me, my dear Lady L.! I have been frightened out of my wits. This Lord G.—What do we do by marriage, but double our cares?---He was taken very ill two hours ago; a kind of fit. The firſt reflexion that croſſed me, when he was at worſt, was this---What a wretch was I, to vex this poor man as I have done!---Happy, happy is the Wife, in the depth of her affliction, on the loſs of a worthy Huſband; happy the Huſband, if he *muſt* be ſeparated from a good Wife; who has no material cauſe for ſelf-reproach to imbitter reflexion, as to his or her conduct to the departed. Ah, Caroline, how little do we know of ourſelves, till the hour of trial comes! I find I have more Love for Lord G. than I thought I had, or could have, for any man!

How have I *expoſed* myſelf!—But they none of them upraid me with my apprehenſions for the honeſt man. He did fright me!—A wretch!—In his childhood he was troubled with theſe oddities, it ſeems!—He is ſo well, that I had a good mind to quarrel with him for terrifying me as he did. *For better and for worſe!*—A cheat!—He ſhould have told me that he had been ſubject to ſuch an infirmity—And then, from his apprehended fits, tho' involuntary, I ſhould have claimed allowance for my real, tho' wilful ones. In which, however, I cheated not *him*. He ſaw me in them many and many a good time, before marriage.

I have

I have this moment yours. I thought what would be the caſe with Olivia. She has certainly heard of the happy turn at Bologna, as they there muſt think it; or ſhe would not reſolve to leave England ſo ſoon, when ſhe had determined to ſtay here till my Brother's return. Unhappy woman! Harriet pities her!—But ſhe has pity for every one that wants it.

Repeatedly all here are earneſt to get you and your Lord with us. Do, come if you can—Were it but one week; and perhaps we will go up together. If you don't come ſoon, your people will not ſuffer you to come one while. After all, my dear, theſe men are, as Aunt Nell would ſay, odious creatures. You are a good forgiving ſoul; but that am not I. In a few months time I ſhall be as grave as a cat, I ſuppoſe: But the ſorry fellow knows nothing of the matter yet.

Adieu, Lady L.

LETTER XVIII.

From the Counteſs of D. *To Miſs* BYRON.

[*Incloſed in the preceding.*]

July 1.

MY dear Harriet has allowed me to write to her with the affectionate freedom of a Mother: As ſuch, I may go on to urge a ſubject diſagreeable to her; when not only the welfare of *both* my children is concerned in it, but when her own honour, her own delicacy of ſentiment, is peculiarly intereſted.

Pure and noble as your heart is, it is miſleading you; Oh, my Harriet, into what a labyrinth;—Have you kept a copy, my dear, of your laſt Letter to me? It is all amiable, all yourſelf—But it is Harriet Byron again, in need of a reſcuer—Shall I, my child, ſave you from being run away with by theſe tyrannous over-refinements? Yes, you will ſay, could I do it

diſin-

diſintereſtedly. Well, I will, *if I can*, imagine myſelf quite diſintereſted; ſuppoſe my Son out of the caſe. And ſince I have told you, more than once, that I cannot allow the ſacredneſs young people are apt to imagine in a firſt Love; I muſt, you know, take it for granted, that even *his* to *you* is not abſolutely unconquerable.

Let us then conſider a little the bright fairy ſchemes, for ſo I muſt call them, which you have formed in the Letter that lies before me (*a*). Do not your excellent Grandmamma and Aunt ſee them in the ſame light? I dare ſay they do: But to one I love ſo dearly, how can I omit to offer my hand to extricate her out of a maze of bewildering fancy, in which ſhe may elſe tread many a weary ſtep, that ought to be advancing forward in the paths of happineſs and duty?

Think but, what fortitude of ſoul, what ſtrength even of conſtitution, you anſwer for, when you talk of living happy in a friendſhip with two perſons, when they are united by indiſſoluble ties, the very thought of whoſe union makes your cheek fade, and your health languiſh. Ah, my beloved Harriet! is not this a fairy-ſcheme?

Miſtake me not; I do not ſuſpect that your ſentiments would want any thing of the purity, the generoſity, the true heroiſm required in the idea of a friendſhip, like that you talk of. I ſuſpect not in the *noble pair* [Does that phraſe hurt you, my Miſs Byron? Think then how your heart would ſuffer in the laſting conflict that muſt accompany the ſituation which you have propoſed to yourſelf] I ſuſpect not, in either of them, ſentiments or behaviour unſuitable to your excellence: Yet let me aſk you one thing: Would not the example of ſuch an attachment ſubſiſting between perſons known to have once had different views, and tenderer affections, miſlead leſs delicate and leſs guarded minds into allowances danger-

(*a*) This Letter appears not.

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ous to them; and ſubject ſouls, leſs great than Clementina, to jealouſies, whether warrantable or not, of friendſhips that ſhould plead yours for a precedent?

Do not be impatient, my dear; I have a great deal more to ſay. This *friendſhip*, what is it to be? Not *more* than friendſhip, diſguiſed under the name of it: For how can that conſiſt with your peace of mind, your ſubmiſſion to the dictates of reaſon, your reſignation to the will of Providence? If then it be *only* friendſhip, how is it inconſiſtent with your forming an attachment of a *nearer kind* with a perſon of merit, who approves of, and will join in it? What think you, my dear, is that Love which we vow at the altar? Surely, not adoration: not a preference of that object *abſolutely*, as in excellence ſuperior to every other imaginable being. No more, ſurely, in moſt caſes, than ſuch a *preferable choice* (all circumſtances conſidered) as ſhall make us with ſatisfaction of mind, and with an affectionate and faithful heart, unite ourſelves for life with a man whom we eſteem; who we think is no diſagreeable companion, but deſerves our grateful regard; that his intereſt from henceforth ſhould be our own, and his happineſs our ſtudy. And is not this very conſiſtent, with admiring and loving the excellence of angels; and even with ſeeing and pitying, in this partner of our lives, ſuch imperfections as make him evidently their inferior? Inferior even to ſuch human angels, as you and I have in our heads at this moment.

Obſerve, my dear, I ſay only that ſuch friendſhip is very conſiſtent with being more nearly united to one who *knows* and *approves* it: For concealment of any thought, that much affects the heart, is, I think, in ſuch a caſe (with very few exceptions from very particular circumſtances) utterly unallowable, and blameably indelicate.

You are, I will not offend you, by ſaying to what *degree*, a reaſonable and prudent young woman;

man; pious, dutiful, and benevolent. Conſider then, how much better you would account for the talents committed to you; how much more joy you would give to the beſt of friends; how much more good you would do to your fellow-creatures, by permitting yourſelf to be called out into active life, with all its variety of relations, than you can while you continue obſtinately in a ſingle ſtate, on purpoſe to indulge a remedileſs ſorrow. The domeſtic connexions would engage you in a thouſand, not unpleaſing, new cares and attentions, that muſt inevitably wear out, in time, impreſſions which you would feel it unfit to indulge. All that is generous, grateful, reaſonable, in your very juſt attachment, would remain; every-thing that paſſion and imagination have added, every unreaſonable, every painful emotion, would be baniſhed; and the friendſhip between the two families become a ſource of laſting happineſs to both.

Adieu, my Harriet! I am afraid of being tedious on an unpleaſing ſubject. If I have omitted anything material in this argument, the excellent parents you are with, can abundantly ſupply it from their own reaſon, and experience of the world. Aſſure them of my unfeigned regard; and believe me, my dear child, with a degree of eſteem, that no young creature ever merited half ſo well,

Your truly-affectionate

M. D.

Pinned on by Lady G.

"Don't you think, Lady L. that the contents of "this Letter ought to have the more weight with Har- "riet, as, were ſhe to be Lady Grandiſon, they would "ſuit her own caſe and Emily's, were Emily to make "the ſame pretenſions to a perpetual ſingle life, on "the improbability of marrying her firſt Love? I ſhall "freely ſpeak my mind upon this ſubject, when Har- "riet can better bear the argument."

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LETTER XIX.

From the Earl of G. *To Lady* G.

My dear Daughter, *London, July* 28.

LET me be excuſed for aſking you a queſtion by pen and ink: When do you think of returning from Northamptonſhire? Lady Gertrude and I are out of all patience with you; not with Lord G. We know, that where-ever you are, there will he wiſh to be: His treaſure and his heart *muſt* be together. But to me, who always loved my Son; to Lady Gertrude, who always loved her Nephew; and who equally rejoiced in the happy event that gave *me* a Daughter, and *her* a Niece; what can you ſay in excuſe for robing us of both? It is true, Miſs Byron is a Lady that ought to be half the world to you: But muſt the other half have no manner of regard paid to it? I have enquired of Lord and Lady L. but they ſay you are ſo far from ſetting your time for return, that you are preſſing them to go down to you. What can my Daughter mean by this? Have you taken a houſe in Northamptonſhire? Have you forgot that you have taken one in Groſvenor Square? Every-thing is done there, that you had ordered to be done; and all are at a ſtand for further directions. Let me tell you, Lady G. that my Siſter and I love you *both* too well to bear to be thus ſlighted. Love us but half as well, and you will tell us the day of your return. You don't conſider that we are both in years; and that, in all probability, you may often rejoice in the company you are with, when you cannot have ours. Excuſe this ſerious concluſion. I *am* ſerious upon the ſubject, becauſe I love you with a tenderneſs truly paternal. Pray make mine and my Siſter's compliments acceptable to the loveliеſt woman in England, and to every one whom ſhe loves, who are

now

now in Northamptonſhire. I am, my deareſt Daughter,

Your ever-affectionate

G.

LETTER XX.

Lady G. *To the Right Honourable the Earl of* G.

July 30.

O My dear Lord! what do you mean? Are you and Lady Gertrude really angry with me? I cannot bear the ſerious concluſion of your Letter. May you both live long, and be happy! If my affectionate duty to you both will contribute to your felicity, it ſhall not be wanting. I was ſo happy here, that I know not when I ſhould have returned to town, had you not, ſo kindly as to your intention, yet ſo ſeverely in your expreſſions, admoniſhed me. I will ſoon throw myſelf at your feet; and by the next poſt will fix the day on which I hope to be forgiven by you both. Let Lord G. anſwer for himſelf. Upon my word he is as much to blame as I am; nay, more; for he dotes upon Miſs Byron.

Duty I avow: Pardon I beg: Never more, my dear and honoured Lord, ſhall you have like reaſon to chide

Your ever-dutiful Daughter,
Nor you, my dear Lady Gertrude,
Your moſt obedient Niece,
CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XXI.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

London, Sat. Aug. 5.

THANK you, my reverend and dear Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, and Harriet the lovely and beloved.

loved. Thank you, my dear Lucy and Nancy Selby, and Kitty and Patty Holles; and good Miſs Orme; and you, my dear diſputatious Uncle Selby, and honeſt Couſin James, and all the reſt of you; for your particular graces, favours, civilities, and goodneſs ſuperabundant, to my buſtling Lord, and his lively dame. Let the good Doctor and Emily thank you for themſelves.

And who do you think met us at St Alban's?—Why, Beauchamp, Sir Harry and my Lady, and Mr. and Mrs. Reeves!

Poor Sir Harry! He is in a very bad way; and Lady Beauchamp and his Son (who peradventure had a reaſon he gave not) prevailed upon him to make this little excurſion, in hopes it would divert him. They had not for ſome weeks paſt ſeen him ſo chearful as we made him.

Aunt Nell met us, at Barnet, with Cicely Badger, her ſtill older woman, whom ſhe keeps about her to make herſelf look young, on compariſon—But a piece of bad news, Harriet: Our Aunt Nell has loſt two more of her upper fore-teeth. A vile bit of bone (O how ſhe execrates it!) which lurked in a fricaſee, did the irreparable miſchief: And the good old ſoul is teaching her upper-lip, when ſhe ſpeaks, to reſign all motion to the under one, that it may as little as poſſible make the defect viſible. What poor wretches are we, Harriet, men as *well* as women! We pray for long life; and what is the iſſue of our prayers, but leave to outlive our teeth and our friends; to ſtand in the way of our elbowing relations; and to change our ſwan-ſkins for ſkins of buff; which nevertheleſs will keep out neither cold nor infirmity! But I ſhall be ſerious by-and-by. And what is the deſign of my *pen-prattle*, but to make my ſweet Harriet ſmile?

The Earl and Lady Gertrude made up differences with me at firſt ſight. The Lady is a little upon the *fallal*; a little Aunt *Nelliſh*; but I proteſt I love *her*, and reverence her *Brother*.

Beauchamp is certainly in Love with Emily. When he firſt addreſſed her at St. Alban's, his hands trembled, his cheeks glowed, his tongue faltered—So young a gipſey to make a conqueſt of ſuch importance! We women are powerful creatures, Harriet. As they ſay of horſes, If we knew our own ſtrength, and could have a little more patience than we generally have, we might do what we would with the powerleſs Lords of the creation. In my conſcience, Harriet, look all *my* acquaintance through, of both Sexes, I think there are three ſilly fellows to one ſilly woman: Don't you think ſo in *yours?*—Are your Grevilles, your Fenwicks, your Fowlers, your Pollexfens, your Bagenhalls, and half a ſcore more I could name, to be put in competition with Mrs. Shirley, Mrs. Selby, Lady D. our Lucy, Nancy, Miſs Orme, the two Miſs Holles's?—Let Uncle Selby and Couſin James determine on the queſtion.

I am half in hopes, that the little rogue Emily will draw herſelf in. Beauchamp is modeſt, yet not ſheepiſh; he is prudent, manly, lively; has addreſs: He will certainly draw her in, before ſhe knows where ſhe is: And how? Why by praiſing ſincerely, and loving cordially, the man at *preſent* moſt dear to her. When he firſt addreſſed her at St. Alban's, O Mr. Beauchamp, ſaid ſhe, with an innocent freedom, not regarding his tremblings, his glow, and his faltrings, I am glad to ſee you: I long to have you entertain me with ſtories of my guardian. But, ah! Sir, ſpeaking lower, and with a fallen countenance, tears ready to ſtart, Whoſe is he by this time? Yet, if you *know* it, don't tell me: It muſt not, muſt not be.

The praiſes given to thoſe we really love, I believe, are more grateful to us than thoſe conferred on ourſelves. I will tell you how I account for this, in general caſes, my Brother out of the queſtion.—We doubt not our *own* merits; but may be afraid, that the

the favoured object will not be conſidered by others as we are willing to conſider him: But if he is, we take the praiſe given him as a compliment to our own judgment. Self-love, ſelf-love, at the bottom of all we ſay and do: I am convinced it is, notwithſtanding all you have urged to the contrary. *Generally*, you know, I ſaid. Do you think I will allow you to judge of the generality of the world by what you find in one of the beſt hearts in it?

An inſtance, in point—I remember a Miſs Hurſte; a ſweet pretty creature, and very ſenſible: She had from her chamber-window been ſhot through the heart by the blind archer, who took his ſtand on the feather of a military man marching at the head of his company through the market-town in which ſhe lived. Yet was her ſuſceptibility her *only* inducement; for the man was neither handſome in his perſon, nor genteel in his appearance: Nor could ſhe be in love with the *ſenſe* of a man, had he been a Solomon, whoſe mouth ſhe had then never ſeen opened, and to whoſe character ſhe was as much a ſtranger, as *he* was to *hers*, or her perſon, till ſhe contrived to have him made acquainted with his good fortune. Conſtant, however, to her firſt fooliſh impreſſion, ſhe, in oppoſition to all advice, and the expoſtulations of a tender and indulgent Mother, married him. A Soloman he was *not*. And when he at any time, by virtue of his relation to her, was introduced into her family, how would ſhe bluſh, whenever he opened his mouth! And how did her eyes ſparkle with gratitude upon any one who took the leaſt reſpectful notice of him! Compliments to herſelf were unheeded; but ſhe ſeemed ready to throw herſelf at the feet of thoſe who ſmiled upon, and directed themſelves to, her Captain. Poor girl! ſhe wanted to give credit to the *motive* by which ſhe had been actuated.

Now, Harriet, I charge you, that you think not that this man's name was Anderſon. Somebody met

with an eſcape! Yet now-and-then I bluſh for Somebody. Yet between this Somebody and Miſs Hurſte's caſes there was this difference—A Father's apprehended—*Tyranny*—(ſhall I call it?) impreſſing the one; a tindery fit the other. In the one a timely recovery; in the other, the firſt folly deliberately confirmed.

Dear, dear Harriet! let me make you ſmile!—I proteſt, if you won't, I will talk of Lord D. and then I know you will frown.

The excellent Lady of that name has already been to welcome us to town. She abſolutely dotes upon you; ſo, ſhe ſays, does the young Earl. She prays day and night, ſhe tells me, that my Brother may ſoon come to England, his Italian bride in his hand. She expects every poſt to hear from Sir Arthur Brandon; who has carried a Letter from her, and another from the Earl of N. recommending that promiſing young gentleman to my Brother's favour, on his viſiting Italy. She hopes my Brother will not take amiſs her freedom, at ſo ſhort an acquaintance. If Sir Arthur ſends her ſuch news as *ſhe* wiſhes, and *we* dread, to hear, away drives ſhe to Northamptonſhire—And ſhould ſhe, I don't know who will ſcruple to wiſh her ſucceſs; for her young man riſes every day in his character. My dear creature, you muſt, you ſhall, be in our row; and Lady D's laſt Letter to you is unanſwerable. Forgive me for touching upon this ſubject: But we have no hopes. You have nothing to fear; ſince you *expect* what the next mails will bring. And *who* of us, after all, have our firſt Love? Aunt Nell would not have deſcended *ſola* into her greys, nor Cicely Badger neither, if they might have obtained the men of their choice—Poor Aunt Nell! ſhe has been telling me (her taken-off ſpectacles in her fingers) of a diſappointment of this kind in her youth, with ſuch woeful earneſtneſs, that it made me ready to cry for her. She lays it at the door of her Brother,

my poor Father; and now will you wonder, that, to this hour, ſhe cannot ſpeak of him with patience?—Poor Aunt Nell!

Well, but how do you, my Love? For Heaven's ſake, be well. Could I make you ſpeak out, could I make you complain, I ſhould have ſome hope of you: But ſo ſorrowful when alone, as we plainly ſee, yet aiming to be ſo chearful in company—O my dear! you muſt be gluttonous of grief in your ſolitary hours. But what tho' the man *be* Sir Charles Grandiſon; Is not the woman Harriet Byron?

Lady L. tells me, that Olivia behaved like a diſtracted woman, when ſhe took leave of her on her ſetting out to return to Italy. She ſometimes wept, ſometimes raved, and threatened. Wretched woman! Surely ſhe will not attempt the life of the man ſhe ſo ungovernably loves! *Our* caſe, Harriet, is not ſo hard as hers: But ſhe will ſooner get over her talkative, than you will your ſilent Love. When a perſon can rave, the paſſion is not dangerous. If the head be ſafe, pride and ſuppoſed ſlight will in time harden the heart of ſuch a one; and her Love will be ſwallowed up by reſentment.

You complimented me on my *civility* to my good man, all the time we were with you. Indeed I was *very* civil to him. It is now become a habit, and I verily think that it looks well in Man and Wife to behave prettily to each other before company. I now-and-then, however, ſit down with a full deſign to make him look about him; but he is ſo obliging, that I am conſtrained, againſt my intention, to let the fit go off, without making him *very* ſerious.

Am I conceited, Harriet? Which of the two ſilly folks, do you think, has moſt (Not wit—Wit is a fooliſh thing, but) underſtanding? I *think* the woman has it, all to nothing.—Now don't mortify me. If you pretend to *doubt*, I will be *ſure*. Upon my word, my dear, I am an excellent creature, *ſo* thinking, *ſo*

aſſured, to behave ſo obligingly as I do to Lord G. Never, unleſs a woman has as much prudence as your Charlotte, let her wed a man who has leſs underſtanding than herſelf. But women marry not ſo much now-a-days for Love, or fitneſs of tempers, as for the liberty of gadding abroad with leſs cenſure, and leſs controul—And yet, now I think of it, we need only to take a ſurvey of the flocks of ſingle women which croud to Ranelagh and Vaux-hall markets, dreſſed out to be *cheapened*, not *purchaſed*, to be convinced that the maids are as much above either ſhame or controul, as the wives. But were not *fathers* deſirous to get the *drugs* off their hands (to expreſs myſelf in young Danby's ſaucy ſtile) theſe freedoms would not be permitted. As for *Mothers*, many of them are for eſcorting their Daughters to public places, becauſe they themſelves like racketing.

But how, Charlotte, methinks you aſk, do theſe reflexions on your own Sex ſquare with what you ſaid above of the preference of women to men?—How! I'll tell you. The men who frequent thoſe places are ſtill more ſilly than we. Is it their intereſt to join in this almoſt univerſal diſſipation? And would the women croud to market, if there were not men?

We are entered into our new houſe. It is furniſhed in taſte. Lord G. has wanted but very little of my correction, I do aſſure you, in the diſpoſition of every-thing: He begins to want employment. Have you, Harriet, any-thing to buſy him in?—I am not willing to teach him to knot. Poor man! He has *already* knit one that he cannot unty.

God bleſs the honeſt Soul! He came to me, juſt now, ſo prim, and ſo pleaſed—A Parrot and Paroquet—The Parrot is the *fineſt* talker! He had great difficulty, he ſaid, in getting them. He had obſerved, that I was much taken with Lady Finlay's Parrot. Lady Finlay had a Marmouſet too. I wonder the poor man did not bring me a Monkey. O! but

you'll

you'll ſay, That was needleſs—You are very ſmart, Harriet, upon my man. I won't allow any-body but myſelf to abuſe him.

Intolerable levity, Charlotte!—And ſo it is. But to whom? Only to you. I love the man better every day than the former. When I write of him thus ſaucily, it is in the gaiety of my heart: But if, inſtead of a ſmile, I have drawn upon myſelf your contempt, what a mortification, however deſerved, will that be to

Your CHARLOTTE G.!

LETTER XXII.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Selby-houſe, Auguſt 8.

YOU write, my dear Lady G. with intent to make me ſmile. I thank you for your intention: It is not wholly loſt. My friends and I are one; and my Uncle and *Couſin James* laughed out at ſeveral places in your lively Letter. Lucy ſmiled: But ſhall I tell you what my Grandmamma and Aunt ſaid?

I will not. Now will your curioſity be excited.

To ſay the truth, they ſpoke not, they only ſhook their heads. I ſaw, my dear, greatly as they love and admire you, that if they had ſmiled, it would have been *at*, not *with*, the poor Charlotte (Let me pity you, my dear!) who, in ſome places of her Letter, could ſport with the infirmities of age, to which we are all advancing, and even wiſh to arrive at; and in others treat lightly a man, to whom ſhe owes reſpect, and has vowed duty; and who almoſt adores her.

You aſk, my dear, which of a certain pair has moſt underſtanding? And you bid me not mortify you with giving it on the man's ſide. I will not.

Lord G. is far from being wanting in underſtanding; but Lady G. has undoubtedly more than thouſands, even of *ſenſible* women: But in her treatment of certain ſubjects, ſhe by no means ſhews it. There's for you, my dear! I hope you will be diſpleaſed with your Harriet. You ought to take *one* of us to taſk. Methinks I would not have you be angry with yourſelf.

But, my dear, I am not well: This therefore may make me the leſs capable of reliſhing your raillery. Theſe men vex me. Greville's obſtinate perſeverance, and ſo near a neighbour, that I cannot avoid ſeeing him often: Poor Mr. Orme's ill health: Thoſe things afflict me.—Lady D. urging me, with ſuch ſtrength of reaſon (I am afraid I muſt ſay) and with an affection ſo truly maternal, that I know not how to anſwer her: And juſt now I have received a Letter, unknown to that good Lady, from the Earl of D.—laying in a claim, on a certain ſuppoſition, that—O my dear! how cruel is all this to your Harriet! My Grandmamma by her eyes, I ſee, wiſhes me to think of marriage, and with Lord D.—as all thoughts—I need not ſay of what—are over—My Aunt Selby's eyes are ready to ſecond my Grandmamma's—My Uncle ſpeaks out on the ſame ſide of the queſtion: So do you: So does Lucy. Nancy is ſilent: She ſees my diſturbance when I am looked at, and talked to, on this ſubject—So ought Lucy, I think.—My Soul, my dear, is fretted. I have begged leave to paſs a fortnight or three weeks with my good Mr. Deane, who rejoiced at the motion; but my Grandmother heard my requeſt with tears: She could not ſpare her Harriet, ſhe told me. My Aunt alſo dried *her* eyes—How, my Charlotte, could I think of leaving them?—Yet could they have parted with me, I ſhould ſurely have been more compoſed with Mr. Deane than at preſent I can be any-where elſe. He is more delicate (Shall I be excuſed to ſay?) than my Uncle.

Were but the news come that the ſolemnity is over

over—I am greatly miſtaken in myſelf, if I ſhould not be more eaſy than I am at preſent---But then I ſhould be more teazed, more importuned, than before. You tell me, the Counteſs of D. would come down: The very thought of that viſit hurts me.

I have no doubt but by this time the knot is tied. God Almighty ſhower on the heads of both, the choiceſt of his bleſſings! I ſhould be quite out of humour with myſelf, if I were not able to offer up this prayer as often as I pray for myſelf.

I beg of you, my dear, to ſpeed to me the next Letters from Italy, be the contents what they will. You know I am armed. Shall the event I wiſh to be over, either ſurprize or grieve me?---I hope not.

I will not pity Lady Olivia, becauſe ſhe threatened and raved. True Love rages not; threatens not. Yet a diſappointment in Love is a dreadful thing; and may operate, in different minds, different ways; as I have read ſomewhere.

I ſhall write to all my friends in town, and at Colnebrook: I trouble you not, therefore, with particular compliments to them.

How could you mention the names of Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and ſay no more of them? I thought you loved them both. They are deſerving of your Love, and love you.

Never, I believe, did any young creature ſuffer in her mind by ſuſpenſe as I have done for ſome months paſt. In the preſent ſituation of things I know not what further to write. What *can* I, my Charlotte? ---Conjectural topics are reſerved for my cloſet and pillow.

Adieu, and adieu, my beloved friend, my dear Lady G. Be good, and be happy! What a bleſſing, that *both* are in your power! May they ever be ſo! And may you make a good uſe of that power, prays

Your HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XXIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Bologna, July 8-19.

MY heart is unuſually ſad. How imperfect is that happineſs which we cannot enjoy without giving pain to another!

The Count of Belvedere has been made acquainted with the hopeful turn in the mind of Clementina; and that, in all probability, ſhe will be given as a reward to the man to whoſe friendly cares for her, and her Brother, the whole family attribute the happy alteration; and late laſt night he gave me notice of his arrival in this city, and of his intention to pay me an early viſit this morning.

I have juſt now had a meſſage from Clementina by Camilla, with a requeſt, that I will ſuſpend my intended viſit till the afternoon.

I aſked Camilla, If ſhe knew the reaſon of this; and of her being ſo early diſpatched with it? She ſaid, It was her young Lady's own order, without conſulting any body. The Marchioneſs, ſhe ſaid, told her yeſterday in the afternoon, that every-thing was now abſolutely determined upon between them and me; and ſhe would be miſtreſs of her own wiſhes; and that I ſhould be allowed to attend her in the morning at breakfaſt, to know what thoſe were. Her young Lady, on this happy communication (ſo Camilla called it) threw herſelf at her Mother's feet, and in a very graceful manner acknowledged her Father's and her indulgence to her; and from that hour her temper took a turn different from what it had been before. For, ever ſince, ſaid Camilla, ſhe has been ſilent, ſolemn, and reſerved; yet buſy at her pen, tranſcribing fair from her pocket-book what ſhe had written in it. To-morrow, Camilla!—To-morrow! ſaid ſhe,

breaking once her ſolemn ſilence, her complexion varying, will be a day indeed! O that it were come! and yet I dread it. How ſhall I, face to face, converſe with this exalted man! What ſhall I do to appear as great as He? His goodneſs fires me with emulation!—O that to-morrow were come, and gone!

This was over night. I believe, proceeded Camilla, that the dear Lady is drawing up ſome conditions of her own for you to ſign: But, Sir, I dare ſay, by the hint ſhe has thrown out, they will be generous ones, and what will have more of fancy than hardſh p in them.

I had much ado to prevail upon her, continued her faithful woman, to go to reſt at midnight: Yet at four in the morning ſhe aroſe, and went to her pen and ink; and about ſix commanded me to call Laura to attend her, while I went to you with the meſſage I have brought. I expoſtulated with her, and begged ſhe would delay it till the Marchioneſs aroſe; but ſhe began to be impatient: I have *reaſon* in my requeſt, Camilla, ſaid ſhe. I muſt not be contradicted, or expoſtulated with: My head will not bear oppoſition, at this time. Is it a ſlight thing for ſuch a poor creature as I have been, and am, to be put out of her courſe? Am I not to have a meeting with the Chevalier Grandiſon, on the moſt important act of my life? My Mamma tells me, that I am to be now miſtreſs of my own will; Don't *you*, Camilla, ſeek to controul me. I ſhall not be prepared enough for the ſubject he will poſſibly talk to me upon, till the afternoon: And if I know he is in the houſe with an expectation of ſeeing me, I ſhall want the preſence of mind I am ſtruggling to obtain.

So, Sir, concluded Camilla, I have performed my duty. The dear Lady, I ſee, will be in too much confuſion, if the important ſubject be not begun with precaution: But who ſhall inſtruct you in ſuch delicate

points as theſe? One thing, however, permit me, Sir, to obſerve: I have often known young Ladies go on courageouſly with a Lover, while the end in view has been diſtant, or there have been difficulties to encounter with; but when theſe difficulties are overcome, and they have aſcended the hill they toiled up, they have turned round, and looked about them, with fear as ſtrong as their hope.

What the conditions may be—

But the Count of Belvedere is come.

Ten o'clock.

THE Count accoſted me, in return for the kindeſt reception I could give him, with an air of coldneſs and diſpleaſure. I was ſurpriſed at a behaviour ſo different from his uſual politeneſs, and the kindneſs he had ever ſhewn me. I took notice to him of it. He aſked me, If I would tell him faithfully what my preſent ſituation was with Lady Clementina?

I will, my Lord, if I tell you any-thing of it: But the temper of mind you ſeem to be in, may not perhaps, for your own ſake, any more than mine, make it prudent for me to comply with your expectations.

You need not give me any other anſwer, replied he. You ſeem to be ſure of the Lady; But ſhe muſt not, ſhe *ſhall* not, be yours, while I am living.

It is not for me, my Lord, who have met with many amazing turns and incidents which I have not either invited or provoked, to be ſurpriſed at *any*-thing: But if your Lordſhip has any expectations, any demands to make on this ſubject, it muſt be from the family of the Marcheſe della Porretta, and not from me.

Do you think, Sir, that I feel not the ſting of this reference? And yet all the family, but one, are in my intereſt in their hearts; every conſideration is on my ſide; not one, but the plauſibility of your generoſity, and

and the ſpeciouſneſs of your perſon and manners, on yours.

A man, my Lord, ſhould not be reproached for qualities, upon which, whether he has them or not he values not himſelf. But, let me aſk you, Were my pretenſions out of the queſtion, has your Lordſhip any hope of an intereſt in the affections of Lady Clementina?

While ſhe is unmarried, I *may* hope. Had you not come over to us, I make no doubt but I might, in time, have called her mine. You cannot but know, that her abſence of mind was no obſtacle with me.

I am wholly ſatisfied in my own conduct, replied I: That, my Lord, is a great point with me: I am not accountable for it to any man on earth. Yet, if you have any doubts about it, propoſe them. I have a high opinion of the Count of Belvedere, and wiſh to have him think well of me.

Tell me, Chevalier, what your preſent ſituation is with Lady Clementina? What is concluded upon between the family and you? And whether Clementina herſelf has declared for you?

She has not yet declared herſelf *to me*. I repeat, that I have a value for the Count of Belvedere, and will therefore acquaint him with more than he has reaſon to expect from the humour which ſeems to have governed him in this viſit.—I am to attend her this afternoon, by appointment: Her family and I underſtand one another. I have been willing to conſider the natural impulſes of a ſpirit ſo pure, tho' diſturbed, as the finger of Providence. I have hitherto been abſolutely paſſive: In honour I cannot now be ſo. This afternoon, my Lord—

'This afternoon,' trembling; What! this afternoon!—

Will my deſtiny as to Lady Clementina, be determined.

I am diſtracted. If her *friends* are determined in your favour, it is from neceſſity, rather than choice:

But if the Lady is left to *her own* determination, I am a loſt man.

You have given a reaſon, my Lord, for your acquieſcence, *ſhould* Lady Clementina determine in my favour—But it cannot be a happy circumſtance for me, if, as you hint, I am to enter into the family of Porretta as an unwelcome relation to any of them; and ſtill leſs, if my good fortune ſhould make a man, juſtly valued by all who know him, unhappy.

And are you, this afternoon, Chevalier, to ſee Clementina for the purpoſe you intimate? This *very* afternoon?—And are you then to change your paſſive conduct towards her? And will you court, will you urge her to conſent to be yours? Religion, Country—Let me tell you, Sir—I muſt take reſolutions. With infinite regret I tell you, that I muſt. You will not refuſe to meet me. The conſent is not *yet* given: You ſhall not rob Italy of ſuch a prize. Favour me, Sir, this moment, without the city-gates.

Unhappy man! How much I pity you! You know my principles. It is hard, acting as I have done, to be thus invited. Acquaint yourſelf with my whole conduct in this affair, from the Biſhop, from Father Mareſcotti, from the General himſelf, ſo much *always* your friend, and *once* ſo little mine. What has influenced them (ſo much as you ſeem to think againſt their inclinations) cannot want its influence upon a mind ſo noble as that of the Count of Belvedere. But whatever be your reſolutions upon the enquiries I wiſh you to make, I tell you before-hand, that I never will meet you but as my friend.

He turned from me with emotion: He walked about the room as a man irreſolute; and at laſt, with a wildneſs in his air, approached me—I will go this inſtant, ſaid he, to the family: I will ſee Father Mareſcotti, and the Biſhop; and I will let them know my deſpair. And if I cannot have hope given me—O Chevalier! once more I ſay, that Lady Clementina ſhall not be yours, while I live. He

He looked round him, as if he would not have anybody hear what he was going to ſay, but me, tho' no one was near; and whiſpering, It is better, ſaid he to die by your hand, than—He ſtopt; and in diſorder hurried from me; and was out of ſight when I got down to the door.

The Count, when he came up to me, left his valet below; who told Saunders, that Lady Sforza had made his Lord a *viſit* at Parma; and by ſomething ſhe related to him, had ſtimulated him to make *this* to me. He added, that he was very apprehenſive of the humour he came in, and which he had held ever ſince he ſaw Lady Sforza.

How, my dear Dr. Bartlett, do the *raſh* eſcape as they do; when I, who endeavour to *avoid* embarraſſments, and am not ready either to give or take offence, am hardly able to extricate myſelf from one difficulty, but I find myſelf involved in another? What cannot a woman do, when ſhe reſolves to make miſchief among friends? Lady Sforza is a high-ſpirited and contriving woman. It is not for her intereſt that Clementina ſhould marry at all: But yet, as the Count of Belvedere is a cool, a diſpaſſionate man, and knows the views of that Lady, I cannot but wonder what thoſe arts muſt be, by which ſhe has been able to excite, in ſo calm a breaſt, a flame ſo vehement.

I am now haſtening to the palace of Porretta; my heart not a little affected with the apprehenſions given me by Camilla's account of her young Lady's ſolemn, yet active turn, on the expected viſit. For does it not indicate an imagination too much raiſed for the occaſion (important as that is); and that her diſorder is far from ſubſiding?

LET-

LETTER XXIV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Sat. Evening.

I Sit down, now, my dear and reverend friend, to write to you particulars which will ſurpriſe you. There is not on earth a nobler woman than Clementina! What at laſt---But I find I muſt have a quieter heart, and fingers too, before I can proceed.

I THINK I am a little leſs agitated than I was. The above few lines ſhall go; for they will expreſs to you the emotions of my mind, when I attempted to write an account of what had then ſo newly paſſed.

As ſoon as I entered the palace, Camilla met me, and conducted me to the Marchioneſs. The Marquis and the Biſhop were with her. O Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, we have been greatly diſturbed by a viſit from the Count of Belvedere. Poor man!---He ſays he waited on you at your lodgings.

He did. I then, at the Biſhop's requeſt, told them all that had paſſed between us, except his laſt words, which implied, that it was better to die by the hand of another man, than by his own.

They expreſſed their concern for him, and their apprehenſions for me; but I found that his unexpected viſit had not altered their purpoſe in my favour. They were convinced, they told him, that the reſtoration of their daughter's tranquillity of mind depended upon giving her entirely her own way; and not one word more of oppoſition or contradiction ſhould ſhe meet with from them.

I have been hindered, ſaid the Marchioneſs, by this unhappy man's viſit, and his vehemence, which moved me to pity him (for I am afraid that he will be in our Daughter's unhappy way) from watching in perſon

perſon the humour of my child; which, two hours ago, Camilla told me, was very particular. I was going to her, when you came; but I will ſend for Camilla.—She did.

As ſoon as ſhe ſaw me in the morning, continued the Marchioneſs, ſhe apologized to me for ſending Camilla to you, to ſuſpend your viſit till the afternoon. She was not, ſhe ſaid, *prepared* to ſee you.—I aſked her, continued ſhe, What preparation was wanted to ſee a man eſteemed by us all, and who had given ſuch inſtances of his regard to her?

Madam, anſwered ſhe, and ſeemed as if gaſping for breath, Am I not now to ſee him in a light, in which hitherto I never beheld him? I have a thouſand things to ſay to him, none of which perhaps I ſhall be able to ſay, except he draws them from me. He hinted once, very lately, that he could only be rewarded by a *family act*. We *cannot* reward him; that is my grief: I muſt ſee him with a heart overwhelmed with obligation. He will appear as a prince to me: I muſt to myſelf as his vaſſal. I have been putting down, in writing, what I ſhould ſay to him; but I cannot pleaſe myſelf. O madam! he is great in my eyes, becauſe I am unable to reward him as he deſerves. I told her, that her fortune, her quality, the ſacrifice ſhe would make of her Country (tho' never, I hoped, of her Religion) ought to give her a higher opinion of herſelf; tho' all theſe were far from cancelling the obligation we all were under to him, on our Jeronymo's account, as well as on hers.

Well, madam, replied ſhe, Heaven only knows how I ſhall be able to behave to him, now you have left every-thing to myſelf; and now he will talk to me, by permiſſion, on a ſubject ſo new, yet ſo very intereſting. O that this day were over!

I aſked her, proceeded the Marchioneſs, if ſhe would yet take further time?—A week, or more?

O no, ſaid ſhe: That muſt not be. I ſhall be pre-

prepared to ſee him, I hope, by the afternoon. Pray let him come then. I am very clear now, putting her hand to her forehead: I may not be ſo a week, nor a day hence.

Camilla then entered the room. Camilla, ſaid the Marchioneſs, In what way is the dear creature now?

Ever ſince your Ladyſhip left her ſhe has been more reſerved, and thoughtful; yet her ſpirits are high: Her mind ſeems full of the Chevalier's next viſit; and twice, within this half-hour, ſhe aſked, If he were come? She reads over and over, ſomething ſhe has written; lays it down, takes it up; walks about the room; ſometimes with an air of dignity, at others hanging down her head. I don't like her frequent ſtartings. Within this hour ſhe has ſeveral times ſhed tears. She ſighs often. She was not to be pleaſed with her dreſs. Once ſhe would be in black; then in colours; then her white and ſilver was taken out: But that, ſhe ſaid, would give her a bridal appearance: She at laſt choſe her plain white luſtring. She looks like an Angel. But O that her eyes, and her motions, ſhewed greater compoſure!

You have a taſk before you, Chevalier, ſaid the Biſhop. What tokens are theſe of a diſordered, yet a raiſed mind! We may ſee, from theſe extraordinary agitations, on the expectation of a converſation that is to end in her conſent to crown your wiſhes, how much her heart has been in that event: May it be happy to you both!

I fear nothing, ſaid the Marchioneſs, as to the happineſs of my child, that lies within the power of the Chevalier: I am ſure of his tenderneſs to her.

I think, ſaid the Marquis, we will allow the Chevalier to carry his Bride over to England for the *firſt* ſix months, and return with her to us in the *ſecond:* It may give a new turn to the courſe of her ideas. The ſame places, the ſame perſons, always in view, may ſadden her reflecting heart. And, beſides, the

mind

mind of the poor Count of Belvedere may be ſtrengthened by his abſence.

The biſhop applauded this thought. The Marchioneſs ſaid, *Reaſon* may approve the motion; but can the *Mother* ſo ſoon part with her child?—Yet for her happineſs, I muſt ſubmit.

Let us, ſaid the Marquis, leave this to her choice, as the reſt. Camilla, let my Daughter know, that the Chevalier attends her pleaſure. You would have it ſo, Chevalier?

I bowed my aſſent.

Camilla returned not preſently: When ſhe did; I could not come ſooner, ſaid ſhe. My young Lady is ſtrangely fluttered. I have been reaſoning with her.—Madam, turning to the Marchioneſs, Will you be pleaſed to walk up to her?

Had this been the *firſt* interview, ſaid the Biſhop, I ſhould not have wondered at her diſcompoſure—But this diſorder ſhews itſelf in a ſtrange variety of ſhapes.

The Marchioneſs, attended by Camilla, went up. I was ſoon ſent for. The Marchioneſs met me at the entrance of the young Lady's dreſſing room—and retiring, whiſpered—I believe ſhe had rather be alone with you. Dear creature! I don't know what to make of her. She has, I fancy, ſomething to propoſe to you. Camilla, come with me. We will be but in the next room, Chevalier.

When I entered the room, the young Lady was ſitting in a penſive mood, at her toilette; her hand ſupporting her head. A fine glow overſpread her cheeks, as ſoon as ſhe ſaw me: She aroſe, and, courteſying low, advanced a few ſteps towards me; but trembled, and looked now down, now aſide, and now conſciouſly glancing towards me.

I approached her, and, with profound reſpect, took her hand with both mine, and preſſed it with my lips. I addreſs not myſelf now to Lady Clementina as my pupil:

pupil: I have leave given me to look upon her in a nearer light; and ſhe will have the goodneſs to pardon the freedom of this addreſs.

Ah, Chevalier! ſaid ſhe, turning her face from me, but not withdrawing her hand—And heſitating, as if not knowing how to ſpeak her mind, ſighed, and was ſilent.

I led her to her chair. She ſat down, ſtill trembling. God be praiſed, ſaid I, bowing my face on both her hands, as I held them in mine, for the amended health of the Lady ſo dear to all who have the happineſs of knowing her! May her recovery, and that of our dear Jeronymo, be perfected?

Happy man! ſaid ſhe, happy in the power given you to oblige as you have done!—But how, how ſhall I—O, Sir! you know not the conflict that has rent my heart in pieces, ever ſince—I forget when.—O Chevalier! I have not power—She ſtopt, wept, and remained ſilent.

It is in your power, madam, to make happy the man to whom you own obligations which are already overpaid.

I took my ſeat by her, at her ſilent motion to a chair.

Speak on, Sir: My ſoul is labouring with great purpoſes. Tell me, tell me, all you have to ſay to me. My heart is too big for its priſon, putting her hand to it: It wants room, methinks; yet utterance is denied me—Speak, and let me be ſilent.

Your Father, Mother, Brothers, Uncle, are all of one mind. I am permitted to open my heart to their Clementina; and I promiſe myſelf a gracious audience. Father Mareſcotti befriends me.—The terms, madam, are thoſe I offered when I was laſt in Italy.

She hung down her head, in liſtening ſilence—

Every other year I am to be happy with my Clementina in England—

Your Clementina, Sir!—Ah Chevalier!—She bluſhed,

bluſhed, and turned away her face—*Your* Clementina, Sir! repeated ſhe—and looked pleaſed; yet a tear ſtole down on her glowing cheek.

Yes, madam, I am encouraged to hope you will be mine.—You are to have your confeſſor, madam. Father Mareſcotti will do me the honour of attending you in that function. His piety, his zeal; my own charity for all thoſe who differ from me in opinion; my honour, ſo ſolemnly engaged to the family who condeſcend to entruſt me with their deareſt pledge, will be your ſecurity.

Ah, Sir! interrupted ſhe, And are not you then to be a Catholic?

You *conſented*, madam, when I was laſt in Italy, that I ſhould purſue the dictates of my conſcience.

Did I? ſaid ſhe, and ſighed!—Well, Sir—

Your Father or Mother, madam, will acquaint you with every other particular in which you ſhall want to be ſatisfied.

Tears ſtood in her eyes; ſhe ſeemed in great perplexity. She would twice or thrice have ſpoken; but ſpeech was denied her: At laſt, ſhe gave me her hand, and directed her ſteps, trembling to her cloſet. She entered it. Leave me, leave me, ſaid ſhe; and putting a paper in my hand, and ſhutting to the door, inſtantly, as I ſaw, fell on her knees; and I, to avoid hearing ſobs which pierced my heart, went into the next apartment, where were her Mother and Camilla, who had heard part of what had paſſed between us. The Marchioneſs went to her; but preſently returning, The dear creature, ſaid ſhe, is quite ſenſible, thank God, tho' in grief. She beſought me to leave her to her own ſtruggles. If ſhe could but be aſſured that you, Chevalier, would forgive her, ſhe ſhould be better. She had given you a paper. Let him read it, ſaid ſhe; and let me ſtay here till he ſends for me, if he can bear in his ſight, *after* he has read it, a creature unworthy of his goodneſs.—What, ſaid the Marchioneſs, can be the meaning of all this?

I was as much ſurpriſed as ſhe. I had not opened the paper, and offered to read it in her preſence; but ſhe deſired to hear it read in her Lord's, if it were proper; and precipitately withdrew, leaving me in the young Lady's dreſſing-room, Camilla attending in the next apartment, to wait her commands. I was aſtoniſhed at the contents. Theſe are they *(a)*:

O Thou whom my heart beſt loveth, forgive me!—Forgive me, ſaid I, for what?—For acting, if I am enabled to act, greatly? The example is from thee, who, in my eyes, art the greateſt of human creatures. My duty calls upon me one way: My heart reſiſts my duty, and tempts me not to perform it: Do thou, O God, ſupport me in the arduous ſtruggle! Let it not, as once before, overthrow my reaſon; my but juſt-returning reaſon!—O God! do thou ſupport me, and ſtrengthen my reaſon. My effort is great! It is worthy of the creature, which thou, Clementina, didſt always aſpire to be.

My Tutor, my Brother, my Friend! O moſt beloved and beſt of men! ſeek me not in marriage! I am unworthy of Thee. Thy SOUL was ever moſt dear to Clementina: Whenever I meditated the gracefulneſs of thy perſon, I reſtrained my eye, I checked my fancy: And how, Why, by meditating the ſuperior graces of thy mind. And is not that SOUL, thought I, to be ſaved? Dear obſtinate, and perverſe! And ſhall I bind my Soul to a Soul allied to perdition? That ſo dearly loves that Soul, as hardly to wiſh to be ſeparated from it in its future lot.—O thou moſt amiable of men! How can I be ſure, that, were I thine, thou wouldſt not draw me after thee, by Love, by ſweetneſs of Manners, by condeſcending Goodneſs? I, who once thought a Heretic the worſt of beings, have been already led, by the amiableneſs of thy piety, by the univerſality of thy charity to all thy

(a) Tranſlated by Dr. Bartlett.

fellow-

fellow-creatures, to think more favourably of all Heretics, for thy ſake? Of what force would be the admonitions of the moſt pious Confeſſor, were thy condeſcending goodneſs, and ſweet perſuaſion, to be exerted to melt a heart wholly thine? I know that I ſhould not forbear arguing with thee, in hopes to convince thee: Yet, ſenſible of thy ſuperior powers, and of my duty, might I not be entangled? My Confeſſor would, in that caſe, grow uneaſy with me. Women love not to be ſuſpected. Oppoſition ariſes from ſuſpicion and contradiction; thy Love, thy Gentleneſs, thrown in the other ſcale, ſhould I not be loſt?

And what have my Father, my Mother, my Brothers done, that I ſhould ſhew myſelf willing to leave them, and a beloved Country, for a Country but lately hated too, as well as the Religion? But now, that that hatred is gone off, and ſo ſoon, gives another inſtance of my weakneſs, and thy ſtrength, O moſt amiable of men!—O thou, whom my Soul loveth, ſeek not to entangle me by thy Love! Were I to be thine, my duty to thee would miſlead me from that I owe to my God, and make me more than temporarily unhappy: Since wert thou to convince me at the *time*, my doubts would return; and whenever thou wert abſent, I ſhould be doubly miſerable. For canſt Thou, can I, be indifferent in theſe high matters? Haſt thou not ſhewn me, that *thou* canſt not? And ſhall I not be benefited by thy example? Shall a wrong Religion have a force, an efficacy, upon *thee*, which a right one cannot have upon *me*?—O thou moſt amiable of men! ſeek not to entangle me by thy Love!

But doſt thou *indeed* love me? Or is it owing to thy generoſity, thy compaſſion, thy nobleneſs, for a creature, who, aiming to be great like thee, could not ſuſtain the effort? I call upon thee, bleſſed Virgin, to witneſs, how I *formerly* ſtruggled with myſelf! How much I endeavoured to ſubdue that affection which I ever

ever muſt bear to him!—*Permit* me, moſt generous of men, to ſubdue it! It is in thy power to hold me faſt, or to ſet me free. I know thou loveſt Clementina: It is her pride to think that thou doſt. But ſhe is not worthy of thee. Yet let thy heart own, that thou loveſt her Soul, her immortal Soul, and her future peace. In *that* wilt thou ſhew thy Love, as ſhe has endeavoured to ſhew hers. *Thou* art all magnanimity: *Thou* canſt ſuſtain the effort which *ſhe* was unequal to. Make ſome other woman happy!—But I cannot bear that it ſhall be an Italian. If it *muſt* be an Italian, not Florence, but Bologna, ſhall give an Italian to thee!

But can I ſhew thee this paper, which has coſt me ſo many tears, ſo much ſtudy, ſo much blotting-out, and reviſing and tranſcribing, and which yet I drew up with an *intent* to ſhew thee? I verily think I cannot: Nor *will* I, till I can ſee, by converſing with thee face to face, what I ſhall be enabled to do, in anſwer to prayers to Heaven, that it *would* enable me!—O how faint, at times, have been thoſe prayers!

You, my Father, my Mother, my Brothers, and you my ſpiritual Father, pious and good man! have helped to ſubdue me, by your generous goodneſs. You have all yielded up your own judgments to mine. You have told me, that if the choice of my heart can make me happy, happy I ſhall be. But do I not know, that you have complied with me, for *my* ſake only?—Shall I not, if it pleaſe God to reſtore my memory, be continually recollecting the arguments which you, Father Mareſcotti, in particular, formerly urged againſt an alliance with this nobleſt of men, becauſe he was of a religion ſo contrary to my own, and ſo pertinacious in it? And will thoſe *recollections* make me happy? O permit, permit me, my deareſt friends, ſtill to be God's child, the ſpouſe of my Redeemer only! Let me, let me yet take the veil!—

And

And let me, in a place conſecrated to his glory, paſs the remainder of my life (It may not be a long one) in prayers for you all, and in prayers for the converſion and happineſs of the man, whoſe ſoul my ſoul loveth, and ever muſt love. What is the portion of this world, which my Grandfathers have bequeathed to me, weighed againſt this motive, and my ſoul's everlaſting welfare? Let me take a great revenge of my cruel Couſin Laurana. Let hers be the eſtate ſo truly deſpiſed, and ſo voluntarily forfeited, by the happier Clementina!—Are we not all of us rich and noble? Shall I not have a great revenge, if I can be enabled to take it in this way?

O thou whom my ſoul loveth, let me try the greatneſs of thy love, and the greatneſs of thy ſoul, by thy endeavours to ſtrengthen, and not impair, a reſolution, which, after all, it will be in thy power to make me break or keep: For God only knoweth what this ſtruggle from the firſt hath coſt me; and what it will ſtill further coſt me! But, my brain wounded, my health impaired, can I expect a long life? And ſhall I not endeavour to make the *cloſe* of it happy? *Let* me be great, my Chevalier! how fondly can I nevertheleſs call thee *my* Chevalier! Thou canſt make the unhappy Clementina what thou pleaſeſt.

But, O my friends, what can we do for this great and good man, in return for the obligations he hath heaped upon us all? In return for his goodneſs to two of your children? Theſe obligations lie heavy upon my heart. Yet who knows not *his* magnanimity? Who, that knows him, knows not that he can enjoy the reward in the action? Divine, *almoſt* divine, Philanthropiſt, canſt thou forgive me?—But I know thou canſt. Thou haſt the ſame notions that I have of the brevity and vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of that to come! And can I have the preſumption to imagine, that the giving thee in marriage

ſo wounded a frame, would be making thee happy? Once more, if I have the courage, the reſolution, to ſhew thee this paper, do thou enable me, by thy great example, to complete the conqueſt of myſelf; and do not put me upon taking advantage of my honoured friends generoſity: But do God and thou enable me to ſay, Not my will, but his and theirs, be done!—Yet, after all, it muſt be, let me own, in thy choice (for I cannot bear to be thought ungrateful to ſuch exalted merit) to add what name thou pleaſeſt, to that of

CLEMENTINA ——

Never was man more aſtoniſhed, perplexed, confounded. For a few moments, I forgot that the angel was in her cloſet, expecting the iſſue of my contemplations; and walking out of her dreſſing-room, I threw myſelf on a ſofa, in the next room, not heeding Camilla, who ſat in the window; my mind tortured; how greatly tortured! Yet filled with admiration of the angelic qualities of Clementina, I tried to look again into the paper; but the contents were all in my mind, and filled it.

She rang. Camilla haſtened to her. I ſtarted as ſhe paſſed me. I aroſe; yet trembled; and for a moment ſat down to re-aſſure my feet. But Camilla, coming to me, rouſed me out of the ſtupidity that had ſeized me. Never was I ſo little preſent to myſelf, as on this occaſion—A woman ſo ſuperior to all her own Sex, and to all that I had read of, of ours.—O Sir, ſaid Camilla, my Lady dreads your anger. She dreads to ſee you: Yet hopes it—Haſten, haſten, and ſave her from fainting—O how ſhe loves you! How ſhe fears your diſpleaſure!—Hers indeed is *true* Love!

She ſaid this as ſhe conducted me in, as I now recollect; for then all my faculties were too much engaged, to attend to her.

I haſtened in. The admirable Lady met me half-way; and throwing herſelf at my feet—Forgive me, forgive the creature, who muſt be miſerable, if you are offended with her.

I would have raiſed her; but ſhe would not be raiſed, ſhe ſaid, till I had forgiven her.

I kneeled to her, as ſhe kneeled; and claſping her in my arms, Forgive you, madam! Inimitable woman! More than woman!—Can you forgive me for having preſumed, and for ſtill preſuming, to hope to call ſuch an angel mine!

She was ready to faint; and caſt her arms about me to ſupport herſelf. Camilla held to her her ſalts: —I myſelf, for the firſt time, was ſenſible of benefit from them, as my cheek was joined to hers, and bathed with her tears.

Am I, am I, forgiven—Say that I am!—

Forgiven! madam! You have done nothing that requires forgiveneſs. I adore your greatneſs of mind! —What you wiſh, bid me be, and that I *will* be. Riſe, moſt excellent of human creatures!

I raiſed her; and leading her to a chair, involuntarily kneeled on one knee to her; holding both her hands in mine as ſhe ſat, and looking up to her with eyes that ſpoke not my heart, if they were not full of Love and reverence.

Camilla had run down to the Marchioneſs—O madam! it ſeems ſhe ſaid—*Such* a ſcene! Haſten, haſten up. They will faint in each other's arms. Virtuous Love! how great is thy glory!

The Marchioneſs haſtened after Camilla, and found me in this kneeling poſture, her Daughter's hands both in mine—Dear Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, reſtrain your *grateful rapture!* For the ſake of the ſweet child's head, grateful as I ſee by her eyes it muſt be to her—reſtrain it.

O madam, quitting Clementina's hands and riſing, and taking one of hers—Glory in your daughter:

You always loved and admired her; but you will now *glory* in her. She is an angel—Give me leave, madam (to Clementina) to preſent this paper to the Marchioneſs.

I gave it to her—Read it, madam—Let your Lord, let the Biſhop, let Father Mareſcotti, read it—But read it with compaſſion for me; and then direct me what to ſay, what to do! I reſign myſelf wholly to your direction, and theirs; and to yours, my dear Lady Clementina.

You ſay, you forgive me, Chevalier:—Now ſhall I forgive myſelf. God's goodneſs and yours will, I hope, perfectly reſtore me. This is my direction, Chevalier—Love my MIND, as *yours* ever was the principal object of my Love!

What, my dear, can be in this paper? ſaid the Marchioneſs, holding it in her hand, trembling, and afraid to open it.

Pardon me, madam, anſwered Clementina—I could not ſhew it to you firſt. I could not reveal my purpoſe to Camilla neither. How could I, when I knew not whether I could or could not maintain it, or even mention it?—But now, beſt of men, and, riſing, laid her hand on my arm, leave me for a few moments. My heart is diſturbed. Be ſo good as to excuſe me, madam.

She again retired to her cloſet. We heard her ſob: And Camilla haſtening to her—O theſe hyſterical diſorders! ſaid ſhe—They tear her tender conſtitution in pieces.

The Marchioneſs left her to Camilla; and offered me her hand.

Surpriſing! ſaid ſhe, as we went. Where will all this end? What can be in this paper?

I was unable to anſwer. And coming to the paſſage that led to her drawing-room, where ſhe had left the gentlemen, I bowed; and, the ſame paſſage leading to the back-ſtairs, took that way into the gar-

garden, in order to try to recover and compoſe my ſpirits.

Who, my dear friend, could have expected ſuch a turn as this?

I had not walked long, before Mr. Lowther came to me—Signor Jeronymo, Sir, ſaid he, is greatly diſturbed on reading a paper that has been put into his hands. He begs to ſee you inſtantly.

Mr. Lowther left me at Jeronymo's chamber-door.

He was on his couch. O my Grandiſon, ſaid he, as I approached him with a thoughtful air, how much am I concerned for you! I cannot bear, that ſuch a ſpirit as yours ſhould be ſubjected to the petulance of a brain-ſick girl!

Huſh, my Jeronymo! Let not the Friend forget the Brother. Clementina is the nobleſt of women. It is true, I was not prepared for this blow. But I reverence her for her greatneſs of mind—You have read her paper?

I have; and am aſtoniſhed at its contents.

The Marquis, the Count, the Biſhop, and Father Mareſcotti, entered. The Biſhop embraced me. He diſclaimed, in the name of every one, the knowledge of her intentions: He expected, he ſaid, that ſhe would have received my addreſs with raptures of joy. But ſhe *muſt*, ſhe *will*, be yours, Chevalier. We are all engaged in honour to you. This is only a ſtart of female delicacy, operating on a raiſed imagination. She leaves it to you, after all, to call her by what name you pleaſe.

May it be ſo! But ah, my Lords! you ſee not the force of her arguments. With a Lady ſo zealous in her religion, and ſo juſtly fond of her relations and country, they *muſt* have weight—Inſtruct me, tell me, however, my Lords: Be pleaſed, madam [The Marchioneſs joined us juſt before] to adviſe me, what

to do?—I am yours.—I will withdraw. Conſult together; and let me know what I am to be.

I withdrew, and walked again into the garden.

Camilla came to me. O Chevalier! What ſtrange things are theſe? My Lady has taken a reſolution ſhe never will be able to ſupport. She commanded me to find you out, and to watch your looks, your behaviour, your temper. She cannot live, ſhe ſays, if you are diſpleaſed with her—I ſee that your mind is greatly diſturbed. Muſt I report it ſo?

Tell her, Camilla, that I am all reſignation to her will: Diſturbed as ſhe has been, tell her, that her peace of mind is dear to me as my own life: That I *can* have no anger, no reſentment; and that I admire her more than I can expreſs.

Camilla left me. Father Mareſcotti came to me preſently after, with a requeſt, that I would attend the family in Jeronymo's chamber.

We went up together. All that the good Father ſaid, as we walked in, was, that God knew what was beſt for us: For *his* part, he could only wonder and adore in ſilence.

When we were all ſeated, the Biſhop ſaid, My dear Chevalier, you have intiled yourſelf to our utmoſt gratitude. It is confirmed, that Clementina ſhall be yours. Jeronymo will have it ſo: We are all of his mind. My Mother will enter into converſation with her in your favour.

I am equally obliged and honoured by this goodneſs. But ſhould ſhe perſiſt, what can I ſay, when ſhe calls upon me in the moſt ſolemn manner, to ſupport her in her reſolution; and not to put her upon taking advantage of the generoſity of her friends?

She will be eaſily perſuaded, no doubt, Chevalier, anſwered the Biſhop. She loves you. Does ſhe not ſay in this very paper, "that it is in your power to

"make

" make her break or keep her reſolution? and to add " what name you pleaſe to her Chriſtian name?"

Nor can I, ſaid the Marquis, bear that ſlight, in Laurana's favour. If her mind were ſound, her duty would not permit her to think of it.

It is our unanimous opinion, reſumed the Biſhop, that ſhe will not be able to ſupport her reſolution. You ſee ſhe is obliged to court your aſſiſtance, to enable her to keep it. Father Mareſcotti, it is true, has laid a ſtreſs upon ſome paſſages, in which ſhe ſhews a doubt of her own ſtrength, and dreads yours in a certain article neareſt our hearts: But ſhe muſt be cautioned to leave all arguments of that kind to her confeſſor and you; and to content herſelf to be an auditor, not an arguer; and we doubt not your honour. The marriage-articles will bind you, as they ſhall us—And now allow me to be before-hand with your Jeronymo, and ours, in ſaluting you our Brother.

He took my hand; and, embracing me as ſuch, You deal nobly with me, my Lord, ſaid I. I reſign myſelf to your direction.

Jeronymo affectionately held out his arms, and joyfully ſaluted me as his Brother. The Marquis, the Count, each took my hand: And, the Marchioneſs offering hers, I preſſed it with my lips; and, withdrawing, haſtened to my lodgings; with a heart, O Dr. Bartlett, how penetrated by a ſuſpenſe ſo ſtrange and unexpected!

But when they attribute to ſlight, and unſoundneſs of mind, that glorious paſſage, in which ſhe propoſes to take a revenge ſo noble on the cruel Laurana, they ſeem unable to comprehend, as I can eaſily do, the greatneſs of mind of this admirable woman.

LETTER XXV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Bologna, Monday, July 10-21.

I Had no call for reſt laſt night. I only repoſed myſelf in a chair for about an hour. I ſent early in the morning a note, to enquire, with the tendereſt ſolicitude, after all their healths; and particularly Clementina's and Jeronymo's. A written anſwer was retured by Jeronymo, that his Siſter had reſted ſo very ill, that it was thought adviſeable to keep her quiet all day; unleſs ſhe ſhould be particularly earneſt to ſee me; and, in that caſe, they would ſend me word.

I was myſelf very much indiſpoſed; yet could ſcarce deny myſelf, though uninvited, to attend them at dinner. My own diſorder, however, determined me not to go, unleſs ſent for. It would, I thought, be too viſible to them all; and might raiſe a ſuſpicion, that I wanted to move compaſſion: A meanneſs of which I am not capable. Yet, indiſpoſed as I was ſtill more in the afternoon, I hoped to have an invitation for half an hour. But not being ſent to, I repeated my enquiries in another billet. No invitation followed. On the contrary, Jeronymo wrote one line, wiſhing to ſee me in the morning.

I had as little reſt laſt night, as the night before. My impatience carried me to the palace of Poretta ſooner than uſual this morning.

Signor Jeronymo rejoiced to ſee me. He hoped I did not take amiſs, that they invited me not the day before. To ſay the truth, ſaid he, the day's reſt was judged entirely neceſſary for you both: For my Siſter particularly: And ſhe was ſo uneaſy and diſpleaſed at your going away on Saturday, without takeing leave of her, that ſhe was the more eaſily perſuaded not to ſee you yeſterday. But already this morning,

morning, I underſtand, ſhe aſks after you with impatience. You are angry at her, ſhe ſuppoſes, and will never ſee her more. You had but juſt left us, on Saturday night, when Camilla came down, with her requeſt to ſee you. For my part, proceeded he, my thoughts are ſo much carried out of myſelf, by the extraordinary turn ſhe has taken, that, at times, I forget I ail any-thing.

He then aſked, if I could forgive his Siſter; and reflected on the Sex, on her account, as never knowing their own minds, but when they meet with obſtacles to their wills. But ſhe muſt, ſhe will, be yours, my Grandiſon, ſaid he; and, if it pleaſe God to reſtore her, ſhe will make you rich amends.

The Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti came in, to make their morning compliments to Jeronymo: The Marquis and Count entered ſoon after, to ſalute me.

The Marchioneſs followed them. Clementina was ſo uneaſy on Saturday night, ſaid ſhe to me, on finding you gone without taking leave of her, and ſo much diſcompoſed all day yeſterday, that I choſe not to ſay any-thing to her on the great article. I am glad you are come.

Somebody juſt then tapping at the door, Come in, Camilla, ſaid the Marchioneſs.

It is not Camilla; it is I, ſaid Lady Clementina, entering. I am told the Chevalier—O there he is—Favour me, Sir, with a few words—walking to a window at the other end of the room.

I followed her: Tears were in her eyes. She looked earneſtly at me: Then turning her face from me—Why, madam, ſaid I, taking her hand, why this emotion? I have not, I hope, offended you.

O Chevalier! I cannot bear to be ſlighted, and leaſt of all by you; though, I muſt own, that I deſerve it moſt from you. A ſlight from you is a charge of ingratitude upon me, that my heart cannot bear.

Slight you, madam!—I revere you, as the moſt

excellent of women. You have, indeed, filled my heart with anguiſh: But I admire you more for the cauſe of that anguiſh, than it is poſſible for me to expreſs.

Don't, don't ſay ſo. You will ruin me by your generoſity. I think you *muſt* be angry with me. I think you *muſt* treat me ill, or how ſhall I keep my purpoſe?

Your purpoſe, deareſt madam!—Your purpoſe!

My purpoſe! Yes, Sir! Will it afflict you, if I do?

Is it poſſible, madam, but it muſt? What would you think—

Huſh, huſh, my good Chevalier. I am afraid it will: But don't tell me it will. I cannot bear to afflict you.

When I had the honour of every one's conſent, madam—

That was in compaſſion to me, Sir.

My deareſt Love, ſaid the Marquis, coming to us, that was at firſt our motive: But now an alliance with the Chevalier Grandiſon, in juſtice to his merits, is become our choice.

I bowed to the generous nobleman. She kneeled. Beſt and moſt indulgent of Fathers! taking his hand, and kiſſing it; let me thank you for bearing with me as you have done. What trouble have I given you? —All the buſineſs of my future life ſhall be to ſhew my gratitude, and my obedience to your will.

The Marchioneſs then tenderly raiſing her, took her to the farther end of the room. They talked low; but we heard all they ſaid. You were ſo very indifferent all day yeſterday, and laſt night, ſaid the Marchioneſs, that I would not diſturb you, Love, for fear of breaking your reſt; elſe I would have told you, how deſirous now we all are, of an alliance with the Chevalier Grandiſon. No other way can he be rewarded for his goodneſs to us all.

Permit me, madam, anſwered Clementina, to give you

you the motives of my preſent conduct; of my *ſelf-denial*; ſuch is my value for the Chevalier, I will call it ſo: If I thought I could make the generous man happy; if I thought I ſhould not rather puniſh than reward him; if I thought I could be happy in myſelf, and my ſoul would not be endangered; if I thought I could make you and my Papa happy, by giving by hand to him; God knows that my heart would not make the leaſt ſcruple. But, madam, the Almighty has laid his hand upon me. My head is not *yet* as it ſhould be; and, before I took my reſolution, I conſidered every-thing, as much as my poor ſhattered reaſon would permit me to conſider it. This was the way I took—I prayed that God would direct me. I put myſelf in the ſituation of another perſon, who, circumſtanced as I was, I ſuppoſed, came to me for advice. I ſaw plainly, that I could not deſerve the Chevalier, becauſe I could not think as he thought, in the moſt important of all articles; and there was no likelihood of his thinking as I thought. I prayed for fortitude. I doubted myſelf. I altered and altered what I had written: But ſtill all my alterations ran one way. It was *againſt my own wiſhes*. So this I took for an anſwer to my prayers. I tranſcribed it fair; but ſtill I doubted myſelf. I would not conſult you, madam: You had declared for the Chevalier. That would not have been to do juſtice to the queſtion before me, and to the divine impulſe by which I was determined to be governed, if my prayers for it ſhould be anſwered. I let not Camilla know my ſtruggles. I beſought the aſſiſtance of the Bleſſed Virgin to favour an unhappy maid, whoſe heart was in her duty, but whoſe head was diſturbed. It was ſuggeſted to me what to do: Yet I would not ſend to the Chevalier what I had written. I ſtill doubted my heart: And thought I never ſhould be able to give him the paper. At laſt I reſolved. But when he came, my heart recoiled. He could not but ſee the

diſtreſs I was in. I am ſure I met with his pity. Could I but give him the paper, thought I, my difficulty would be over; for then I am ſure, almoſt ſure, that, ſeeing my ſcruples, and the rectitude of my purpoſe, he will himſelf generouſly ſupport me in my reſolution. At laſt I gave the paper to him. And now let me ſay, that I verily think I ſhall be eaſier in my mind, if I can be allowed to adhere to the contents, yet not be thought ungrateful. Dear bleſſed Grandiſon, turning to me, read once more that paper: And then if you will not, if you cannot, ſet me free; I will obey my friends, and make you as happy as I can.

She turned from every one, and claſping her hands, Great God, I thank thee, ſaid ſhe, for this ſerene moment!

Serene as the noble Enthuſiaſt thought her mind, I ſaw it was too high ſet. From the turn of her eyes I feared a relapſe. It was owing to her greatneſs of mind, her reaſon and her Love combating with each other, that ſhe *ever* was diſordered. I approached her —Admirable Lady, ſaid I, be *you* free! Whatever be my deſtiny, be *you*, for me, what you wiſh to be. If *you* are well and happy, I will, if poſſible, make *myſelf* ſo.

Dear Grandiſon, ſaid the Biſhop, coming up to me, and taking my hand, how do I admire you! But *can* you be thus great?

Shall I not emulate, my Lord, ſuch an example ſet by a woman?—I came over without any intereſted views. I conſidered myſelf, indeed, as *bound* by the conditions to which I had formerly yielded; but Lady Clementina and your family as *free*. When I was encouraged to hope, I *did* hope. I will now, though with deep regret, go back to my former ſituation. If Lady Clementina perſiſts in her preſent reſolution, I will endeavour to acquieſce with it. If ſhe ſhould change her mind, I will hold myſelf in readineſs to receive

receive her hand, with Gratitude and Love. Only let me add, that in the firſt caſe, the difficulty upon me will be greatly increaſed, by the exalted contents of the paper ſhe put into my hands on Saturday.

The Marchioneſs taking her Daughter's hand and mine—O why, ſaid ſhe, ſhould minds thus paired be ſundered?—And will you, Chevalier, wait with patience the reſult of my ſweet child's—Caprice—ſhall I call it?

Detain not my hand, my dear Mamma; withdrawing it a little wildly—Let me go up, and pray, that my fortitude of mind, after the pain it has coſt me to obtain it, may not forſake me. Adieu! Adieu, Chevalier! I will pray for you as well as for myſelf. Never, never, in my devotions, will we be ſeparated.

Away flew the angel.

She met Camilla in the paſſage—Dear Camilla! I have had an eſcape, as far as I know. My hand and the Chevalier's hand, each in one of my Mamma's!—My reſolution was in danger. My Mamma might have joined them, you know; and then I muſt have been his.

Jeronymo in ſilence, but tears in his eyes, attended to the ſcene between his Siſter and me. He embraced me—Deareſt of men, let me repeat my Mother's queſtion: Can you with patience wait the reſult of this dear girl's caprice?

I can; I will.

But I will talk to her myſelf, ſaid he.

So, ſaid the Marquis, will we all.

It will be right to do ſo, added the Count, leſt ſhe ſhould repent, when it is too late.

But I believe, ſaid Father Mareſcotti, the Chevalier himſelf would not wiſh, that Lady Clementina ſhould be *too* vehemently urged. She pleads her ſoul: A ſtrong plea: A plea that ſhould not be over-ruled. I myſelf doubt very much, whether ſhe will be able

to

to adhere to her reſolution: if ſhe be, ſhe will merit Beatification. But let her not be over-perſuaded. Once more I ſhould be glad to read the paper, the contents of which have ſo much ſurpriſed us all.

I had it in my pocket; and he aſked permiſſion to read it aloud. Jeronymo oppoſed his motion: But the Biſhop approving it, he read it. He laid great emphaſis upon *particular* words, and repeated ſeveral of the paſſages in it: You will eaſily gueſs, *which*, my dear friend; and all were as much affected, they owned, as when they heard it firſt read: Yet they joined in one doubt, notwithſtanding what ſhe had ſo lately ſaid of the deliberation ſhe had given her purpoſe, that ſhe would not be *able* to adhere to her reſolution; and made me many compliments on the occaſion.

But, my dear friend, if ſhe can continue to intereſt her glory in the adherence, and they are not *very* urgent with her in my favour, I am inclined to believe, that ſhe has greatneſs of mind ſufficient to enable her to carry her reſolution into effect. Where piety, my dear friend, engages the heart to give its firſt fervors to its ſuperior duties, is it not probable that all temporal impulſes ſhould receive abatement, and become but *ſecondary* ones? And now will not Father Mareſcotti once more try to revive his influence over her mind?—Is it not his *duty* to do ſo, zealous Catholic as he is? Can the Biſhop refuſe, good man as he is, and as ſteady in his principles, to ſecond the Father?

But what trials are theſe, my dear Dr. Bartlett, to an expecting heart!—Will they not ſerve to convince us of the vanity of all human reliance for happineſs? I am in a very ſerious humour. But what can I ſay to *you* on ſuch ſubjects, that you knew not much better before than I? "Let us, I remember you once "ſaid, when we are called upon to act a great or "manly part, preach by action. Words then will

"be

« be needleſs." God only knows, whether the ardent heart would be puniſhed or rewarded, by the completion of its wiſhes: But this I know, that were Clementina to give me both her hand and her heart, and could not, by reaſon of religious doubts, be happy with me, I ſhould myſelf be extremely miſerable; eſpecially if I had been earneſt to prevail upon her to favour me againſt her judgment.

LETTER XXVI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

I Was obliged to lay down my pen. My mind was too much diſturbed to write on.

We had a great deal of diſcourſe before we quitted Jeronymo's chamber, on this extraordinary ſubject. They all, as I told you, expreſſed their *doubts*, whether the Lady would be able to perſiſt in her new reſolution. The Marquis and Marchioneſs gave their opinion, that ſhe ſhould be left entirely to the workings of her own will: And the Count propoſed, by way of enforcing their opinions, that neither the Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti on one hand (tho' religion was in the queſtion) nor Jeronymo and myſelf on the other, ſhould endeavour to prevail upon her either to *alter*, or *perſevere* in, her way of thinking. Jeronymo ſaid, he deſired only one converſation with his Siſter alone, before he complied with this propoſal.

They put it to me. I ſaid, That ſeveral paſſages in her paper were of too ſolemn a nature for me to refuſe my conſent to their propoſal: But, however, if I ſhould obſerve, in future converſations between her and me, that ſhe was inclined to alter her mind, and *ſeemed* to wiſh to be encouraged to declare the alteration, they muſt allow me, for the ſake of my own honour, as a *man*, and of her delicacy, as a *woman*, to ſhew the ardour of my attachment to her, by my *preventing* declaration, and even entreaty.

The

The Marchioneſs bowed to me, with a grateful ſmile of approbation.

Father Mareſcotti heſitated, as if he had ſomething of an objection to make; but he was ſilenced by the Marquis's ſaying, On *your* honour, on *your* delicacy, I am ſure, Chevalier, we may rely.

I am abſolutely of opinion that we may, ſaid the Count. The Chevalier can put himſelf in every one's ſituation; and can forget his own intereſt, when a right and juſt meaſure is to be taken.

This is true, ſaid Jeronymo—But, let it be *our* part to ſhew the Chevalier, that he is not the *only* man in the world who can do ſo.

You muſt remember, my dear Jeronymo, ſaid the Biſhop, that Religion is a conſideration ſuperior to all others. Shall our Siſter, who follows the example ſet her by the Chevalier, be diſcouraged in an effort ſo noble? But I am willing to ſubſcribe to the propoſal, as an equal one.

Father Mareſcotti, ſaid I, you muſt return me the paper. I muſt often have recourſe to it, to ſtrengthen my own mind, in order to enable myſelf to anſwer your expectations.

The Father deſired leave to take a copy of it in ſhort-hand; and retired for that purpoſe.

I have no doubt but he will make great uſe of it with the family, and perhaps with the Lady, ſhould there be occaſion hereafter. For my own part, if the noble Enthuſiaſt, when the heat of her imagination is gone off, ſhall perſiſt in believing that ſhe has a divine impulſe in favour of her reſolution, and *that* given in anſwer to her prayers, I will endeavour to ſhew her, that her call upon me to ſupport her in it, tho' againſt myſelf, ſhall be anſwered, whatever it coſt me.

They prevailed on me to ſtay dinner. She excuſed herſelf from being preſent; but deſired to ſee me, when it was over.

Camilla *then* led me to her. I found her in tears. She was afraid, ſhe ſaid, that I would not forgive her: Yet I *would*, ſhe was ſure, if I knew the conflicts with which her ſoul laboured.

I ſoothed her diſturbed mind. I told her, that I deſired her direction, and was reſolved to purſue it. Her paper ſhould be one of my conſtant leſſons; and *her* conſcience the rule of my conduct, with regard to my expectations of her favour.

O Sir, ſaid ſhe, how good you are! It is from your generoſity, next to the divine aſſiſtance, that I expect ſupport in my reſolution. I but imperfectly remember what I would have done, and what I conſented to, when you were laſt amongſt us—But when I *beſt* knew myſelf, I was more inclined to ſupport my Parents and Brothers in their expectations, with regard to the two great articles of religion and reſidence, than to comply with yours. My fortune, my rank, merited your conſideration; and my pride was ſometimes piqued. "But it was the regard that "I had to the welfare of your immortal ſoul, that "weighed *moſt* with me. O Sir! could you have "been a Catholic!—

She then wrung her claſped hands, and tears trickled down her cheeks. God Almighty convert you, Chevalier!—But you muſt leave me. I am beginning to be again unhappy!—Leave me, Sir. But let me ſee you to-morrow. I will pray for a compoſure of mind, in the mean time. Do you pray for me too. "And "pray for yourſelf, Chevalier! The welfare of your "ſoul, your immortal ſoul, was *ever* my principal "concern."

She began to ramble. Her looks were a little wild. I took leave of her; and going haſtily from her, in order to hide my own emotion, I ſurpriſed Father Mareſcotti, who, as it was at firſt ſight evident to me, from the confuſion I found him in, and the attempts he heſitatingly made to excuſe himſelf, had been

been liſtening to what paſſed between the Lady and me. Pity! that a well-intended zeal ſhould make a good man do mean things!

No apologies, my dear Father, ſaid I. If you doubted my honour, I can think myſelf, in ſome meaſure, obliged to your *condeſcenſion*, for taking this method to prove me. Allow me, my dear Sir, to ſay (It is to Father Mareſcotti) that the man, who, in the greater actions of his life, thinks himſelf under the All-ſeeing Eye, will not be afraid of a fellow-creature's Ear.

I beg a thouſand pardons, ſaid he, heſitating, and in confuſion. But I will confeſs the truth; I believed it was next to impoſſible, that a young man, whoſe Love to one of the moſt excellent of women is not to be queſtioned, ſhould be able to keep the conditions preſcribed to him, and forbear to make uſe of the power ſhe acknowledges he has over her affections —But forgive me, Chevalier.

Forgive *yourſelf*, my dear Father; I do moſt heartily forgive you.

I led him down to Jeronymo's chamber, begging of him not to ſay a ſyllable more of this matter; and not to let me ſuffer in his eſteem by this accident.

I have more than once, Dr. Bartlett, experienced the irreconcileable enmity of a man, whom I have forgiven for a meanneſs; and who was leſs able to forgive me my forgiveneſs, than I was him his fault. But Father Mareſcotti cannot be ſuch a man. He is capable of generous ſhame. He could hardly hold up his head all the time I ſtaid.

I related to the family, in the preſence of the Father, the ſubſtance of what paſſed between the Lady and me. They ſeemed ſurpriſed at her ſtedfaſtneſs. The Biſhop told me, that he had diſpatched a meſſenger poſt to the General, with a Letter, in which he had written a faithful account of their preſent ſituaon. He would ſhew me a copy of it, if I pleaſed.

I was ſure, I ſaid, I could depend upon his generoſity and honour; and ſhould be glad to know the ſentiments of the General and his Lady upon it, when they returned an anſwer.

I promiſed to attend them in the morning: And going to my lodgings, found there, waiting for me, the Count of Belvedere. Saunders and his gentleman were both together below-ſtairs, waiting for, yet dreading, as they ſaid, my return. Saunders had told the Count, is was uncertain: But he declared that he would wait for me, were it ever ſo late. They both beſought me to take care of my own ſafety. His gentleman told me, that his maſter had been very much diſturbed in his mind ever ſince he was with me laſt; declaring often, that his life was a burden to him. He believed, he ſaid, he had a brace of piſtols with him: And then again expreſſed his care for my ſafety, as well as his Lord's. Fear not, ſaid I: The Count is a man of honour: I would not, for the world, hurt *him*: And I dare ſay he will not hurt *me*.

I haſtened up. Why, my Lord, ſaid I (taking his unwilling hands, each in mine, for a double reaſon) did you not let me know you intended me this honour? Or why did not your Lordſhip ſend for me, as ſoon as you came?

Send for you! with a melancholy air; What from your Clementina? No!—But tell me what is concluded upon? My ſoul is impatient to know. Anſwer me like a man: Anſwer me like a man of honour.

Nothing, my Lord, is concluded upon: Nothing can be concluded upon till Lady Clementina's mind be fully known.

If *that* be all the obſtacle—

Not a ſlight one. I aſſure you, that Clementina knows her own worth. She will put a juſt value upon herſelf. In her unhappy delirium, ſhe always preſerved a high ſenſe of that delicacy, which diſtinguiſhes the woman of true honour. It ſhines forth now in all her

words

words and actions with redoubled luſtre. She will make the more difficulties, as her friends make leſs. Nothing *can* be done *ſoon*: And if it will make your Lordſhip eaſier (for I ſee you are diſturbed) I will acquaint you when any-thing is likely to be carried into effect.

And *is* nothing yet concluded on? And *will* you give me ſuch notice?

I will, my Lord.

Upon your honour?

Upon my honour.

Well then, I have ſome days longer to crawl upon this earth.

What means my Lord?

This I mean, withdrawing his hands from mine, and taking out of his pockets two piſtols: I came reſolved, that you ſhould take one of theſe, at your choice, had the affair been concluded upon, as I dreaded it would. I am no aſſaſſin, Sir, nor ever employed one: Nor would I have deprived Clementina of her elected Huſband. All I intended was, that the hand to which ſhe is to give hers, ſhould have firſt taken my life. I will not, I cannot live, to ſee her the Wife of any man on earth, tho' ſhe has refuſed to be mine—You ſhould have *found* I would not.

What a raſhneſs!—But I ſee your mind is diſturbed. The Count of Belvedere could not otherwiſe talk in this manner.

It is not *impoſſible*, ſurely, by dear Dr. Bartlett (however *improbable*, as I begin to apprehend) that Clementina may change her mind. I could not, therefore, acquaint the Count with our preſent ſituation; becauſe the hope he would have conceived from it, would, in caſe of a change, have added ſtrength to his deſpair. I contented myſelf, therefore, to reaſon with him on his raſh intention. And having renewed my aſſurances, as above, he took leave of me ſo much recovered, as to thank me for the advice I had given him; and to promiſe,

promiſe, that he would make it the foundation of his prayers to heaven for a calmer mind than he had known for ſome days paſt.

Saunders and his valet ſeemed overjoyed at ſeeing us come down together, in an amicable manner; and in the high civility each paid the other.

I ſhould have mentioned, that the Count, of his own accord, in paſſing thro' my antechamber to the ſtairs, laid in one of the windows the two piſtols. My dear Grandiſon, ſaid he, let theſe remain in your keeping. They are pieces of curious workmanſhip. Whither might one of them, by this time have ſent me!—And in what difficulties might you the ſurvivor, a foreigner, have been involved; which then I conſidered not; for all my malice was levelled againſt my unhappy ſelf! I will not truſt myſelf with them—

Here I conclude for this night. I will not diſpatch theſe laſt-written Letters, till I ſee what to-morrow will produce. My dear friend! How grievous is ſuſpenſe!—Perhaps I ſhould have thought myſelf more obliged to bear it, had I been thus entangled, fettered, ſuſpended by my own fault.

LETTER XXVII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

I Went, according to promiſe, in the morning, to the palace of Porretta. I found all the family, the Marchioneſs and Lady Clementina excepted, in Jeronymo's chamber. My entrance, I ſuppoſe, was ſolemn; for Jeronymo, as I approached him, ſnatching my hand, ſaid, This girl, this capricious, this uncommon girl! How can I forgive her for vexing the heart of my Grandiſon?

Father Mareſcotti looked ſo conſcious, that I pitied him. I took his hand, and, with an air of kindneſs, aſked him—Are there any hopes, my good Father,

ther, that I ſhall have the honour of calling you one of my deareſt houſhold friends in England?

I gave him no time to anſwer, leſt he ſhould not be aſſured enough: And addreſſing myſelf to the Biſhop, My Lord, I aſk *you* the like queſtion: Is there a likelihood, that I ſhall have an intereſt in Father Mareſcotti's more intimate friendſhip? We already, I anſwer *for* myſelf, and *from* my vanity, love each other.

Dear Grandiſon! ſaid the Marquis; and, taking my hand, he called me by the kindeſt name—Saving, that it was not *Son!* Jeronymo was affected. The Count ſaluted me in a tender accent. The Biſhop was ſilent.

I ſee, thought I, that the admirable Clementina perſeveres!—Religion, that can do ſo much for *her*, will not, I hope, leave *me* unbenefited by its all-chearing influence. I am in the hands of Providence; to that will I reſign myſelf—Yet the greatneſs of this woman's mind! thought I—Why did they not fall upon indulgent methods with her before? Then, probably, had there not been a ſuppoſed reaſon for an invitation to me to quit my native country, to which I had been ſo long a ſtranger, and to come over to Italy!—Then had ſhe, in all likelihood, recovered her reaſon, and I had not known how great ſhe could be; and her filial duty would have diſengaged me equally from all obligations of honour, and expectations of favour!

The Marchioneſs came in ſoon after. Her addreſs to me confirmed me in my apprehenſions—Dear Grandiſon, ſaid ſhe, condeſcendingly laying her hand on mine, how do you? See our dear Jeronymo—How much better he is—What return can we make to you for your goodneſs to him? I went up to the dear girl laſt night, after you were gone. She was then indeed a little hyſterical. But the diſorder went off in prayers for you and for herſelf. I am juſt come from

her. She has had a quiet night. She is calm, and, I may ſay, ſerene. All her cares are in what manner to ſhew her gratitude to you.

It is impoſſible madam, but I muſt have joy in your joy. Lady Clementina, I apprehend, perſeveres in her reſolution!

I have talked to her, Chevalier, in your favour. If you love her, ſhe ſays, as we all think you do, ſhe will *yet* be yours.

Dear madam tell me—

Let me interrupt you, Chevalier: I muſt not miſlead you, nor keep you in ſuſpenſe—She will, ſhe ſays, beg your acceptance of her vows—if—

If what, madam—

Hear me with patience, Chevalier—If you will comply with the conditions, on which we would have permitted her to be yours, when you were laſt in Italy—This is her *own* propoſal—Made at her *own* motion—She is afraid it will be to no purpoſe (ſhe ſays *afraid* Sir): But as you have not denied her to herſelf, ſhe begs I will put the queſtion to you in her name, for the ſake (if you ſhould refuſe her) of her own future tranquillity of mind. The Chevalier Grandiſon is generous; he is juſt; he is polite: He cannot but receive this motion of my child by her Mother, as the greateſt condeſcenſion from both.

I bowed. I was going to ſpeak; but they all ſeverally broke in upon me.

On my knees, Chevalier, ſaid Father Mareſcotti, I will entreat you!

O Chevalier, ſaid the Biſhop, how happy is it in your power to make us all!

Surely you *can*, you *will*, you *muſt*, Chevalier! ſaid the Count, if you love the dear creature, as we all ſuppoſe you do.

You will not, I hope, dear Grandiſon, ſaid the Marquis, *refuſe* my Daughter. Aſk *any* conditions of us—She ſhall be with you in England in a month's time.

time. We will accompany her thither; and ſtay till you ſhall chooſe to return with us.

Jeronymo with ſobs, caught my hand as I ſat next him—For *God's* ſake, for *my* ſake, for *all* our ſakes, for your *ſoul's* ſake, my Grandiſon, be ours. Let your Jeronymo call you Brother.

If *my* tears, if *my* prayers, have weight, ſaid the Marchioneſs, let me call down my child, and ſhe ſhall give you her hand in our preſence. She thinks, beſides the regard ſhe has for your ſoul, that ſhe ought to inſiſt upon the terms on which we would have *conſented* to make her yours, in gratitude for our compliance with her wiſhes.

Deareſt Grandiſon! rejoined the Biſhop, *Refuſe not* my Siſter: *Refuſe not* the Daughter of the Marcheſe and Marcheſa della Porretta: *Refuſe not* the aſſenting Clementina.

They were all ſilent; their eyes were upon me. It is, anſwered I, too condeſcendingly generous to put this taſk upon me: But, *Refuſe* Lady Clementina, ſaid you! How you wound my ſoul by the ſuppoſition! I ſee your compaſſion for me, in the light you cannot but *mean* I ſhould. Lady Clementina's generous, and condeſcendingly-meant, propoſal, when I am willing to allow terms to *her*, that ſhe will not to *me*, ſhews me how important ſhe thinks the difference between the two religions: Need I repeat, my Lord (to the Biſhop) what my own thoughts are upon this ſubject? Would to heaven the terms were no other than thoſe *before agreed to*; or were ſuch as I *could* comply with! I have only to conſole myſelf, that the power of *Refuſal* lies where it ought to lie. Clementina is an angel. I am not worthy of her. Yet, let me add, this company (bowing round me) cannot think me too ſolemn—Were I to live always here; were I convinced that there is no life after this; your commands and *Clementina*'s would be Laws to me. But has ſhe not the goodneſs to ſay, in her paper, "That

"I

"I have the ſame notion ſhe has of the brevity and "vanity of this world's glory, and of the duration of "that to come?"

They looked upon one another. It is hard, very hard, ſaid the Biſhop, for a man, convinced of the truth of his religion, to allow to another of a different perſuaſion, what he expects ſhould be allowed for himſelf. *You*, Chevalier, however, can allow it; and have greatneſs of mind enough to judge favourably of thoſe who cannot. I do love you; but fain would I love you more.

The Marchioneſs wept. My dear Love, ſaid the Marquis, taking her hand with the tenderneſs of a Lover, but ſpeaking a little too ſeverely of me for his uſual generoſity—How many tears has this affair coſt you! My heart bleeds to ſee you weep. Comfort yourſelf. Let us comfort each other. The Chevalier Grandiſon is indeed unworthy of our child; unworthy of the terms we offered to him; unworthy of our joint entreaties—He is an invincible man.

I was greatly affected. After a little heſitation, I aſk leave, my Lords, ſaid I, to retire for one moment. I will return as ſoon as I have recovered myſelf from the concern given me by the—*miſ*-apprehenſion (ſhall I call it?) of a man, whom from my heart I reverence.

I aroſe as I ſpoke, withdrew, and took two or three turns in the ſaloon.

I ſtaid not till I was ſent for: But aſſuming as chearful an air as I could, returned; and found them earneſt in talk. They all aroſe at my return, ſeemingly pleaſed with it; and the Marquis coming to me, Chevalier ſaid he, I am ſorry—

Not one word of apology, my Lord, interrupted I. I withdrew not from diſreſpect, or in reſentment; but purely from concern, that, in *your* opinion, I deſerved not the honour done me, by one ſo dear to you. Think me unhappy, my Lord, and pity me,

Principle, not perverſeneſs, influences me: It does every one preſent: It does the dear Lady above: And ſhall we not allow for one another, when we are all actuated by the ſame motive?

O that I could embrace my fourth ſon! ſaid the Marchioneſs. The Biſhop threw his arms about me. Generous expanſion of *heart!* were the words that fell from his lips. And *muſt* not, ſaid the Count, this young man be one of us?

After chocolate, the Marchioneſs withdrew to the window, making a motion to me to attend her. I haſtened to her. She complimented me, ſpeaking low, as a fit perſon to be conſulted in a caſe where female delicacy was concerned; and then aſked me, what I would have her ſay to Clementina, who had *offered* her hand to me on conditions, with which ſhe had hopes I would comply? Muſt I tell the dear child, ſhe is *rejected?*

Lady Clementina rejected!—Dear madam how can I bear that ſhe ſhould but ſuppoſe it?—Be pleaſed to tell her, that I have been again ſounded on the ſubject of a change of religion; But that I was ſo ſteady in my faith, that there were no hopes of my *converſion*, as you will call it: And be ſo good as to remind her (it may look like a breach of conditions if *I* do) that I require not a change in *her*; and that therefore the terms propoſed are unequal.

Fain, very fain, Chevalier, would I—She ſtopt there—But no more on this ſubject, reſumed ſhe, I will ſee in what way the dear creature is now.

She left me, and went to her daughter. The ſubject was changed.

In about half an hour ſhe returned. She told me, that ſhe had followed my advice; but that Clementina ſeemed diſſatisfied and perplexed: And, as ſhe had not *aſked* to ſee me, adviſed me to ſuſpend my attendance on her till the afternoon, as ſhe would by that means have

have more time to compoſe her ſpirits; and herſelf further opportunities of talking with her.

Declining their invitation to dinner, I went to my lodgings; and to amuſe myſelf, had recourſe to my pen.

Having written thus far, I lay it down till my return from them.

LETTER XXVIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

AT my entrance into the palace of Porretta, I was deſired to walk into the garden to the Biſhop. I found with him Father Mareſcotti.

Dear Grandiſon, ſaid the Biſhop, meeting me, and taking my hand, you muſt decide a point between the Father and me, that we are afraid has made us a little accountable to you.

I was ſilent. He proceeded.

Clementina is very ſedate. She ſent for me and the Father ſoon after you left us. She aſked us ſeveral queſtions in relation to you; and inſiſted on our advice, as religious men, and as we would anſwer for it to our own conſciences. Her firſt was, Whether we thought there were any hopes of your converſion?—I anſwered negatively.

I don't expect, ſaid ſhe, that he would be induced to change his religion for a wife, nor even for a crown, were he not convinced of the falſhood of his own, and the truth of ours: But again I aſk, Cannot you and Father Mareſcotti convince his judgment? I ſhould think it would not be ſo hard a taſk, learned and good men, as you both are: Good man, and modeſt, and patient, and unpreſuming, as he is; who has been ſo long among Catholics; who came from England ſo young; has been left ſo much to his own direction;

and who muſt ſee the difference of the two religions to the advantage of ours, were he but to judge by the efficacy of each on the lives and manners of the people profeſſing each; for, ſurely, the men of name and family, who are ſent among us by their parents, from the heretic countries, in order to obſerve our manners, and to improve their own, are not the *worſt* of the people of thoſe countries.

I told her, proceeded the Biſhop, that, to be impartial, there were bad and good of all nations; that ſhe was not likely to be approached by any of her *own* but who were good; that you, Chevalier, and Mrs. Beaumont, might convince us that there were good people among the Proteſtants; and that now-and-then a young man of that profeſſion did *actually* appear among us, who was *not* a diſcredit to his country. But, continued I, I have heretofore debated the ſubject with the Chevalier Grandiſon. You know I was in a manner called upon to do it: And have found him a Proteſtant upon principle; and that he has a great deal to ſay for himſelf. You, Father, would not allow me this; but you never entered into cloſe argument with him on the ſubject, as I have done.

My ſiſter then aſked, proceeded the Biſhop, if I thought that her own religious principles would be endangered, if ſhe became yours, and went with you to England?

We both referred her to certain paſſages in the paper ſhe gave you.

My heart, ſaid ſhe, could never be proof againſt a generous and kind treatment. The condeſcending compliances with my weakneſs, which my father, mother, brothers, and uncle, have made, have effected what oppoſition, and cruelty, as you ſee, could not. So compaſſionate, ſo humane a man, as I think the Chevalier Grandiſon, and ſo ſteady as he is in his principles, ſo much, you own, as he has to ſay for himſelf, joined with the ſenſe I always had, from my

mother's

mother's example, of the duties of a good wife, will too probably ſtagger me in my faith: And if ſo, I ſhall be unhappy: I ſhall make my confeſſor ſo. I am *determined*, added ſhe (as you, brother, have ſeen) in my own mind: But I aſk your opinion, and yours, Father Mareſcotti. The Chevalier now is a favourite with you both. Religion only can now be the queſtion—Is it not too probable that I ſhall be ſtaggered in my own faith, were I to be his?

We gave her, continued the Biſhop, our opinions freely, as religious men. *Could* we, Chevalier, do otherwiſe? And yet we are both ready to accuſe ourſelves of infringing conditions with you. Tell us, if in your opinion we have?

I cannot, my Lord, judge from this general account. If you did *more* than anſwer her queſtions; if you expatiated *argumentatively* on the ſubject; I muſt think you *have*: And your own doubts help to convince me, that you have; tho' I cannot but reſpect you greatly for the frankneſs of your application to me on this ſubject.

We *were* earneſt, Chevalier; we *were* warm in what we ſaid—

Well, my Lord, called upon as you both were, it would not have become your characters to be cool—For my own part, I have been recollecting the behaviour of your admirable ſiſter throughout every ſtage of her delirium, reſpecting myſelf: And I have not been able to call to mind one inſtance in it of an attachment *merely* perſonal. I need not tell you, Father, nor you, my Lord, what a zealous Catholic ſhe is. She *early* wiſhed me to be one: And had I not thought myſelf obliged in honour, becauſe of the confidence placed in me by the whole family, to decline the ſubject, our particular converſations, when ſhe favoured me with the name of tutor, would have generally taken that turn. Her unhappy illneſs was owing to her zeal for religion, and to her concealing her ſtrug-

gles on that account. She never hinted at marriage in her reveries. She was ſtill ſolicitous for the SOUL of the man ſhe wiſhed to be of her religion; and declared herſelf ready to lay down her life, could ſhe have effected that favourite wiſh of her heart. At other times, ſhe ſuppoſed my marriage with ſome other woman; and was only generouſly ſolicitous, that it ſhould not be with one who might diſcredit the regard ſhe herſelf profeſſed for me. At another time ſhe wiſhed to be acquainted with my ſiſters, and hoped they would come to Italy: She propoſed to perfect them in the Italian tongue, as they ſhould her in the Engliſh: But as to me, only beſpoke a viſit from me now and-then, when they came. I have the vanity to think, that I ſtand high in her favour: But Religion, it is evident, as it ought, ſtands higher. From all theſe recollections and obſervations, I have endeavoured to account for the noble behaviour of your ſiſter; and am the leſs ſurpriſed at it, now ſhe is come to her memory. It is all great; all uniform; and moſt probably we ſhould have been in a very different ſituation than what we have been long in, had ſhe had her way given her at the time ſhe was ſo earneſt—For what? *Only* to be allowed a *ſecond* interview, a farewel viſit, when ſhe had ſhewn a little before, on a *firſt*, that marriage ſeemed not to be in her thoughts.

And had ſhe not been entruſted to the management of the cruel Laurana, ſaid the Biſhop—

From which, thank God, ſaid the Father, I was the inſtrument of freeing her.

By all this, proceeded I, I mean not recrimination; but only to obſerve the conſiſtency of the noble Lady's mind, when ſhe was *able* to reflect. And what now remains for me to do, but to reconcile myſelf, if poſſible, to a conduct that I muſt ever admire, however I may, in its conſequences, as to my own particular, regret it?—Your Lordſhip, I am afraid, thinks, that ſhe adheres to the contents of the paper ſhe put into my hands.

Unleſs

Unleſs you, Chevalier—

That, my Lord, is out of the queſtion. Let it, however, be remembered, that I have not preſcribed to her that hard condition, which is made an indiſpenſable one to me. Yet is Lady Clementina the only woman on earth that I would have *wiſhed* to call mine, on the terms on which I ſhould have been proud to receive her hand: For it is eaſy to foreſee, that, generally, great inconveniences muſt attend a marriage between perſons of a different religion, one of them zealous, the other not indifferent.

But, Chevalier, you acquit Father Mareſcotti and me.

I do, my Lord. Be you your own judges. The *condition* was not propoſed by me. I conſented to it, for the ſake of thoſe who preſcribed it, and for your ſiſter's ſake. I could not wiſh to proſecute my humble ſuit, notwithſtanding her declared favour for me, againſt the pleas of conſcience which ſhe ſo earneſtly urged. How could I, while religion, and the generoſity of her friends to her, required, as ſhe thought, that ſhe ſhould get above all regards for me? I was therefore willing to comply with the propoſal, and to wait the iſſue of her ſpontaneous determination, and to be governed by it. But now that your Lordſhip and Father Mareſcotti have diſpenſed with the condition, I preſume that I am not bound by it.

What means my Grandiſon?

Only this: I could not be thought to bear a Love ſo fervent to the admirable Clementina, as the man ought to bear who aſpires to the honour of calling her his, if I made not *one* effort to convince her that ſhe may be happy with me as to the article ſhe is ſo ſolicitous about—From *female delicacy*, ſhe may, perhaps, *expect* to be argued with, and to be perſuaded. Allow me to give her aſſurances of my inviolable honour in that point. It becomes me, as a man, and

as her admirer, to remove her ſcruples, if I *can*, before I yield up my Love to the force of them.

Would you *argue* with her on the merits of the two perſuaſions?

I would not. I never did. I would only aſſure her of my firm reſolution never to attempt to bring her over to mine, nor to traverſe the endeavours of her confeſſor, to keep her ſteady in hers. But were we to conſider only her future eaſe of mind [You ſee, my Lord, that ſhe herſelf has a view to that, in the propoſal made me, as from herſelf] in which the happineſs of all your family is included, it is right to ſee, if ſhe builds on a foundation that cannot be ſhaken; that ſhe may not hereafter regret the ſteps ſhe has taken, which might poſſibly—

I underſtand you, Chevalier—It is prudently, it is kindly, put, as well for her ſake, as ours.

I ſhall be glad, my Lord, that you ſhould be within hearing of every word that ſhall paſs between us on this occaſion. *One* effort I *ought* to make. If ſhe is determined, I will not urge her further. For all the world, and the dear Clementina in it, I would not have her act againſt her conſcience: Nor will I take advantage of the declaration ſhe has repeatedly made, that it is in my power to hold her faſt, or to ſet her free. I will not ſo much as urge it to her, leſt, if ſhe ſhould alter her purpoſe, it ſhould be from the conſcience of a kind of promiſe implied in that declaration, and not from her heart. No, my Lord, ſhe ſhall be *wholly* free. I will not, excellent as ſhe is, accept of her hand againſt her conſcience: Neither my conſcience, nor, let me ſay, my pride, will permit me to do ſo. But the world, as well as my own heart, would blame me, if I made not one effort. If it fail, I ſhall be eaſier in my own mind; and ſo will ſhe in hers. Be you, my Lord, within hearing of our next converſation.

I would not, Dr. Bartlett, propoſe to Father Mareſcotti,

reſcotti, that *he* ſhould, for fear of making him uneaſy, on his liſtening to what paſſed between the Lady and me.

I can abſolutely depend upon your honour, Chevalier, replied the Biſhop. We have brought ourſelves to be *ſincere* favourers of this alliance with you. But I own to you, that both Father Mareſcotti and myſelf, on the unexpected turn my ſiſter has voluntarily taken, are of opinion that you will *both* be happier, if it take not place. The difference in religion; her malady—

No more, my Lord, of this ſubject. If I cannot ſucceed, I muſt endeavour to draw conſolation to myſelf from reaſon and reflexion. Mean time, all I aſk is, that you will both acquit me of any ſuppoſed breach of condition, as well in your own minds, as to the reſt of the family, if I make this *one* effort: After which, if it ſucceed not, I will, whatever I ſuffer, diveſt myſelf of Self, and join with you, and Father Mareſcotti, to ſecure the ground gained in the reſtoration of the nobleſt of female minds.

They looked upon each other, as if they were afraid of the event. The Father whiſpered the Biſhop. I believe, by a word or two that I could not but hear, it was to induce him to place himſelf ſo as to hear (as I had propoſed) the converſation that was next to paſs between the Lady and me.

Turning round on their whiſpering, Don't I ſee Camilla, my Lord, ſaid I, at a diſtance, watching our motions, as if ſhe wanted an opportunity to ſpeak to one of us?

She has been walking for ſome time within ſight, ſaid Father Mareſcotti.

The Biſhop made ſigns to her to advance. She did: And told me, that her young Lady was deſirous to ſee me.

I followed her. Clementina was alone. Camilla introduced me to her, and withdrew.

She was in great confuſion on my approach. Her complexion frequently varied. She looked at me often, and as often turned away her eyes; and ſighed. Two or three times ſhe hemm'd, as if ſhe would have cleared her voice; but could not find words to expreſs her labouring mind. It was eaſy to ſee, that her perplexity was not favourable to me. I thought it would be cruel, not to break the way for her to ſpeak.

Let not my dear Clementina forbear to ſay all that is in her heart, to the man who greatly prefers her peace of mind to his own.

I had, I had, ſaid ſhe, a great deal to ſay before I *ſaw* you: But now you are *preſent*—She ſtopt.

Take time to recollect yourſelf, madam—I have been talking in the garden to my Lord the Biſhop, and to Father Mareſcotti. I greatly revere them both. You have conſulted them on the contents of the paper you were pleaſed to put into my hands. I have hopes from *thence*, that you may be made eaſy in your mind. I will never, deareſt madam, urge you on the article of Religion. You ſhall be abſolute miſtreſs of your own will. You ſhall preſcribe to me what conditions you pleaſe, with regard to your way of life, your amuſements, your company, your gratuities to your ſervants, and others. Father Mareſcotti and your Camilla with you, you will be as ſafe from innovation, as you can be in your father's houſe.

Ah Chevalier!

We may, perhaps, prevail upon your father and mother to honour us with their company, in your firſt journey to England. They have not been of late ſo well as it were to be wiſhed: We have baths there of ſovereign efficacy, in many diſorders. By uſing them, and change of climate, they will very probably receive benefit in their healths. Jeronymo—

Ah, Chevalier!—She aroſe from her ſeat, and reſeated herſelf ſeveral times, with great emotion. I proceeded. Jeronymo,

Jeronymo, our dear Jeronymo, I hope will accompany us, and his ſkilful Lowther. Thoſe baths are reſtorative.

O Chevalier! what a man you are!—

She ſtopt, with an air of attention, as if ſhe wiſhed me to proceed.

—And when your honoured and beloved friends ſhall ſee their Clementina happy, as I am determined ſhe ſhall be, if all the tenderneſs of affection I am able to ſhew, can make her ſo, how happy will they *all* be!—Your chapel, madam! Your confeſſor!—Your own ſervants!---

Ah, Sir! Sir!---Ought I to liſten to ſuch temptations, after what I have given you, upon deliberation, in writing? Good Heaven, and the whole heavenly hoſt, direct me!

She had recourſe to her beads; and her lips, as a word now-and-then half-pronounced informed me, moved to a Pater-noſter. Again ſhe aſſumed an attentive air.

My ſiſters, madam, will revere you. You will have pleaſure in calling them *yours*. Their Lords are men of the firſt figure in their country. I aſk not for fortune. I aſk only for *you*, and you I aſk of yourſelf. My eſtate is conſiderable, and improving. The pride I take in being independent, and in the power of obliging, ſuffers me not to be imprudent with regard to œconomy. My capital manſion (I value it for not being a houſe of yeſterday) tho' not ſo magnificent as your palace in Bologna, is genteel, ſpacious, convenient. The paper you gave me, ſhews me that the grandeur of your ſoul is equal to that of your birth. I revere you for the pious and noble ſentiments contained in it. What obligations will you lay me under to your goodneſs, if you can prevail upon yourſelf to rely upon my aſſurances, that I will *never* ſeek to make you unhappy on a religious account; and if you can be ſatisfied with the enjoyment of your own religion,

and leave to me the exercise of mine! Dear madam, *why* may not this be? *Why* will you not leave me as free as I am ready to leave you? Justice, generosity, are my pleas to a Lady, who surely cannot *but* be just and generous. Think, madam; dear Lady Clementina, think; if you cannot, by making me happy, be yourself so.

I took her unresisting hand, and kissed it. She sighed. She wept. She was silent.

With what pleasure, proceeded I, will you every other year visit and revisit England, and your native country! How dear will you be to your old friends, and to your new, in turn! Never revisiting England without some of your relations to accompany you; now one, now another; and who will be of our family. Your Grandison, madam, *allow* me to say *your* Grandison, has not, he presumes to aver, a *narrow* heart. You see, how well he can live with the most zealous of your religion, yet not be an hypocrite; but, when called upon, fears not to avow his own---My dearest Clementina! [Again I pressed her hand with my lips] say, you think you *can* be happy, and yet bless me with your Love.

O Sir! God is my witness---But leave me, leave me, for a few moments. I dare not trust myself *with* myself.

Command me not to leave you, madam, till you resolve in my favour---Say, cannot you be happy in the free exercise of your own religion?---Father Marescotti, Camilla, with you—In England but one year at a time---In Italy, under the re-assuring eye of your father, mother, brothers, the next.

Ah, Sir! you must retire---*Indeed* you must. You leave me not at liberty---You must let me consider---On this crisis of time, as far as I know, depends an eternity of happiness or misery.

Command me not from you: Bid me not leave you. Obey the tender impulse that, I flatter myself,

I diſcover in my favour. I ſeek *your* happineſs, in purſuing *my own*. Your eternal welfare *cannot* be endangered. *My* conſcience will oblige me to ſtrengthen *yours*, when I ſee it *is* yours—Bid me not leave you—Excellent Clementina, bid me not leave you!

You muſt, you muſt—How can I truſt myſelf againſt a voice, that is the voice of Love, and claims my kindneſs, my juſtice, my generoſity—Was I ever ungenerous, unjuſt, unkind?—And if thus ſtaggered now, what, were I to be yours, would the ſuperadded ſenſe of my duty do!—O leave me, Sir, a few moments, leave me.

Be propitious, madam, be propitious, to my humble hope; that is all I will at preſent ſay; and now I obey you—Profoundly bowing, I withdrew into the next apartment: She to her cloſet.

I went out ſlowly; and heard the haſty motion of ſomebody going out of the apartment, as I entered it. It was, it ſeems, the Biſhop, who had placed himſelf within hearing of what paſſed between his ſiſter and me, as I had deſired he would.

It was a full quarter of an hour before I heard her move; and then it was to ſeek for me.

I was ſitting in a penſive mood, revolving the embarraſſments I had met with from ſome of the beſt of women; and, as you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, know, in different countries; and particularly the unexpected turn which this excellent creature had taken. She approached me with an air of majeſty, yet mixed with tenderneſs. I met her, and with a bent knee, taking her hand—My fate hangs upon thoſe lips, ſaid I; and was proceeding; when interrupting me—O Sir! I hear not, it is not *ſafe* for me to hear, *that* voice, accompanying *this* manner—Let me bend to you: I have been craving the divine direction. An irreſiſtable impulſe (ſurely it is *that* direction) bids me ſay—Yet what can I ſay?—If I attempt to argue, I am loſt!—Does not this ſhew me, that were I to be yours, I

muſt

muſt be all you wiſh me to be? And then my everlaſting peace, my everlaſting happineſs—O Sir! I doubt not *your* juſtice, *your* generoſity—But I fear *myſelf!*—Seek not, let me repeat, looking a little wildly, ſeek not, kindeſt of men, to entangle me with your Love.

She bent her knee, and I was afraid would have fainted. I claſped my ſupporting arms about her.

Let me, let me cut ſhort all I intended to ſay, ſaid ſhe, by referring to my paper. The contents of that *are not*, *cannot* be, anſwered to my ſatisfaction. Be my advocate to yourſelf, to your own heart, and ſeek not to entangle me with your Love.

Whatever it coſt me (taking both her hands in mine, and bowing upon them) I will yield to your pleaſure. I never will urge you again on this ſubject, unleſs your Brother the Biſhop give me hope of your welcome change of mind.

Beſt of men, ſaid ſhe, withdrawing her hands, and claſping them together—But this is not enough—You muſt promiſe me your future friendſhip. You muſt let me call you *Brother:* You muſt be my *Tutor*, I your *Pupil*, once more—Happy days were thoſe; the happieſt of my life! And encourage and confirm in me the reſolution I have taken, or I ſhall not be happy!

Look upon me, madam, as your brother, as your friend: But this latter taſk requires more magnanimity than I am maſter of. To your brother the Biſhop, and to Father Mareſcotti, I muſt leave that taſk. They will be in earneſt in it. I cannot; becauſe I am convinced, in my own mind, that we might have been happy—Could you—But I forbear, tho' with difficulty—I have *promiſed* not to urge you further.

Indeed I have conſulted them both, reſumed ſhe; but not before I gave you my written determination:—Even had they given their opinions *different* from what they did, I never could have got over the apprehenſions I have of your ſtrength, and my own weakneſs.

weakneſs. I only conſulted them, in hopes they would (as they did, or they had not been good Catholics) confirm and ſtrengthen my mind. And why, why, ſhould I puniſh the man, I muſt for ever eſteem as my beſt friend, with a wife, that her unhappy malady has made unworthy of him? Dear Chevalier, I find myſelf at times not recovered. I may never be quite well. *You* and *yours* deſerve not to be puniſhed, but rewarded. Believe me, Sir, this has been a *ſecond* conſideration with me. God enable me to adhere to my reſolution! for his ſake, for your ſake, and for the ſake of my own peace of mind!

Muſt it not be difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, more difficult than when I came over to Bologna, to give up all hopes of ſo exalted a woman?

But ſay, Chevalier, you are not angry with me. Say, that you do not, that you will not, think me ungrateful. To obviate ſuch a charge as that of ingratitude, to a man who has laid us all under ſuch obligations—What is it that I would not do?

I *cannot* be diſpleaſed with you, madam. You *cannot* be ungrateful. I muſt not ſpeak: Yet hardly know how to be ſilent. I will take a walk in the garden. I have a knew leſſon to learn.

With profound reverence I withdrew. She rang. Camilla came in.

I haſtened into the garden, greatly diſſatisfied with myſelf, yet hardly knowing why. I thought I wanted ſomebody to accuſe, ſomebody to blame—Yet how could it be Clementina? But the words *Narrow Zeal!—Sweet Enthuſiaſt!*—as if I would find fault with her *religion*, involuntarily ſlipt from me to myſelf.

It is difficult, my dear Dr. Bartlett, at the inſtant in which the heart finds itſelf diſappointed of ſome darling hope, to avoid reflexions that, however, can only be juſtified by ſelf-partiality. What muſt I be, if, led as I have been, by all her friends to hope, I had not been *earneſt* in my hope!

The

The Biſhop joined me in the garden—Excuſe me, Grandiſon, ſaid he, for breaking in upon your contemplations: But I was deſirous to apologize to you, for taking the liberty, tho' you allowed it to me, of attending to what paſſed between you and my ſiſter.

I ſhould my Lord, have ſaid every thing I did ſay to your ſiſter, the occaſion the ſame, before your whole aſſembled family. Your Lordſhip has therefore no apologies to make to me. Heard you all that paſſed?

I believe I did. Thoſe apartments were always the womens. Camilla placed me in a cloſet that I knew not of, where I heard every word you both ſaid of the laſt part of your converſation. I muſt aſk you, Chevalier—*Is* not Clementina—

Clementina, my Lord, is all that is great and good in woman. You will imagine, that it would have been much more eaſy for me to ſupport myſelf under the reſolution ſhe has taken, had I not had ſuch teſtimonies of her magnanimity. Permit me, my Lord, to ſay, that I have one good quality: I can admire goodneſs or greatneſs where-ever I meet with it; and that whether it makes for me, or againſt me. Clementina has all my reverence.

He made me compliments, and withdrew.

The Marquis, the Count, and the Marchioneſs, afterwards joined me in the garden. The Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti not coming with them, or preſently after them, I doubted not but they went to Clementina, in order to applaud her for, and confirm her in, a reſolution, which muſt be agreeable to them.

I was right in my conjecture.

The Marquis and Count each took my hand, and firſt expreſſed their ſurprize at the young Lady's adherence to her reſolution; and next their high value of me. The Marchioneſs obſerved, "that her daugh-
"ter, with all her excellencies, was ever difficult of
"perſuaſion, when ſhe had deliberately reſolved upon
"any point." It

It was eaſy, I ſaid, to ſee, that they all now were of one opinion; which was, that Lady Clementina was not to be moved from her preſent purpoſe.

They owned they were: But ſaid, that if it were not *mine*, they thought themſelves bound in honour to conſent, that I ſhould try, by generous means (and they were ſure I would not think of any other) to prevail upon her in my favour.

I preſume, ſaid I, that the Biſhop has already acquainted you with the ſubſtance of what paſſed juſt now, between Lady Clementina and me.

They were ſilent.

Has not your Ladyſhip ſeen Lady Clementina ſince?

I have: And ſhe is extremely uneaſy. She wiſhes you could be of our religion. Could it have been ſo, I, for my part, ſhould rather have called the Chevalier Grandiſon my ſon, than any man in the world. Clementina told me, added ſhe (I cannot but ſay with more compoſure than I could have expected, tho' not without tears) that you promiſed to urge her no more on this ſubject. She owns, that more than once, as you talked to her, ſhe could hardly forbear giving you her hand, on your own terms. But ſhe ſays, that you were the moſt generous of men, when you ſaw ſhe made a point of conſcience of her adherence to her newly taken reſolution. And now, Chevalier, having made my Lord and the Count acquainted with all theſe things, we are come to adviſe with you what is to be done.

Dear Grandiſon, ſaid the Marquis, adviſe us. We want an opportunity to ſhew you, in more than words, our gratitude for all your goodneſs to us: We want to appeaſe our Jeronymo; who is ready to ſuſpect, that his Brother and Father Mareſcotti have contributed to this turn in our daughter's mind: And we want you to declare freely your own ſentiments, with regard to Clementina; and whether you would adviſe us, as well for her own ſake, as for yours, to endeavour

vour to prevail on her to change her mind. Dear creature! a relapſe would now be fatal to her, and to her mother and me.

I have no difficulty, my Lord, to anſwer to theſe points. As to the firſt, I am greatly rewarded by the pleaſure I have, in the more than could be hoped-for happy effects of Mr. Lowther's ſkill; and in the proſpects that open to us of Lady Clementina's reſtored health of mind. On this ſubject I have but one requeſt to make: It is that you will not mortify me ſo much, as to *ſuppoſe*, that I am not ſufficiently rewarded.

As to appeaſing the generous mind of Signor Jeronymo, let that taſk be Lady Clementina's. She can plead conſcience with more force for herſelf, than any ſecond perſon can do for her; and if ſhe does, it will be a demonſtration to us all, of her being likely to be happy in her perſeverance!—The admirable Lady who has ſilenced, on this head, a man ſo deeply intereſted to conteſt this point with her, will certainly be able to appeaſe a brother by the ſame pleas; and the ſooner as, being of the ſame religion with the lovely pleader, her arguments will have greater force with *him*, than they could be ſuppoſed to have on *me*. For, let me ſay, my Lord, that I could not ſo much as *ſeem* to give way to them had I not been accuſtomed, when I was to judge of another's actions, to ſuppoſe myſelf that very perſon: Hence have I often thought myſelf obliged to give judgment againſt my own wiſhes; though, on reſuming MYSELF, I have not found reaſon to diſapprove of my firſt expectation.

As to the third point, what can I ſay?—And yet, as your Lordſhip has put it, does it not *call* upon me, as I may ſay, to give a *proof* of the diſintereſtedneſs I have mentioned? I anſwer then, as ſuppoſing myſelf in *your* ſituation—I cannot expect that you will urge an intereſt, which I, by having put myſelf into that

of

of Lady Clementina, have promiſed *not* to urge, unleſs ſhe change her mind. What plea can a parent make uſe of, but that of *filial duty?* And where the child can plead *conſcience* in anſwer, ought it to be inſiſted on?

And now, reſuming MYSELF, let me preſume to adviſe you to give the dear Lady full time to conſider and *re*-conſider the caſe. Her imagination may be heated: In other words, her malady may have a ſhare in the heroiſm ſhe has ſo nobly exerted: And yet I am afraid ſhe will perſevere. Permit me, my Lords, to ſay *afraid:* I cannot wholly diveſt myſelf of Self, in this very affecting caſe. We will not therefore take her at her word: I will abſent myſelf for ſome time from Bologna; but (as ſhe has the goodneſs to acknowledge an eſteem for me) with *her* leave. I will return at my time. I will *repeat* my abſences, if we have the leaſt ſhadow of doubt. But if ſhe hold her purpoſe, and ſhall not be viſibly worſe in her health or mind, we may conclude her reſolution unalterable. In this caſe, I ſhall have one or two requeſts to lay before you; and, if granted, will endeavour to make myſelf as happy as a man in ſuch a ſituation can be.

They applauded my advice. They declared themſelves unwilling to think of giving up the pleaſure they had brought themſelves to have, in conſidering me as one of their family; and aſſured me, that it would have been impoſſible, that any the leaſt difficulty ſhould have ariſen from them, after they had brought themſelves to diſpenſe with the moſt material one.

They were earneſt with me to paſs the evening with them. But I excuſed myſelf. I wanted to be at my own lodgings, in order to revolve all that had paſſed. But having not taken leave of Lady Clementina, I imagined ſhe might think I went away in ill humour, if I forbore it. My whole ſtudy, I told them, ſhould be to make Lady Clementina eaſy: And if the Marchioneſs

neſs would be ſo good as to permit me to take leave of her for the evening, in her preſence, I would depart; only making my compliments to Signor Jeronymo, by Mr. Lowther; knowing that he would be grieved for my diſappointment; and my mind not being at preſent eaſy enough, to contend with his concern for me.

The Marchioneſs ſaid, ſhe would ſee in what way her Clementina then was; and acquaint me, by Camilla, with her wiſhes.

Before we could renew our diſcourſe, the Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti joined us; both in high ſpirits. They were exceſſively complaiſant to me. It was eaſy to gueſs at the occaſion of their good humour. I could not be greatly delighted with it. But when the Count told them what had paſſed, before they joined us, the Biſhop embraced me; the Father unawares ſnatched my hand, and kiſſed it.

I was glad to be relieved from their compliments, by the expected meſſage from the Marchioneſs and Clementina.

The young Lady met me, as I entered, at the door of her apartment. She held out her hand to me. I reſpectfully took it. I ſaw ſhe had been in tears: But ſhe looked with a ſerenity, that I was glad to ſee, tho' I doubted not but it was partly owing to the converſation ſhe had had, ſince I left her, with her brother and her confeſſor, as well as to what might have paſſed between her mother and her.

She led me to a chair between them both. She withdrew not her hand; and aimed at a more chearful countenance than I had a heart. I congratulated her on her ſerenity. It is in your power, Sir, ſaid ſhe, to make me ſtill more ſerene—Can you, of a truth, and from your heart, approve of my preſent way of thinking? *Can* you, Chevalier?---

I can admire you for it, madam. You have exalted yourſelf, in my opinion. But I *muſt* regret it---

Becauſe

Becauſe---But I have promiſed not to urge you. Your conſcience, madam, is concerned---To endeavour but to *perſuade* againſt conſcience, if you have no doubt of your motive, is not warranted, even in a parent.

I am, I *think* I am, returned ſhe, abſolutely ſure of my motive. But, my dear mamma, be pleaſed to put the queſtions I wiſhed you to put to the Chevalier.

She ſtill ſuffered me to with-hold her hand; and with the other took out her handkerchief; not to wipe away her tears, but to hide her bluſhes. She wept not: Her boſom heaved with the grandeur of her ſentiments.

The queſtion, my dear Grandiſon, ſaid the Marchioneſs, is this—We have all of us told my Clementina, that you are invincible on the article of religion. She believes *us:* She doubts it not from your *behaviour* and *words:* But as ſhe would not omit any means to convince you of her high regard for you, ſhe is deſirous to hear from your own lips, that you are *not* to be convinced: She is not afraid, the article ſo important, to hear you declare, that you will not be a Catholic. It will make her more eaſy, upon reflexion, to be told, by you *yourſelf*, that you *cannot* comply, even were ſhe to conſent to be yours, at a very ſhort day, if you *could*—

The exalted Lady ſtood up, ſtill not withdrawing her hand—Falſe ſhame, I deſpiſe thee, ſaid ſhe: Yet covered with bluſhes, ſhe turned her face from me. —*That* hand, as *this* heart, putting her other hand to her throbbing boſom, is yours, on that one condition—I am convinced of your affection for me---But fear not to tell me (it is for my own future peace of mind, that I aſk it) that you cannot accept it on the terms.

She then withdrew her hand, and would have gone from me: But again I ſnatched it with both mine.

Do *you*, moſt excellent Lady Clementina, let me aſk

aſk you, do *you* conſider the inequality in the caſe between us, as you are pleaſed to put it? I preſume not to require a change of principles in you. You are only *afraid* of your perſeverance, tho' you are to be left to your freedom; and your confeſſor to ſtrengthen and confirm you. Of me, is not an actual change required againſt *conviction?*---Deareſt Lady Clementina! Can you, can you (your mind great and generous in every other caſe) inſiſt upon a condition ſo unequal?---Be great throughout; and I kneeled to her---Be uniformly noble---Withdraw not your hand.

She ſtruggled it, however, from me; and, haſtening to her cloſet---Once more, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, read my paper.

I left her, and approaching the Marchioneſs, who was in tears, Judge me, madam, ſaid I, as I, in your opinion, deſerve---What ſhall I ſay?---I can urge my hopes no farther: My promiſe is againſt me: Clementina is deſpotic---Forgive me!---But indeed Clementina is *not* impartial---

Dear Chevalier, ſaid the Marchioneſs, giving me her hand, what can I ſay?---I admire *you!* I glory in my *child!* I could not myſelf in her place, have withſtood your plea. When her imagination is cool, I ſtill queſtion if *ſhe* will hold her purpoſe—Propoſe to her, if you can engage her to deſcend from theſe heights, your intended abſences—*You* muſt calm her. You *only* can. Her ſoul is wrought up to too high a pitch.

O madam; But I muſt firſt try to quiet my own.

I withdrew into the room adjoining; and in a few minutes returning, found the lovely daughter incircled by the arms of the indulgent mother, both in tears. Clementina was ſpeaking. Theſe were the words I heard her ſay.

Indeed, my deareſt mamma, I am *not* angry with the Chevalier. Why ſhould I? But he can allow for

me.

me. I cannot be ſo great as he. Don't I ſay, that I ſhould be undone by his goodneſs?

She turned her head, and ſeeing me, diſengaged herſelf from her mother's arms, and met me. Allow for me, Sir, I beſeech you, ſaid ſhe. I *may* be partial. I believe I *am:* But you can forgive me: I will *hope* you can—*Read my paper*, ſaid I, and went from you: But it was not in anger. *Read it*, I again ſay. I can give no other anſwer. I never can be happy with a man whom I think a heretic; and the moment I ſhould, in tenderneſs, in duty, think him *not* one, I ſhall ceaſe myſelf to be a Catholic. A *huſband*, Sir, allied to perdition, what wife can bear the reflexion?

The Chevalier, my dear, urges you not. He adheres to his promiſe. You were willing to put a queſtion to him yourſelf. I conſented that he ſhould anſwer it in your preſence, for the ſake of your future peace of mind. He has ſpoken to it like himſelf: He has ſhewn you, how much he admires you, at the ſame time that he ſignifies his inviolable adherence to his own religion. My deareſt Love, he has conceded to terms in our favour, that we have not conceded to in his. Glorious and unexceptionable is his adherence, were it to a *right* religion. He *believes* it is. He might urge much to his own advantage from your adherence to yours: But he has only hinted at that to *us*, not to *you*. He is willing to wait the event of your will. He will leave us, as he did more than once before, and return; and if you perſevere, he will endeavour to make himſelf eaſy—

And leave us; and return to England, I ſuppoſe?

No doubt of it my dear---

While the Florentine is there---

I never, madam, can be any-thing but a well-wiſher to the Florentine—

God give *you*, Sir, and *me* too, eaſe of mind. But I find my head overſtrained. It is bound round as with a cord, I think, putting her hands to each ſide

of

of it, for a moment---You muſt leave me, Sir. But if you will ſee me to-morrow morning, and tell me, whither you intend to go, and what you intend to do, I ſhall be obliged to you. Cannot we talk together, Sir, as Brother and Siſter? Or as Tutor and Pupil?--- Thoſe were happy days! Let us try to recover them.

She put her hand to her forehead, as apprehenſive, of diſorder; and looked diſcompoſed. I bowed to both Ladies, in ſilence; retired; and, without endeavouring to ſee any-body elſe, went to my lodgings.

LETTER XXIX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Bologna, Thurſday, July 13-24.

I Had a viſit early this morning from the Count of Belvedere. He found me very much indiſpoſed. He had heard that I met with ſome difficulties, and attributed my indiſpoſition to them.

I owned that it might be ſo. My life, my Lord, ſaid I, has not been ſo happy as might have been hoped for, by a man, who has made it his ſtudy to avoid giving offence, either to man or woman; and has endeavoured to reſtrain paſſions, that otherwiſe might have been as unruly as thoſe of other young men, in my circumſtances. But, I bleſs God, I have reſolution. I may bend beneath a weight, when it is *firſt* laid upon me: But if I find I cannot ſhake it off, I will endeavour to collect my ſtrength, and make myſelf eaſy under it. Pardon me, my Lord: I do not often allow my mind to break out thus into words: But I hold the Count of Belvedere for my friend.

You do me honour, ſaid he: And I came with a heart diſpoſed to cultivate your friendſhip. I thank you for your laſt goodneſs to me. Your advice and gentle behaviour, when I was not fit to be truſted with myſelf, have ſaved me, as far as I know, from

final deſtruction. To the laſt day of my life, I ſhall confeſs obligation to you. But, dear Chevalier, if ſome account of the difficulties you meet with will not be a renewal of grief, now you are not very well—

It will *not* be ſo, my Lord, interrupted I, ſince at preſent I can think of nothing elſe. Yet putting myſelf in the place of every one of the family of Porretta, I have nobody to blame; but the contrary. And I muſt admire Lady Clementina as one of the nobleſt of women.

He was all impatience for further particulars.

What may yet be the event, I cannot tell, proceeded I; therefore will only ſay, that difference in religion is the difficulty with the Lady. I am willing to allow her the full and free exerciſe of hers. She inſiſts upon a change of mine. For the reſt, you, my Lord, want not friends among the principals of the family; let *them* give you what account they think fit. I would not ſcruple to gratify your curioſity, could I give you a concluſive one.

I *am* curious, Chevalier, ſaid he. I loved Clementina above all women, *before* her illneſs. I loved her not the leſs *for* her illneſs; for then my Pity joined with my Love, and added a tenderneſs to it, of which I had not, in equal degree, been before ſenſible. The treatment ſhe met with, and the ſelf-intereſted cruelty of Lady Laurana, heightened her illneſs, and that (I did not think it poſſible) my Love. In order to free her from that treatment; and in hopes that a different one (my hopes you ſee were not ill founded) would reſtore her reaſon; and that the happy reſult might be the defeating of the cruel Laurana's expectations; I tendered myſelf in marriage to her, notwithſtanding her illneſs. But I muſt ſay, that I never knew how much I loved her, till I was apprehenſive that, not only I, but Italy, and her Religion, were likely to loſe her for ever. And will you not allow of my curioſity now? God give you, Chevalier, health

and happineſs here and hereafter! But may you never be the Huſband of Clementina, but of ſome woman of your own country, if there be one in it that can deſerve you!

The Count left me with this wiſh, pronounced with earneſtneſs: And I ſuppoſe will viſit the Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti, in order to gratify his curioſity.

My indiſpoſition requiring indulgence, I ſent a billet to the Marchioneſs, excuſing my attendance till the afternoon; on the ſcore of an unexpected engagement. I was loth to mention that I was not very well, leſt it ſhould be thought a lover-like artifice, to move compaſſion. I will not owe my ſucceſs, even with a Clementina, to mean contrivances. You know I have pride, my dear friend—Pride which your example has not been able to ſubdue, tho' it has ſometimes made me aſhamed of it.

One o'Clock.

CAMILLA, by direction of her two Ladies, made me a viſit about two hours ago. They were alarmed at my poſtponing my attendance on Lady Clementina till the afternoon; ſuſpecting that the Count of Belvedere had unwelcomely engaged me; and therefore ſent the worthy woman to know the true cauſe. Camilla obſerving that I looked ill, I deſired her to take no notice of it to any-body: But ſhe could not help acquainting the Marchioneſs with it; who, ordering her to forbear mentioning it to Clementina and Jeronymo, was ſo good, attended by Father Mareſcotti, to make me a viſit in perſon.

Never was Mother more tender to her own Son than ſhe was to me. The Father expreſſed a paternal affection for me. I made light of the illneſs, being reſolved, if poſſible, to attend them in the afternoon. My mind, my dear friend, is diſturbed. I want to be at a certainty: Yet, from what the Marchioneſs hinted, I believe I have no reaſon to doubt. The

Father and the Biſhop have ſpared no pains, I dare ſay, to ſtrengthen the Lady's ſcruples. Their whole ſtudy (the Marchioneſs intimated) is now, in what manner to acknowledge their obligations to me.

They owe me none.

My dear Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, at parting, take care of your health: She put her hand on mine—Your *precious* health. Don't think of coming out. We will in turn attend you here.

NOTWITHSTANDING the advice of the Marchioneſs, I went to the palace of Porretta, as ſoon as I thought their dinner-time was over. Signor Jeronymo deſired to be alone with me for a few minutes; and when he was, began upon the ſubject of the unexpected turn which his Siſter had taken. I found, that he had been acquainted with the truth of every-thing: Not a ſingle circumſtance was omitted, that might enable him to judge fairly of the whole.

And will you, Grandiſon, *can* you, my dear friend, ſaid he, have the goodneſs to attend with patience the event of this dear girl's heroiſm, or what ſhall I call it?

I aſſured him, that the reſtoration of his Siſter's health of mind was the deareſt to me of all conſiderations; and that I came over at firſt with no other hopes than *his* recovery and *hers*; reſolved to leave to Providence all the reſt.

The Marchioneſs came in ſoon after, and taking me aſide, chid me with tenderneſs even maternal, for coming abroad. The reſt of the family ſoon joined us; and then they all, as with one voice, offered to uſe their intereſt with Clementina in my favour, if either my peace of mind, or my health, were likely to be affected by her preſent reſolution.

While there was *conſcience* in it, I anſwered, I would not, for the world, that ſhe ſhould be urged to change

it. Nothing now, as I believed, remained to be done, but to try the firmneſs of her reſolution, by firſt ſhort, and then longer abſences: And thoſe I would propoſe to herſelf, if they thought fit, when I was next admitted to her preſence.

Jeronymo, and all the family, I ſaw were of one mind. Tell me, *ſay*, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is it excuſable in a man, who has been ſo long favoured by your converſation, and *ſhould* have been benefited by your example, who have behaved ſo greatly in diſappointments, and even perſecutions, to find in himſelf a pride that, at the inſtant, had almoſt carried him into petulance, when he ſaw every one of this family appear to be more pleaſed than diſpleaſed, that he was not likely to be allied to them?—Who yet, when he coolly conſiders, and puts himſelf in the caſe of each individual of it, muſt acknowlege, that they might well be allowed to rejoice (the great article Religion *out* of the queſtion) in the hope of keeping her among them in her native country; and the more, becauſe of the unhappy diſorder of her mind; and out of a diſtant one, obnoxious to them all, as England is? Would not my own Father and Mother, would not I myſelf, have equally rejoiced in ſuch a turn in the affections of a Siſter of my own; eſpecially if we had complied with her principally from motives of compaſſion, and contrary to the intereſts of our family?

The Marchioneſs conducted me to the young Lady. She received me with a bluſh, as a perſon would do another whom ſhe was ſenſible ſhe had cauſeleſly diſappointed. She took notice, after the firſt emotion, that I ſeemed not to be well, and caſt an eye of compaſſion on me. A ſlight indiſpoſition, I ſaid, that might, perhaps, be owing to my late inactivity, and want of exerciſe. I had thoughts of once more makeing the tour of Italy, in order to viſit the many kind friends at different courts, who had honoured me with their notice during my former abode there.

How

How long do you propoſe to be abſent, Sir?

Perhaps a month, madam.

A month, Sir!—She ſighed, and looked down.

Signor Jeronymo, I hope, ſaid I, will correſpond with me.

I could almoſt wiſh, ſaid ſhe—Pardon me, madam, to her Mother—and looked baſhfully down.

What would my child wiſh?

That *I* might correſpond with the Chevalier in his abſence—As his *Siſter*, as his *pupil*, I think I might—

You will do me, madam, the higheſt honour—Dear madam, to the Marchioneſs, may I not have *your* intereſt with Lady Clementina, to engage her to purſue her kind hint?

By all means. My deareſt Love, it will not miſbecome you in *any* character, whether as pupil, as Siſter, or friend, to write to ſuch a man as the Chevalier Grandiſon.

Perhaps then I may, ſaid ſhe. You, madam, ſhall ſee all that paſſes in this correſpondence.

That ſhall be as you pleaſe, my Love. I can abſolutely depend upon the Chevalier's generoſity, and your prudence.

I ſhould *chooſe*, madam, ſaid I, that you ſhould ſee all that paſſes. As amuſement is principally my view in this tour, I can be punctual to place and time.

But ſhall you be gone a month, Sir?

As much leſs, madam, as you ſhall command.

Nay, as things are circumſtanced, it is not for me—She ſtopt, ſighed, and looked down.

You, madam, are above unneceſſary reſerve. I never yet abuſed a confidence. I am proud of your good opinion. I never will do any-thing to forfeit it. Whatever ſhall be your pleaſure, *that* ſignify to me in the Letters you will favour me with. I will be all grateful obedience.

Whither, Sir, do you intend to go firſt?

To Florence, madam—

To Florence, Sir?—But Lady Olivia, I think, is *not* there—To Mrs. Beaumont, I ſuppoſe?

I will ſend you, madam, from Florence, the beginning Letter of the hoped-for correſpondence. I will be careful to be within diſtance of receiving your favour in a very ſhort ſpace, by means of a ſervant, whom I will leave at Florence, to attend to our correſpondence.

And when, Sir, do you leave Bologna?

I will now take Leave of my new coreſpondent, and my dear friends here; and diſpoſe myſelf for my little route.

She looked at her Mother; then at me—again ſighed, bluſhed, and looked down—*Well, Sir*, was all ſhe ſaid.

Will you not drink chocolate with us to-morrow? ſaid the Marchioneſs.

I excuſed myſelf. As I was not well, I thought I *might* be obliged to keep my chamber for two or three days; and that therefore it was better to take leave of her then, that I might not give them anxiety, for their own ſakes, on a ſuppoſal, that I owed my indiſpoſition to my diſappointment. And yet, Dr. Bartlett—But you know my heart, and all its imperfections: And will you not, on this extraordinary occaſion, allow me to give way to my native pride, for my own ſake? Who but muſt admire the exalted mind of this young Lady? What man would not wiſh her to be his?—But to covet a relation to a family, however illuſtrious, however worthy, every one of which wiſhes, and with *reaſon* on his ſide, that it may not take place—I muſt, if poſſible—But a few weeks will now determine my fate—I will not leave *them* or *myſelf*, if I can help it, any cauſe of regret.

I took a ſolemn leave of Clementina. She wept at parting; and dropping down on one knee, prayed for a bleſſing to attend me where-ever I went.

Had *not* my indiſpoſition lowered my ſpirits, I ſhould

ſhould have been affected at the ſolemnity and grace of her manner. The Marchioneſs was.

I went from her to Jeronymo. I left it to his Mother to tell him all that had paſſed; and took almoſt as ardent a leave of him. I deſired a viſit from Mr. Lowther: And left my compliments for all the reſt of a family that I ever muſt highly reſpect.

Friday, July 14-25.

I TOOK, by advice, a medicine over-night, that compoſed me. I had wanted reſt. I am much better, and preparing for my journey to Florence. I have returned anſwer that I *am*, to enquiries made after my health by the whole family. The Biſhop excuſed his perſonal attendance, on the Count's ſudden reſolution to ſet out for Urbino; and inſiſting on his and Father Mareſcotti's accompanying him thither for a few days.

Camilla came to me from her two Ladies, and the Marquis. All three, ſhe told me, were indiſpoſed. Their enquiries after my health were very tender: The Marquis bid her tell me, that he hoped to be well enough to make me a viſit before I ſet out. Jeronymo wiſhed to ſee me firſt, if I had opportunity. But, as I probably muſt, if I go, ſee Lady Clementina, and another ſolemn parting will follow, I think it will be beſt for *both* our ſakes, as well as for Jeronymo's, not to obey him; and ſo I hinted by Camilla.

The Count of Belvedere has made me a viſit. He is ſetting out for Parma. Not one word paſſed his lips about Lady Clementina, or her family. He was very earneſt with me, to promiſe him a viſit at his palace. I gave him room to expect me. By his ſilence on a ſubject ſo near his heart, as well as by the very great reſpect he paid me, I have no reaſon to doubt but he knows the ſituation I am in with Clementina: *She* will have *his* prayers, I dare ſay, for perſeverance in her preſent way of thinking. Indeed now, *everybody's* of her family—for who can doubt the Gene-

ral's? She would have had *mine* the more ſincerely, had not they all joined to indulge my hopes; and had ſhe not given ſuch inſtances of the nobleſt of female minds.

But, how great ſoever may be the occaſion given me for fortitude, by a reſolution ſo unexpected by every-body from Lady Clementina, I cannot be deprived of all pleaſure; ſince the contents of my laſt pacquets, as well thoſe from Paris as from England, afford me a great deal.

Every-thing is done at Paris, that I could have wiſhed, in relation to Mr. Danby's legacy.

Lord W. lets me know, that he thinks himſelf every day happier than in the paſt with his Lady; who alſo ſubſcribes to the ſame acknowlegement.

Our Beauchamp tells me, that he wants only my company to make him the happieſt of men. He requeſts me to write a Letter of thanks, in my own name, to Lady Beauchamp, on his dutiful acknowlegement to me of her kindneſs to him. I will with pleaſure comply; and the ſooner, as I am ſure that gratitude for paſt benefits, and not expectation of new ones, is his motive.

He laments in poſtſcript, that his Father is taken with a threatening diſorder. I am ſorry for it. Methinks I am intereſted in the life and health of Sir Harry Beauchamp. I hope he will long enjoy the happineſs, of which his Son ſays he is extremely ſenſible. Should he die, the Lady will be a great deal in my Beauchamp's power, large as her jointure is. If, on ſuch an event, he be not as obliging to her, as he now is, and forget not all paſt diſobligations, I ſhall not have the opinion of his heart that I now have. Our Beauchamp wants but the trial of proſperity (a much more arduous one than that of adverſity) to be upon full proof an excellent man.

Lady Mansfield, with equal joy and gratitude, acquaints me, that only my preſence in England is wanting

wanting to bring to a deciſion every point that now remains in debate with her adverſaries, the Keelings; they having ſhewn themſelves inclinable, by the mediation of Sir John Lambton, to compromiſe on the terms I had adviſed ſhe ſhould get propoſed, as from me; and the wicked Bolton having alſo made propoſals, that perhaps ought to be accepted, if he cannot be brought to amend them.

Two of Emily's Letters of diſtant date are come together. I will write to the dear girl by the next mail, and let her know how much abſence endears to me my friends.

You give me joy, my dear Dr. Bartlett, in acquainting me with the happineſs of Lord and Lady G. I will write to my Charlotte upon it, and thank her for the credit ſhe does me by her affectionate behaviour to that worthy and obliging man.

How happy are you, my dear friend, and Lord and Lady G. and Emily, at Miſs Byron's! I am charmed with the characters you give me of her family.

But I have Letters brought by the ſame mail, that are not ſo agreeable as thoſe I have taken notice of. They are from Lady Olivia, and my poor Couſin Grandiſon.

That unhappy woman *is* to be my diſturbance! She is preparing, ſhe ſays, to come back to Italy. She execrates: She threatens. Poor woman!—But no more of her at preſent.

My Couſin is by this time, I ſuppoſe, at Paris. He writes, that he was on the point of ſetting out, in purſuance of my advice; and will wait there for my direction to proceed to Italy, or not. I ſhall write to him to continue at Paris till he hears further from me; and, at the ſame time, to ſome of my friends there, to make France agreeable to him.

I ſhall not perhaps write again very ſoon. Letters from England will, however, find an eaſy acceſs, directed to me, under cover, to Mrs. Beaumont at Florence, as you know how.

I ſhall be pretty much in motion, if health permit. I ſhall take a view of the works projecting by the duke of Modena, in order to render his little Signory conſiderable. I ſhall viſit the Count of Belvedere at Parma. Mrs. Beaumont and her friends will have more of my company than any other perſons. Perhaps I may make a long-requeſted viſit to the Altieri family, at Urbino. If I do, I muſt not put a ſlight on the Conte della Porretta, who preſſingly invited me thither. I think to paſs a few days at Rome. If I go from thence to Naples, I ſhall perhaps once more, in the General's company, viſit Portici, in order to make more accurate obſervations than I have hitherto done, on thoſe treaſures of antiquity which have been diſcovered in the antient Herculaneum.

I have a private intimation from Milan, that a viſit there would be a welcome one to Lady Sforza. I may poſſibly take that city in my way, when I quit Italy, But how can I, without indignation, ſee the cruel Laurana?

Thus, my dear and reverend friend, have I given you an imperfect ſketch of my preſent intentions, as to paſſing the month that I think of abſenting myſelf from Bologna.

It is a long time ſince I have been able to tell you aforehand, with regard to ſome of the moſt material articles of my life, what I *will* or will *not* do. Yet, knowing my own motives, I cannot ſay, that were the laſt three or four years of it to come over again, I ſhould have acted otherwiſe than I have done. Do you, my reverend friend, with that freedom which has been of inexpreſſible uſe to me, remind me, if I am too ready to acquit myſelf. You know (I repeat) all the ſecrets of my heart. Be not partial to your ſincere friend. I write not to be praiſed, but corrected. Don't flatter my vanity; I am yet but a young man. You have not blamed me a great while: I am for this reaſon a little diffident of the ground I ſtand upon:

But

But if you have no *material* fault to recollect, ſpare yourſelf the trouble of telling me ſo: Having thus renewed my call upon you, for your friendly admonition, I will look upon your ſilence as an acquittal, ſo far as I have gone; and we will begin, from the date of your next, a new account. In the mean time, be not concerned for my health. I am much better than I was. My mind was weakened by ſuſpenſe. I long ſince thought the criſis near. If it be not already overpaſt, a few weeks muſt ſurely determine it.

I am not in haſte to ſend this pacquet. A week hence Sir Alexander Neſbitt will ſet out directly for England. He has a great deſire of being acquainted with my dear Dr. Bartlett, and requeſts me to give him a commiſſion, that may introduce him to you. I would not, however, have delayed ſending you theſe Letters by a ſpeedier conveyance, had my deſtiny in this country been abſolutely determined.

Sir Alexander is a worthy man: As ſuch, wants not a recommendation to my dear and reverend friend, from his

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XXX.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

[*With the preceding ſeven Letters of Sir* CHARLES.]

Groſvenor-Square, Monday, Aug. 7.

GOOD God, my dear!—I diſpatch a pacquet to you; received, a few hours ago, from Dr. Bartlett, with deſire of forwarding it to you. My Siſter was with me. We read the Letters together. I diſpatch them by an expreſs meſſenger; What ſhall we ſay? Tell me, Harriet. More ſuſpenſe ſtill. Dear creature, tell me all you think of the contents of this

pacquet. If I enter into the particulars, I ſhall never have done ſcribbling. Adieu, my Love!

CHARLOTTE G.

Return the Letters, when peruſed. I want to ſtudy them before the Doctor has them back.

LETTER XXXI.

Miſs BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Selby-houſe, Friday, Aug. 11.

TELL you, my dear Lady G. all I think of the contents of the pacquet you ſo kindly ſent me by an expreſs meſſenger!—What will you ſay to me, if I do? I can much better tell you, what all my *friends* here ſay of them. They are for congratulating me upon thoſe contents. But can I congratulate *myſelf?* Can I *receive* their congratulations?—A woman! an angel!—So much more worthy of Sir Charles Grandiſon, than the poor Harriet Byron *can* be!—O how great is Clementina, how little am I, in my own eyes! The Lady will ſtill be his. She muſt. She ſhall. She will change her mind. So earneſt he! So fervently in love with him, ſhe!—Who will preſume to hope a place in his affections after her? My pride, my dear, is all up. Can I? How mean will any one now appear in his eyes, when he thinks of his Clementina? And who can be contented with half a heart? Nay, *not* half a one, if he does juſtice to this wonder of a woman? It was always my conſolation, when I looked upon him as loſt to myſelf, that it was to a perſon of ſuperior merit.

But who can forbear pitying the glorious man! O my dear, I am loſt in the ſubject! I know not what to ſay. Were I to tell you what I thought, what were my emotions, as I read now his generous pity for the Count of Belvedere—Now his affectionate and

reſpectful

reſpectful addreſs to the noble Lady—Her agitations of mind, previous to the delivery of her paper to him—That paper, the contents ſo greatly ſurpaſſing all that I had read of woman! Yet ſo much of a piece with the conduct ſhe ſhewed, when the ſtruggle between her Religion and her Love coſt her her reaſon. His equal ſteadineſs in his religion ſo nobly firm—yet towards her ſo delicate—In ſhort, the whole of his conduct and hers, in the various lights in which they appeared in the different converſations with her, with her family—Were I to tell you, I ſay, what I thought, and what were my emotions, as I read, a volume would not be ſufficient; nor know I what meaſure would contain my tears. Suffice it to ſay, that I was not able to riſe in two days and nights; and it has been with the greateſt difficulty, that I obtained pen and ink, and leave to write; and the phyſician talks of confining me to my chamber for a week to come.

Sir Charles cries out upon ſuſpenſe—Indeed it is a grievous thing.

You will obſerve, that in theſe laſt Letters he mentions *me* but once; and that is, in making me a compliment on the favour which the beloved *Four* conferred upon me, and all of us, in the viſit you were ſo good as to make us. And why do you think I take notice of this?—Not from petulance, I aſſure you: But for the praiſe of his juſtice as well as delicacy: For, could Sir Charles Grandiſon excuſably (if, on *other* occaſions, he remembered the poor girl whom he reſcued; could he excuſably, I ſay) while his ſoul was agitated by his own ſuſpenſe, occaſioned by the uncommon greatneſs of Clementina's behaviour, think of any other woman in the world?

But you ſee, my Charlotte, that the excellent man *has been*, perhaps *is* greatly indiſpoſed. Can we wonder at it? Such a prize in view, ſo many difficulties as he had to ſtruggle with, overcome; yet, at laſt, a ſeemingly inſuperable one ariſing from the Lady her-

ſelf, and from motives that encreaſed his admiration of her? But a woman may be eloquent, from grief and diſappointment; when a man, though his nobler heart is torn in pieces, muſt hardly complain.—How do I pity the diſtreſſes of a manly heart!

But ſhould this noble Lady, on his return to Bologna, after a month's abſence, hold her purpoſe, unleſs he changes his religion, I will tell you my thoughts of what will probably be the reſult. He will not marry at all. If he cannot love another woman, as well as he does Clementina, *ought* he? And who can equally deſerve his Love? Have we not heard from himſelf, as well as from Dr. Bartlett, that all the troubles he has had, have proceeded from our Sex? It is true, that men and women can hardly ever have any *great* troubles, but what muſt ariſe from each other. And *his* have ariſen from good women too (I hope Lady Olivia is not deliberately bad). And why ſhould ſo good a man continue to ſubject himſelf to the petulance, to the foibles, of us wayward women, who hardly know our own minds, as Signor Jeronymo told his friend, when our wiſhes are in our power?

But, ſick or well, you ſee Sir Charles Grandiſon loſes not his ſpirit. His enlarged heart can rejoice in the happineſs of his friends. I *will* have joy, ſaid he once to me. And muſt he not have it in the hopes of recovery of his friend Jeronymo! In the reſtoration of the admirable Clementina? And in the happineſs thoſe recoveries muſt give to a worthy and illuſtrious family? Let me enumerate, from him, the pleaſure he enjoys, in the felicity he has given to many; tho' he cannot be, in himſelf, the happy perſon he makes others. Is he not delighted with the happineſs of Lord and Lady W.? Of his Beauchamp, and his Beauchamp's Father and Mother?—Of Lady Mansfield, and her family? With yours and Lord G's happineſs? Does it not rejoice you, my dear, to have it in your power to contribute to the plea-

ſure

ſure of ſuch a Brother? And how great, how honourable, how conſiderate, how delicate, is his behaviour to the noble Clementina; how patient, how diſintereſted, with her family! How ready to enter into their ſentiments, and to allow for them, tho' againſt himſelf! But he is prudent: He ſees before him at a great diſtance: He is reſolved to have nothing to reproach himſelf with, in future, that he can obviate at preſent. But is not his conduct ſuch, as would make a conſiderate perſon, who has any connexions with him, tremble? Since if there be a fault *between* them, it muſt be *all* that perſon's; and he will not, if it be poſſible for him to avoid it, be a ſharer in it? Do you think, my dear, that had he been the firſt man, he would have been ſo complaiſant to his Eve as *Milton makes Adam* [So contrary to that part of his character, which made him accuſe the woman to the Almighty (*a*)]—To taſte the forbidden fruit, becauſe he would not be ſeparated from her, in her puniſhment, tho' all *poſterity* were to ſuffer by it?—No; it is my opinion, that your Brother would have had gallantry enough to his fallen ſpouſe, to have made him extremely regret her lapſe; but that he would have done *his own duty*, and left it to the Almighty, if ſuch had been his pleaſure, to have annihilated his firſt Eve, and given him a ſecond—But, my dear, do I not write ſtrangely? I would be chearful, if I could, becauſe you are ſo kind as to take pains to make me ſo: But, on re-peruſing what I have written, I am afraid that you have taught me to think oddly. Tell me truth, Charlotte: Is not what has laſt ſlipt from my pen, more in Lady G's. manner, than in that of

Her HARRIET BYRON?

One line more; and no more, my dear, my indulgent Aunt Selby!—They won't let me write

(*a*) The woman that thou gaveſt me, tempted me, and I did eat.

on,

on, Charlotte, when I had a thouſand things further to ſay, on the contents of this important pacquet; or I ſhould not have concluded ſo uncharacteriſtically.

LETTER XXXII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* CLEMENTINA *della* PORRETTA.

Florence, July 18-29.

I Begin, dear and admirable Lady Clementina, the permitted correſpondence, with a due ſenſe of the favour done me in it: Yet, *can* I ſay, that it is not a painful favour? Was ever man before circumſtanced as I am?—Permitted to admire one of the nobleſt and moſt amiable of women, and even generouſly allowed to look upon himſelf as a man eſteemed, perhaps *more* than eſteemed, by her, and her illuſtrious family; yet in honour forbidden to ſolicit for a bleſſing that once was deſigned for him; and which he is not accuſed of demeriting by miſbehaviour, or by aſſuming an appearance that he made not good—Excellent Lady! Am I other than you ever had reaſon to think me, in my manners, in my principles? Did I ever endeavour to unſettle you in your attachments to the religion of your country? No, madam: Invincibly attached as I knew you were to that religion, I contented myſelf with avowing my own; and indeed ſhould have thought it an ill requital for the protection I enjoyed from the civil and eccleſiaſtical powers, and a breach of the Laws of hoſpitality, had I attempted to unſettle the beloved Daughter of a houſe ſo firmly likewiſe attached, as they always were, to their principles. From *ſuch* a conduct, could this beloved Daughter doubt the free exerciſe of her religion, had ſhe—

But, huſhed be the complainings, that my expoſtulating

lating heart will hardly be denied to dictate to my pen! Have I not ſaid, that I *will be* all you wiſh me to be—All *hope*, or all *acquieſcence*—Forgive me, madam, forgive me, dear and ever-to-be reſpected family, that yet I uſe the word *hope*. Such a prize almoſt in poſſeſſion— can I *forbear* to ſay hope?—Yet do I not at the ſame time promiſe acquieſcence?—Painful as it is to me, and impoſſible as it would be, were not all-commanding conſcience pleaded, moſt excellent of women! I will, I *do*, acquieſce. If you perſevere, dear to my ſoul as you ever *muſt* be, I reſign to your will.

The diſappointed heart, not given up to unmanly deſpair, in a world ſo ſubject to diſappointments, will catch at the next good to that it has loſt—Shall I not hope, madam, that a correſpondence ſo allowably begun, whatever be the iſſue in the greater event, will for ever laſt? That a friendſhip ſo pure will ever be allowed? That the diſappointed man may be conſidered as the Son, the Brother, of a family, which muſt, in all the branches of it, be ever dear to him?—I *will* hope it. I will even demand the continuance of its eſteem; why ſhould I not ſay, of its *affection?* But ſo long only, as my own impartial heart, and my zeal for the glory and happineſs of your whole houſe, ſhall tell me I deſerve this; and ſo long as I can make out my pretenſions, to the ſatisfaction of every one of it. It cannot be on my ſide, nor will I allow it on yours, that the man who once, by the favour of your whole family, was likely to be happy in a near alliance to it, ſhould, and perhaps for *that* reaſon, as it often happens in like inſtances, be looked upon as the moſt remote from its friendly Love.

Never, madam, could the heart of man boaſt a more diſintereſted paſſion for an object, whoſe mind was dearer to it than even her perſon; or a more ſincere affection to every one of her family, than mine does. I am unhappily called upon to the proof. The

proof

proof is unqueſtionable. And—To the laſt hour of my life, you and they, madam, *will be* dear to me.

Adieu, moſt excellent of women!—Circumſtanced as I am, what *more* can I ſay?—Adieu, moſt excellent of women:—May every good, temporal and eternal, be yours, and every one's of your beloved family, prays

Your and their moſt grateful,
moſt affectionate, and
moſt obedient,
GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXIII.

Lady CLEMENTINA *della* PORRETTA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, Tueſday, Aug. 5. *N.S.*

I Was the more willing, Sir, to become your correſpondent, as I thought I could write to you with greater freedom, than I could ſpeak. And indeed I will be very free, and very ſincere. I will ſuppoſe, when I addreſs myſelf to you, that I am writing to my Brother, and beſt Friend. And indeed to which of my *other* Brothers can I write, with equal freedom?—You, in imitation of the God of us all, require only the heart. My heart ſhall be as open to you, as if, like Him, you could look into every ſecret receſs of it.

I thank you, Sir, for the kind and generous contents of the Letter, by which you have opened this deſirable correſpondence. Such a regard have you paid in it to the weakneſs of my mind, and to its late unhappy ſtate, without mentioning that unhappy ſtate—O Sir, you are the moſt delicate of men—What tenderneſs have you always ſhewn me, for my attachment to the religion of my Fathers—Surely, you are the moſt pious of Proteſtants!—Proteſtants *can* be pi-

ous;

ous; you and Mrs. Beaumont have convinced me that they can. Little did I think I ſhould ever be brought to acknowledge ſo much in favour of the people of your religion, as you and ſhe, by your goodneſs, have brought me to acknowledge. O Sir! What might you not have brought me to, by your Love, by your kind treatment of me, and by your irreſiſtible addreſs, were I to have been yours, and reſiding in a Proteſtant nation, every one of your friends of that religion, and all amiable, and perhaps *exemplarily* good? I was *afraid* of you, Chevalier. But no more of this ſubject. *You* are invincible; and I hope *I* ſhould not have been overcome, had I been yours---But do we not pray againſt running into temptation?---Again, I ſay, no more of this ſubject at preſent, yet hardly know how to forbear---

Nothing but the due conſideration of the brevity and vanity of this life, in which we are but probationers, and of the eternity of the next, could have influenced me to act againſt my heart. Dear Chevalier, how happy ſhould I have been, could I have given my hand as that heart would have directed, and on ſuch terms, as I could have thought my Soul ſecure? ---How ſhall I quit this entangling ſubject? I am in the midſt of briars and thorns---Lend me, lend me, your extricating hand; and conduct me into the ſmooth and pleaſant path, in which you at firſt found me walking with undoubting feet. Never, never, for my ſake, let an unexperienced virgin truſt herſelf with her own imagination, when ſhe begins to meditate, with pleaſure, the great qualities of an object, with whom ſhe has frequent opportunities of converſing.

Again am I recurring to a ſubject I wiſh to quit. But ſince I cannot, I will give my pen its courſe--- Pen, take thy courſe. Mind, equally perverſe and diſturbed, I will give way to thee; I ſee there is no withſtanding thee--

Tell me, then, my Brother, my friend, my faithful,

ful, my *diſintereſted* friend, what I ſhall do, what method take, to be indifferent to you, in *another* character? What I ſhall do, to be able to look upon you, *only* as my Brother and Friend?---Can you no tell me?---Will you not? Will not your Love of Clementina *permit* you to tell her?---I will help you to words---Say, "you are the friend of her *Soul.*" If you cannot be a Catholic *always*, be a Catholic when you *adviſe* her. And then, from your love of her Soul, you will be able to ſay, "Perſevere, Cle-"mentina! and I will not account you ungrateful."---

O Chevalier! I fear nothing ſo much as being thought capable of ingratitude, by thoſe I love. And *am* I not, can you think that I am *not*, ungrateful? Once you told me ſo. Why, if you mean me *more* than a compliment, do you not tell me how to be *grateful?* Are *you* the only man on earth, who have it in your will, and in your power, to confer obligations, yet can be above receiving returns? What ſervices did you endeavour to do to the Soul of a miſguided youth, at your firſt acquaintance with him!---Unhappy youth! And how did he at the time requite you for them! He has let us know (generous ſelf accuſer!) what heroic patience you had with him; and how bravely you diſdained his ungrateful defiance. Well may he love you as he does. After many, many months diſcontinuance of friendſhip, you were called upon to ſnatch him from the jaws of death, by your bravery. You were not requited, as you might have expected, from ſome of our family---What regret has the recollection coſt us *all!*---You were obliged to quit our Italy; yet, *called upon*, as I may ſay, by your wounded friend; incurably wounded, as it was apprehended; you haſtened to him: You haſtened to his Siſter, wounded in her head, in her heart: You haſtened to her Father, Mother, Brothers, wounded in their minds, by the ſufferings of that Son and Daughter. And whence did you haſten to us? From your native

native country. Quitting your relations, all proud of your Love, and proud of loving you; on the wings of friendly zeal did you haſten to us, in a diſtant region. You encountered with, you overcame, a thouſand obſtacles. The genius of healing, in the form of a ſkilful operator, accompanying you; all the art of the phyſicians of your country did you collect, to aſſiſt your noble purpoſe. Succeſs attended your generous wiſhes. We ſee one another, a whole family ſee one another, with that delight, which was wont to irradiate our countenances, before diſaſter overclouded them.

And now, what return ſhall we make for your goodneſs to us? You ſay, you are already rewarded in the ſucceſs with which God has bleſſed your generous endeavours to ſerve us. Hence it is that I call you proud, and, at the ſame time, happy. Well do I know, that it is not in the power of a Wife to reward you. For what could a Wife do by ſuch a man more than her duty? And were it poſſible for Clementina to be yours, *would* you that your kindneſs, your Love to her, ſhould be rewarded at the price of her everlaſting happineſs?---No, you anſwer---You would leave to her the full and free exerciſe of her religion---And *can* you promiſe, can you, the Chevalier Grandiſon, undertake, if you think your Wife in an error, that you never will endeavour to cure her of that error? You who, as the Huſband, ought to be the regulator of her conſcience; the ſtrengthener of her mind---Can you, believing your own religion a right one, hers a wrong one, be contented that ſhe ſhall perſevere in it? Or can ſhe avoid, on the ſame, and even ſtill ſtricter principles, entering into debate with you? And will not then her faith, from your ſuperior underſtanding, be endangered?---Of what force will be my Confeſſor's arguments, againſt yours, ſtrengthened by your Love, your kindneſs, your ſweetneſs of manners? And how will all my family grieve, were

were Clementina to become indifferent to *them*, to her *country*, and *more* than indifferent to her religion?

Say, Grandiſon, my Tutor, my Friend, my Brother, can you be indifferent on theſe weighty matters?---O no, you cannot. My Brother, the Biſhop, has told me (But be not angry with my Brother for telling me) that you did declare to my elder Brother and him, that you would not, in a *beginning* addreſs, have granted to a *princeſs* the terms you were willing to grant *me*; and that you offered them to me as a compromiſe!---Compaſſion and Love were equally perhaps your inducements. Poor Clementina!---Yet, were there not a *greater* obſtacle in the way, I would have accepted of your compaſſion; becauſe you are great and good; and there can be no inſult, but true godlike pity, in your compaſſion---Well, Sir, and do not my Father, my Mother, the beſt and moſt indulgent of Fathers and Mothers; and do not my Uncle, and Brothers, and my other kindred; comply with their Clementina, upon the ſame affectionate, the ſame pitying motive; otherwiſe religion, country, the one ſo different, the other ſo remote, *would* they have conſented?---They would not. Will you not then, my dear Chevalier, think that I do but right (knowing *your* motive, knowing *theirs*, knowing that to rely upon my own ſtrength is preſumption, and a tempting of the Almighty) to act as I act, to reſolve as I have reſolved---O do you, my tutor, be again my tutor---You never taught me a leſſon that either of us might be aſhamed to own---Do you, as I have begged of you in my paper, ſtrengthen my mind. I own to you, that I have ſtruggled much with myſelf: And now I am got---above myſelf, or beneath myſelf, I know not whether---For my Letter is not ſuch as I deſigned it. *You* are too much the ſubject: I deſigned only a few lines; and thoſe to expreſs the grateful ſenſe I have of your goodneſs to me, and our Jeronymo; indeed to every-body; and to beg of you,

for

for the ſake of my peace of mind, to point out ſome way, by which I, and all of us may demonſtrate our attachment to our ſuperior duties, and our gratitude to you---

What a quantity have I written!

Excuſe my wandering head; and believe me to be, as much the wellwiſher of your glory, as of my own.

CLEMENTINA *della* PORRETTA.

LETTER XXIV.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* CLEMENTINA.

Rome, Aug. 11. *N. S.*

"NOTHING," ſays the moſt generous and pious of her Sex, "but the due conſideration "of the brevity and vanity of this life, and on the "duration of the next, could have influenced me to "act againſt my *heart.*"---Condeſcending goodneſs! What acknowlegements do you make in my favour? But, *favour*---can I ſay?---No, *not* in my favour; but, on the contrary, to the extinction of all my hopes; for what pleas remain to be urged, when you doubt not my affection, my gratitude, my tenderneſs, my good faith, and think that from *them* will ariſe your danger?

My "extricating hand," at your command, "is "held out;" and it ſhall not be my fault, if you recover not the "ſmooth and pleaſant path, in which "you were accuſtomed to walk with undoubting "feet."

You bid me "tell you what you ſhall do to be "indifferent to me"---What pain does the gracious manner of your rejection give me? Exalted goodneſs! ---"Your Brother, your Friend, your faithful, your "*diſintereſted* Friend," will "tell you," againſt himſelf, to the forfeiture of all his hopes; "he will tell "you," that you ought *not* "to give your hand as "your

" your heart" (condeſcending excellence!) " would " have directed," if you cannot do it, " and think " your Soul ſecure."

You " will help me to words," you ſay---I repeat them after you. " Perſevere, Clementina---I will " not," I cannot, " account your ungrateful."

How much does the dear, the generous Clementina, over-rate the ſervices, which Heaven, for my conſolation (ſo I will flatter myſelf) in a very heavy diſappointment that was to follow, made me an humble inſtrument of rendering to the worthieſt of families! To that Heaven be all the glory! By aſcribing ſo much to the agent, fear you not that you depreciate the Firſt Cauſe? Give to the Supreme *His* due, and what will be left for me to claim? What but a common ſervice, which any one of your family would, in the like circumſtances, have done for *me?*

It is generous, it is noble, in you, madam, to declare your regard for the man you refuſe: But what a reſtraint muſt I act under, who value, and muſt for ever value, the fair refuſer; yet think myſelf bound in honour to acquieſce with the refuſal; and to prefer your peace of mind to my own? To lay open my heart before you, would give you pain. I will *not* give you pain: Yet let me ſay, that the honour once deſigned me, had it been conferred, would have laid me under unreturnable obligations to as many perſons as are of your family. It was, at one time, an honour too great even for my ambition; and yet that is one of the conſtitutional faults that I have found it moſt difficult to reſtrian. But I will glory in their intended goodneſs; and that I loſt not their or your favour from any act of unworthineſs---Continue to me, moſt excellent Clementina; continue to me, Lords and Ladies of your illuſtrious houſe, your friendſhip; and I will endeavour to be ſatisfied.

Your " Tutor," as you are pleaſed to call him; your Friend, you " BROTHER" (too clearly do I ſee

the

the *exclusive* force of that last recognition!) owns, that "he cannot be indifferent to those motives, that have "so great weight with you." He sees your stedfastness, and that your conscience is engaged: He submits therefore, whatever the submission may cost him, to your reasoning; and repeats your words---"Persevere, Clementina."

I did tell your elder Brother, and I am ready to tell all the world, "that I would not, in a *beginning* address, tho' to a princess, have signed to the articles "I yielded to by way of compromise." Allow me, madam, to repeat his question, to which my declaration was an answer---"What would the *Daughters* "have done, that they should have been consigned "to perdition (*a*)?"---I had in my thoughts this further plea, that our church admits of a possibility of salvation out of its own pale.---God forbid but it should!---The church of God, we hold, will be collected from the sincerely pious of all communions. Yet, I own, that had the intended honour been done me, I should have rejoiced that none but Sons had blessed our nuptials.

But how do your next words affect me---"Compassion, and Love, say you, were equally, perhaps, "your inducements---Poor Clementina!" add you. Inimitably great as what follows this is, I should have thought myself concerned, as well for my own honour, as for your delicacy, to have expatiated on the self-pitying reflection conveyed in these words, had we been otherwise circumstanced than we are: But to write but one half of what, in happier circumstances, I would have written, must, as I have hinted, give pain to your noble heart. The excellent Clementina, I am sure, would not wish me to say much on this subject. If *she* would, I *must* not; I *cannot*.

The best of Fathers, Mothers, Brothers, and of spiritual directors in your own way, are yours. They,

(*a*) Vol. III. p. 284.

madam, will ſtrengthen your mind. Their advices, and their indulgent Love, will be your ſupport in the reſolution you have taken. You call upon me again to approve of that reſolution. I *do*, I *muſt* approve of it. "The Lover of your ſoul" concludes with the repetition of the words you preſcribe to his pen—If cooler reflexion, if reconſideration of thoſe arguments which perſuaded me to hope, that you would have been in no way unhappy or unſafe, had you condeſcended to be mine—If mature and diſpaſſionate thought, cannot alter your preſent perſuaſion on this head—"Perſevere, Clementina," in the rejection of a man as ſteady in his own faith as you are in yours. If your conſcience is concerned—If your peace of mind is engaged—you ought to refuſe. "You can-"not be thought ungrateful"—So, againſt himſelf, decides your called-upon, and generouſly acknowleged,

"*Tutor*, *Friend*, *Brother*,"

GRANDISON.

LETTER XXXV.

Lady CLEMENTINA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.

Bologna, *Aug.* 19. *N. S.*

AND do you, beſt of men, conſent to be governed by my wiſhes? But are you *convinced* (You do not ſay you are) by my reaſonings?—Alas! my reaſoning powers are weakened: My head has received an incurable wound: My memory, indeed, ſeems returned; but its return only ſerves to make me more ſenſible of my paſt unhappineſs; and to dread a relapſe.

But what is it I hear? Olivia is come back to Florence; and *you* are at Florence! Fly from Florence, and from Olivia—But whither will you go, to avoid a woman who could follow you to England? ---Whither, but to England?---We are all of us apprehenſive for the ſafety of your perſon, if you refuſe to be

be the Huſband of that violent woman. Yet cannot I bear the thoughts of her being yours. But *that*, you have told me, ſhe never can be---Yet, if you could be happy with her, why ſhould I be an enemy to her happineſs?---But to your own magnanimity I will leave this ſubject.

Let me adviſe with my Tutor, my Friend, my Brother, on a point that is now much more my concern than Olivia, and her hopes---Fain, very fain, would I take the veil. My heart is in it. My friends, my deareſt friends, urge againſt my plea, the dying requeſt, as well as the wiſhes, while living, of my Grandfathers on both ſides. I am diſtreſſed; I am *greatly* diſtreſſed; for well do I know what were the views of the two good men, now with God, in wiſhing me *not* to aſſume the veil. But could they foreſee the calamity that was to befal their Clementina? They could *not*. I need not dwell upon the ſubject, and upon the force of their pleas and mine, to a man whoſe mind is capacious enough to take in the whole ſtrength of both at once. But you will add an obligation to the many you have already conferred upon me, if you can join your weight to my pleas; and make it your requeſt, that I may be obliged in this momentous article. Let me expect that you can, that you will. They all languiſh for opportunities to oblige the man, who has laid them under obligations not to be returned. Need I to ſuggeſt a plea to you, the force of which muſt be allowed from you, if you ever with fervor loved Clementina?

If I know my own heart, and I have given it a ſtrict examination, two things granted me would make me as happy as I now can be in this life: The one, that my requeſt to be allowed to ſequeſter myſelf from the world, and to dedicate myſelf to God, be complied with: The other, to be aſſured of your happineſs in marriage with an Engliſh, at leaſt not an Italian woman. I am obliged to own, tho' I am ſenſible

that I expoſe to you my weakneſs, by the acknowledgment, that the laſt is but too neceſſary to the tranquillity of my mind, in the ſituation in which the grant of my firſt wiſh will place me. Let me know, Chevalier, when I have ſet my hand to the plough, that there is no looking back; and that the *only* man I ever thought of with tenderneſs is another's, and, were I *not* profeſſed, never could be mine. Anſwer, as I wiſh; and I ſhall be able to follow you, Sir, with my prayers, to the country that has the honour of producing ſuch an ornament to human nature.

It muſt not be known, you will readily ſuppoſe, that I have ſought to intereſt you in my plea. For this reaſon, I have not ſhewn this Letter to any-body. Father Mareſcotti, I have hopes, as a Religious, will declare himſelf in my favour, if *you* do. My Brother, the Biſhop, ſurely will ſtrengthen your hand and his, tho' he appears as the *Brother*, not as the Prelate, in ſupport of the family reaſons.

I am not aſhamed to ſay, I long to ſee you, Sir. I can the more readily allow myſelf to tell you ſo, as I can declare that I am unalterably determined in my adherence to my written reſolution, never to truſt to my own ſtrength in an article in which my everlaſting welfare is concerned. O, Sir, what ſtruggles, what conflicts, did this reſolution coſt me, before I could make it!---But *once* made, and upon *ſuch* deliberation, and after I had begged of God his direction, which I imagine he has graciouſly given me, I have never wiſhed to alter it. Forgive me, Sir. You will; you are a good man---My God only have I preferred to you.

CLEMENTINA *della* PORRETTA.

LET-

LETTER XXXVI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* CLEMENTINA.

Florence, Aug. 23. *N. S.*

MY dear correſpondent aſks, If I am convinced by her reaſonings---I repeat, That I reſign to your will every hope, every wiſh, reſpecting myſelf. In a caſe where Conſcience can be pleaded, no other reaſonings are neceſſary.

But what, madam, can I ſay, to the requeſt you make, that I will ſupport you in your ſolicitude to take the veil? I hope you only propoſe this to me, by way of aſking my advice---"Let me, ſay you, "*adviſe* with my tutor, my friend, my Brother"--- I have given the higheſt inſtance that man could give, of my diſintereſtedneſs; and I will now, as you require, ſuppoſe myſelf a Catholic in the humble advice I ſhall offer to my ſiſterly friend; and this will the rather appear ſince, as a Proteſtant, I ſhould argue againſt *any one*'s binding him or herſelf, by vows of perpetual celibacy.

"Need I, aſks my dear correſpondent, ſuggeſt a "plea for you to make, the force of which muſt be "allowed, if ever you fervently loved Clementina?" At what plea does the excellent Clementina hint? Is it not at an *Herodian* one*? Why, if ever ſhe honoured her Grandiſon with her eſteem, does ſhe not enforce the ſame plea with regard to him? Can ſhe, avowing that eſteem, be ſo generous as to wiſh him to enter into the married ſtate, and even to inſiſt upon it, as a

* Herod directed, that his Mariamne ſhould be put to death, that ſhe might not be the Wife of any other man if he returned not alive from the court of Auguſtus Cæſar, before whom he was cited to anſwer for his conduct, which had been obnoxious to that prince, in the conteſt between him and Antony for the empire of the world.

ſtep that would contribute to her future peace of mind, yet hope to prevail upon him to make it his requeſt, that ſhe may be ſecluded from a poſſibility of ever enjoying the ſame liberty? Were I *married*, and capable of wiſhing to fetter and reſtrain thus my *Wife*, in caſe of her ſurviving me, I ſhould think ſhe ought to deſpiſe me for the narrowneſs of my heart. What then is the plea that a young Lady, in the bloom of beauty, would put me upon making?---And to whom?---To her own relations, who all *languiſh*, as ſhe expreſſes herſelf, for *opportunities to oblige him*; and who are extremely earneſt to *diſſuade* her from entering upon the meaſure ſhe wiſhes him to promote? Can he, madam, to uſe your own words in the ſolemn paper you gave me, think of *taking ſuch advantage of their generoſity* to him?

But can Clementina della Porretta, who is bleſt with the tendereſt and moſt indulgent of parents, and who has always juſtly gloried in her duty to them; whoſe Brothers love her with a diſintereſtedneſs that hardly any Brothers before them have been able to ſhew; can ſhe, in oppoſition to the will of her Grandfathers, wiſh to enter into a meaſure, that muſt fruſtrate all their hopes from her for ever?—Dear Lady conſider.

You, my beloved correſpondent, who hold marriage as a Sacrament, ſurely cannot doubt but you may ſerve God in it with much greater efficacy, than were you to ſequeſter yourſelf from a world that wants ſuch an example as you are able to give it. But, madam, your parents propoſe not marriage to you: They, only, at preſent, beſeech, not command you (they know the generoſity of your heart) not to take a ſtep that muſt entirely fruſtrate all their hopes, and put an option out of *your own* power, ſhould you change your mind. Let me adviſe you, madam, diſclaiming all intereſted views, and from motives of a Love merely fraternal (for ſuch is your expectation from the man you

you honour with your correſpondence) to ſet the hearts of relations, ſo juſtly dear to you, at eaſe; and to leave to Providence the iſſue. They never, madam, will compel you. And give me leave to ſay, that piety requires this of you. Does not the Almighty, everywhere in his word, ſanctify the *reaſonable* commands of parents? Does he not intereſt himſelf, if I may ſo expreſs myſelf, in the performance of the filial duty? May it not be juſtly ſaid, that to obey your parents, is to ſerve God? Would the generous, the noble-minded Clementina della Porretta, *narrow*, as I may ſay, her piety, by limiting it (I ſpeak now as if I were a Catholic, and as if I thought there were ſome *merit* in ſecluding one's ſelf from the world) when ſhe could, at leaſt, *equally* ſerve God, and benefit her own ſoul, by obeying her parents, by fulfilling the will of her deceaſed Grandfathers, and by obliging all her other near and dear relations? Lady Clementina cannot reſolve all the world into herſelf. Shall I ſay, there is often cowardice, there is ſelfiſhneſs, and perhaps, in the world's eye, a too ſtrong confeſſion of diſappointment, in ſuch ſeclusions?

There are about you perſons who can give this argument its full force—I *cannot* do it. O my Clementina, my Siſter, my Friend, I cannot be ſo great, ſo diſintereſted, in this inſtance, as you can be!—But I can be juſt: I preſume to ſay, I cannot be ungenerous. I tell you not what I hope to be enabled by your noble example, in time, to do, becauſe of the preſent *tenderneſs* of your *health*. But you muſt not, madam, expect from *me* a conduct, that you think it would become *you* to diſavow. Delicate as the *female* mind is, and as is moſt particularly my dear correſpondent's, that of the man, on ſuch an occaſion as this, ſhould ſhew at leaſt an *equal* delicacy: For has he not *her* honour to protect, no leſs than his *own*, as a man, to regard?

Diſtreſs me not, my dear Clementina; *add* not, I

ſhould *rather* ſay, to my diſtreſs, by the declaration of *yours*. I repeat, that your parents will not compel you. Put it not out of your *power* to be prevailed upon to do an act of *duty*. God requires not that you ſhould be dead to your friends, in order to live to Him. Their hope is laudable. Will Lady Clementina della Porretta put it out even of the *Almighty*'s power, to bleſs their hope? Will ſhe think herſelf unhappy, if ſhe cannot puniſh them, inſtead of rewarding them, for all their tender and indulgent goodneſs to her? —It cannot be. God Almighty perfect his own work, ſo happily begun, in the full reſtoration of your health! This bleſſing, I have no doubt, will attend your filial obedience. But can you, my dear correſpondent, expect it, if you make yourſelf uneaſy, and keep your mind in ſuſpenſe, as to your duty, and indulge yourſelf in ſuppoſing, that the will of God, and the will of your parents, are oppoſite? A great deal now depends upon yourſelf. O madam, will you not in a *ſmaller* inſtance, were your heart ever ſo much engaged to the cloiſtered life, practiſe that ſelf-denial, which in the *higheſt* you enforce upon me? All your temporal duties, againſt you; and your ſpiritual not favouring, much leſs impelling, you?

But once more, I quit a ſubject, that may, and, no doubt, will, be enforced in a much ſtronger manner, than I *can* enforce it. I will ſoon, very ſoon, pay my duty to you, and all yours. You own your wiſhes to ſee me, becauſe you are fortified by your invincible adherence to your reſolution. I will acknowledge anguiſh of heart. I cannot, as I told you above, be ſo great as you. But if you will permit your ſiſterly Love to have its full operation, and if you wiſh me peace of mind, and a cordial reſignation to your will, let me ſee you, madam, on the next viſit I ſhall have the honour to make you, chearful, ſerene, and determined to acquieſce in the reaſonable will of parents, who, I am confident, I again repeat it, will never

never compel you to marry—Have they not already given you a very ſtrong inſtance, that they will not?—In a word, let me hear you declare, that you will reſign yourſelf to their will, in this article of the veil; and I ſhall then, with the more chearfulneſs, endeavour to reſign to yours, ſo ſtrongly and repeatedly declared, in the Letter before me, to, dear Lady,

Your fraternal friend, and ever-obliged Servant,
GRANDISON.

Lady Olivia, madam, arrived this day at her own palace. It is impoſſible that any-thing but civility can paſs between her and your greatly favoured correſpondent.

LETTER XXXVII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Bologna, Thurſday, Aug. 17-28.

I SHALL hereafter have a pretty large ſupplement to give you to my literary journal; having found it neceſſary, as much as poſſible, in the paſt month, to amuſe myſelf with ſubjects without myſelf. And I ſhall ſend you now the copies of three Letters of mine, written in Italian to Lady Clementina; and two of hers, in anſwer to the firſt and ſecond of them (*a*).

I arrived here yeſterday. But before I proceed to acquaint you with my reception, I ſhould mention, that Lady Olivia arrived at her own palace at Florence, on Friday laſt. I was then in that city, but newly returned from Naples and Rome. She ſent one of her gentlemen to me the night of her arrival, to acquaint me with it, and to deſire me to attend her next morning. I went.

Her firſt reception of me was polite and agreeable. But the moment her Aunt Maffei withdrew, and we

(*a*) See the five preceding Letters.

were alone, her eyes darting a fiercer ray, Wretch, ſaid ſhe, what diſturbance, what anxieties, haſt thou given me!—But it is well, that thy ingratitude to the creature who has riſqued ſo much for thee, has been rewarded, as it ought to be, by a repulſe from a ſtill prouder heart, if poſſible, than thy own?

You, Lady Olivia, anſwered I, have *reaſon* to impute pride to me. You have given me many opportunities to ſhew you, that I, a man, can keep my temper; when you, a woman, have not been able to keep yours; yet, in me, never met with an aggreſſor.

Not an aggreſſor, Sir!—To ſay nothing of the contempts you caſt upon me here in my own Italy, what was your treatment of me in your England—Paltry iſland! I deſpiſe it!—To reſolve to leave me there! To refuſe to compliment me with a day, an hour! [O my deteſted weakneſs! What a figure did I make among your friends!] And declaredly to attend the motions of the haughtieſt woman in Europe!—Thank God, for your own ſake; yes, Sir, I have the charity to ſay, for *your own* ſake; that you are diſappointed!

I pity you, Lady Olivia: From my ſoul I pity you! And ſhould abhor myſelf, were I capable of mingling inſult with my pity. But I leave you.

Forgive me, Chevalier, catching my arm as I was going. I am more diſpleaſed with myſelf than with you. A creature, that has rendered herſelf ſo cheap to you (but, Sir, it is *only* to you) cannot but be uneaſy to herſelf; and when ſhe is, ſhe muſt miſbehave to every-body elſe. Say you forgive me—

She held out her hand to me. But immediately, on Lady Maffei's coming in, followed by ſervants, withdrew it.

Her behaviour afterwards was that of the true paſſionate woman; now ready to rave, now in tears. I *cannot* Dr. Bartlett, *deſcend to particulars*. A man, who loves the Sex; who has more compaſſion than vanity

vanity in his nature; who can value even generally faulty perſons for the qualities that are laudable in them, muſt be deſirous to *draw a veil* over the weakneſſes of ſuch. I left her diſtreſſed. There *may* be caſes in which ſincerity cannot be ſeparated from unpoliteneſs. I was obliged to be *unpolite*, or I could not have been *ſincere*; and muſt have given ſuch anſwers, as would, perhaps, in ſome meaſure, have intitled the Lady to think herſelf *amuſed*. Poor woman! She threatened to have me overtaken by her vengeance. But now, on the diſappointment I had met with at Bologna, it became abſolutely neceſſary for me to encourage, or to diſcourage, this unhappy Lady—I could not have been juſt to *her*, had I not been juſt to *myſelf*.

A very extraordinary attempt was made, next day, on my perſon; I believe, from this quarter. It ſucceeded not: And as I was on the Tueſday to ſet out for Bologna, I let it paſs off without complaint or enquiry.

I paid the Count of Belvedere a viſit, as I had promiſed. The General at Naples, and the Count at Parma, received me with the higheſt civilities; and both from the ſame motive. The Count *will* hope.

The General accompanied me, with his Lady, part of my way to Florence. The motive of his journey is to rejoice perſonally with his friends at Urbino and Bologna, on the reſolution his Siſter has taken; and to congratulate her upon it; as he has already done by Letter; the copy of which he ſhewed me. There were high compliments made me in it. We *may* ſpeak handſomely of the man whom we neither envy nor fear. He would have loaded me with preſents; but I declined accepting any; in in ſuch a manner, however, as he could not be diſſatisfied with me for my refuſal.

I paid alſo my reſpects at Urbino to the Altieri family, and the Conte della Porretta, in my way to

Rome and Naples, and met with a very polite reception from both. For the reſt of the time of my abſence from Bologna, my literary journal will account.

On Wedneſday afternoon I went to the palace of Porretta. I haſtened up to my Jeronymo, with whom, as alſo with Mr. Lowther, I had held a correſpondence, in my abſence, and received favourable intelligences from them.

Jeronymo rejoiced to ſee me. I was inexpreſſibly delighted to find him ſo much recovered. His appetite, he told me, was reſtored. His reſt was balmy and refreſhing. He ſat up ſeveral hours in the day; and his Siſter and he gave joy to each other, and to all their friends. But he hinted to me his wiſhes ſtill, to call me Brother; and begged of God, in a very earneſt manner, ſnatching my hand, that it ſtill might be ſo.

The Marquis and Marchioneſs joined to thank me for my part of the correſpondence with their beloved Daughter; for, on my declining to ſupport her in her wiſhes to be allowed to take the veil, ſhe had ſhewed them the copy of her ſecond Letter, as well as my reply to it. The bleſſings which they poured out upon me, were mingled with their tears; and Father Mareſcotti and the Biſhop declared, that they would, in every prayer they put up to Heaven for themſelves and the family, remember me, and beg of God to ſupply to me, by another, and even, they ſaid, a *better* Clementina, the diſappointment I had ſo unexpectedly met with from *theirs*. The General and his Lady, and the Count, arrived the day before: But they were not preſent.

While they were all complimenting and applauding the almoſt *ſilent* man (for in ſo critical a ſituation what could I ſay?) Camilla came in, and whiſpering the Marchioneſs, Clementina, ſaid the Marchioneſs, is impatient to ſee her friend. Chevalier, I will introduce you. I followed her.

The

The young Lady, the moment ſhe beheld me, flew to me with open arms, as to her Brother, her *fourth Brother*, as ſhe called me; and thanked me, ſhe ſaid, a thouſand thouſand times, for my Letters to her. My Mamma, ſaid ſhe, has ſeen them all. But, ah, Sir, your third!—I did not think you would have refuſed me your intereſt with my friends. I cannot, cannot give up that point. It was always my wiſh, madam, (turning to her Mother) to be God's child; that will not make me leſs yours and my Papa's. O, Chevalier, you have not quieted, you have not convinced, my heart!

I promiſe myſelf, that I could have left you without a plea, my dear correſpondent, returned I, had my heart been at eaſe, and the argument leſs affecting to myſelf. And ſurely, if Lady Clementina had been convinced, ſhe would have acted up to her conviction.

O, Sir, you are a dangerous man. I ſee, if a certain event had taken place, I ſhould have been a loſt creature!—Are not you, Sir, convinced, that, in my notions of a loſt creature, I ſhould? If you are, I hope *you* will act up to your conviction.

Was this neceſſary to be ſaid to me? I think, on recollection, ſhe half-ſmiled when ſhe ſaid it.

My dear Dr. Bartlett, you ſee Clementina could be pleaſant on an occaſion ſo ſolemn!—But perhaps ſhe ſaw me only *affectedly* chearful. Little, as ſhe, at preſent, imagines it, I think it not impoſſible that ſhe may in time be brought to yield to the ſenſe of her duty, laid down by ſuch powerful advocates as ſhe has in her own family. Whatever happens, may it be happy to her and this family, and then I cannot be wholly joyleſs. What is there in this Life, worth—But let me not be too abſtracted. This world, if we can enjoy it with innocent chearfulneſs, and be ſerviceable to our fellow-creatures, is not to be deſpiſed, even by a Philoſopher.

I hope, madam, ſaid I to her, that at leaſt you ſuſpend your wiſhes after the ſequeſtered life. She allowed the force of one or two of my arguments; but I could perceive, that ſhe gave not up her hope of being complied with in her wiſhes to aſſume the veil.

The General, and his Lady, and the Count, being come in, haſtened up to pay their compliments to me. How profuſe were the two Gentlemen in theirs!

At the Marchioneſs's motion, we went to Jeronymy, and found the Marquis, the Biſhop, and Father Mareſcotti, coming to us. And then, every one joining, in their acknowlegements of obligation to me, and wiſhing it in their power to make me as happy as they declared I had made them, I ſaid, It *was* in their power, I hoped, to do me an unſpeakable pleaſure.

They called upon me, as with one voice; It is, anſwered I, that my dear friend Jeronymo may be prevailed upon to accompany me to England. Mr. Lowther would think himſelf very happy in his attendance on him there, rather than to ſtay here; and yet, if my requeſt ſhould not be granted, he is determined not to leave him till he is ſuppoſed to be out of danger.

They looked upon one another with eyes of pleaſure and ſurpriſe. Jeronymo wept. I cannot, cannot bear, ſaid he, ſuch a weight of obligation. Grandiſon, we can do nothing for *you*: And you have brought me your Lowther to heal me, that you might have the killing of me yourſelf.

Clementina's eyes were filled with tears. She went from us with ſome little precipitation.

O Chevalier, ſaid the Marchioneſs, my Clementina's heart is too ſuſceptible for its own eaſe, to impreſſions of gratitude. You will quite kill the poor child—or make her repent her reſolution.

What is there but favour to me, replied I, if my requeſt

requeſt can be complied with? I hope my dear Jeronymo will not be unattended by others of his friends: I have had the promiſes of the two young Lords. Our baths are reſtorative. I will attend you to them, my dear Jeronymo. The difference of air, of climate, may, probably, be tried with advantage. Let me have the honour of entertaining you in England, looking round me; and *that* I will conſider, as a full return of the obligations you think ſo highly of, and are ſo ſolicitous to diſcharge.

They looked upon one another, in ſilence.

Would to heaven, proceeded I, that you, my Lord, and you, madam (directing myſelf to the Father and Mother) would honour me, as my gueſts, for one ſeaſon —You once had thoughts of it, had a certain happy event taken place—I dare promiſe you both, after the fatigues you have undergone, a renewal of health, from our ſalutary ſprings. I ſhould be but too happy, if, in ſuch company, a Siſter might be allowed to viſit a Brother! —But if this be thought too great a favour, that Siſter, in your abſence, cannot but give and receive pleaſure, ſometimes in viſiting Mrs. Beaumont at Florence; ſometimes her Brother and his Lady at Naples. And I will engage my two Siſters and their Lords to accompany me in my attendance on you back to Bologna. My Siſters will be delighted with the opportunity of viſiting Italy and of paying their reſpects to a young Lady whoſe character they revere, and to whom once their Brother had hoped to give them the honour of a relation.

They ſtill continuing ſilent, but none of them ſeeming diſpleaſed; You will, by ſuch a favour, my dear Lords, and you, madam, to the Marchioneſs, do me credit with *myſelf*, as I may ſay. I ſhall return to my native country, if I go alone, after the hopes you had all given me, like a diſappointed and rejected man. My pride, as well as my pleaſure, is concerned on this occaſion. My houſe in the country, my houſe in

in London, ſhall be yours. I will be either inmate or viſiter, at your pleaſure. No man loves his country better than I do: But you will induce me to love it ſtill better, if, by your compliance with my earneſt requeſt, you ſhall be able to obtain either health or pleaſure from a twelvemonths reſidence in it. Oblige me, my dear Lords; oblige me, madam; were it but to give yourſelves a new reliſh to your own country and palace on your return. Our ſummers have not your fervid ſun: Our commerce gives us all your juſtly-boaſted autumnal fruits: Nor are our winters ſo cold as yours. Oblige me, for the approaching winter only; and ſtay longer, as you ſhall find inclination.

Deareſt Grandiſon, ſaid Jeronymo, I will accept of your invitation the moment I am told that I may undertake the journey—

The journey, my Lord, interrupted I!—Your cabin ſhall be made near as convenient to you, as your chamber. You ſhall be ſet aſhore within half a league of my houſe in London. God give us a pleaſant voyage; and in a few days time, you will not know, except by amended health and ſpirits, that you are not in this your own chamber.

Surely, ſaid the General, my Siſter was right in her apprehenſions, that ſhe would not be able to continue a Catholic, had ſhe been this man's. I wiſh *you*, my Lord, ſaid he, *you* madam, and Jeronymo, would go. You have had a long courſe of fatigues and troubles. You love the Chevalier. *Winter* with him, however. I have heard much of the efficacy of the Engliſh Baths. Clementina muſt not go. My Wife and I will make her as happy as poſſible in your abſence: And take Grandiſon at his word. Bring him, and his Siſters, back with you. Their Lords, I underſtand, *have been* among us. They will not be ſorry to viſit Italy a ſecond time, as, no doubt, they are men of taſte—But when, Chevalier, do you think of going?

The

The ſooner the better, were it but to take advantage of the fine ſeaſon: It will be but what mariners call a *trip* to England. You will make me very happy. You can have no other way of diſcharging the obligations you are ſo ſolicitous about. I will return with you: The health of Lady Clementina, I flatter myſelf, will be quite confirmed by that time. Signor Jeronymo, I hope, will be reſtored likewiſe: What joy ſhall we be enabled to give one another!—

They took only till the morning to conſult, and give me an anſwer.

LETTER XXXVIII.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

MR. Lowther and his colleagues, having been conſulted, gave it as their opinion, that Jeronymo might be removed by litter to the neareſt ſea-port, and there embark for England; but that it is moſt eligible to ſtay till the next ſpring, by which time they hope the two old wounds may be ſafely cicatrized, and the new one only kept open.

But they all engaged, that then not only Jeronymo, and the two young Lords, but ſome others of the family, will be my gueſts in England; and, in the mean time, that the Biſhop and Father Mareſcotti will in turn correſpond with me, and acquaint me will all that paſſes here.

Clementina drank chocolate with us. She had been made acquainted with their determination, and approved of the promiſes of a viſit to be made me next year, by ſome of the principals of the family. What a hard circumſtance is it, whiſpered ſhe, as ſhe ſat next me, that the perſon who would be *moſt* willing to go, and, I flatter myſelf, would not be the *leaſt* welcome, muſt not be of the company! I ſhould have been glad to have made one viſit to the country where the Chevalier Grandiſon was born.

And

And what a perverſeneſs, thought I, is there in cuſtom; that would not permit this kind explicitneſs in Lady Clementina, were ſhe not determined to conſider the *Brother*, in the man before her, rather than a ſtill nearer relation! By how many ways, my dear Dr. Bartlett, may delicate minds expreſs a denial!—Negatives need not to be frowningly given, nor affirmatives bluſhingly pronounced.

Jeronymo and I being left alone, he challenged me on the viſible concern which he, and every one, as he ſaid, ſaw in my countenance, on the turn his Siſter had taken: Had it not been in my heart, he was ſure it would not have been *there*.

Can you wonder at it, my dear friend? ſaid I: When I came over, greatly as I thought of your Siſter, I did not think ſhe had been *ſo* great, as ſhe has ſhewn herſelf. I admired her ever; but I now *more* than admire her. Taught to hope, as I was, and ſo unexpectedly diſappointed, as I have been, I muſt have been more than man, were I not very much affected.

No doubt but you muſt; and I am cordially concerned for you. But, my dear Grandiſon, it is God alone that ſhe prefers to you. She ſuffers more than you can do. She has no other way, ſhe aſſures me, to comfort herſelf, but by indulging her hopes, that ſhe ſhall not live long—Dear creature! She flatters herſelf, that her reaſon is reſtored, in anſwer to her fervent ſupplications, which, ſhe ſays, ſhe put up to Heaven, in all her lucid intervals, that for the ſake of her Parents and Brothers, it might be reſtored, and that then ſhe might be taken to the arms of mercy. But if your heart be *deeply* affected, my Grandiſon—

It is, Jeronymo. I am not an inſenſible man. But ſhould now our dear Clementina be prevailed upon to deſcend from the height to which ſhe has ſoared, however my wiſhes might be gratified by the condeſcenſion, yet, while ſhe believed her conſcience would be wounded by it, I could not but think it would be ſome

diminution to her glory. And how, as ſhe has hinted in one of her Letters to me, would it be poſſible, were I to ſee my beloved Wife unhappy with her ſcruples, to forbear endeavouring to quiet her mind by removing them? And could *this* be effected, without giving her an opinion of the religion I profeſs, in oppoſition to hers? And would not that ſubject me to a breach of articles? O my dear Jeronymo! Matters muſt ſtand juſt as they do, except ſhe could think more favourably of my religion, and leſs favourably of her own.

He began to talk of their obligations to me. I declared that they could no other way give me pain. Do not, ſaid I, let this ſubject ever be again mentioned, by you, or any of the family. Every one, my dear Jeronymo, is not called upon by the occaſion, as I have had the happineſs to be. Would my friend envy me this happineſs?

I wiſh, Dr. Bartlett, with all my heart, that I could think of any-thing that I could accept of, to make ſuch grateful ſpirits eaſy. It pains me, to be placed by them in ſuch a ſuperior light, as muſt give *them* pain. What, my dear Dr. Bartlett, can I do, conſiſtent with my notions of friendſhip, to make their hearts eaſy?

He was afraid, he ſaid, that I ſhould now ſoon think of leaving them.

I told him, that having no doubt of Lady Clementina's perſeverance in her reſolution, and of her leave to return to my native country, I ſhould be glad, for my own ſake, as well as the Lady's, to be allowed to depart in a few days. Mr. Lowther, as it would make Jeronymo, as he had declared, more eaſy, would ſtay behind me. But diſmiſs him, my friend, ſaid I, as ſoon as you can. He had obtained abroad a happy competency, and was returned to England, when I firſt knew him, with intent to enjoy it. He is as rich as he wants to be; and can gratify only the natural benevolence of his heart, by attending my dear friend.

I hope to get him to accept of apartments with me, in my London houſe; and to fix his retirement, if not with me in my paternal ſeat, in its neighbourhood at leaſt. He has merit that is not confined to his profeſſion: But for what he has done for my Jeronymo, he will always hold a prime place in my heart.

It is *true*, Dr. Bartlett; and I pleaſe myſelf, that he will be found as worthy of your friendly love, and my Beauchamp's, as of mine. If I can at laſt be indulged in my long, long hoped-for wiſh, of ſettling in my native country, with ſome tolerable tranquillity of mind, I ſhall endeavour to draw round me ſuch a collection of valuable perſons, as ſhall make my neighbourhood one of the happieſt ſpots in Britain.

The Marchioneſs came up to us. Clementina, ſaid ſhe, is apprehenſive that you will ſoon leave us. Her Father and Brothers are walking with her in the garden: They will, I dare ſay, be glad of your company.

I left Jeronymo and his Mother together; and joined the Marquis and his other Sons, and Clementina. The General's Lady and Father Mareſcotti were in another alley, in earneſt converſation.

After a few turns, the Prelate led off his Father and Brother, and left Clementina and me alone together.

Were you not cruel, Chevalier, ſaid ſhe, in your laſt Letter to me, not only to deny me your weight in the requeſt my heart was, and is ſtill, ſet upon; but to ſtrengthen their arguments againſt me? Great uſe have ſome of my friends made of what you wrote. O Sir, you have won the heart of Giacomo; but you have contributed to oppreſs that of his Siſter. Indeed, indeed, I cannot be eaſy, if I am denied the veil.

Dear Lady Clementina, remember that the full eſtabliſhment of your health depends, under God, upon the quiet of your own mind. Give not way, I beſeech you, to uneaſy apprehenſions. What Daughter may rely upon the indulgence of a Father and Mother, what

what Siſter upon the affection of Brothers, if you may not upon yours? You have ſeen how much their happineſs depends upon your health. Would you doubt the efficacy of that piety, while you are in the world, of which you have already (Shall I ſay to *my* coſt?) given an inſtance ſo glorious to yourſelf, that the ſufferer by it cannot help applauding you for it?

O Chevalier! Say not *at your coſt*, if you wiſh me to be eaſy.

With the utmoſt difficulty *have* I reſtrained, and *do* I reſtrain, myſelf on theſe occaſions. I muſt, however, add, on this, a few words: You have obliged me, madam, to give one of the greateſt inſtances of ſelf-denial, that ever was given by man: Let be beſeech you, deareſt Lady Clementina, for your own ſake, for the ſake of your duty, as well to the departed, as to the living (and, may I add, for *my* ſake?) that you would decline this now favourite wiſh of your heart.

She pauſed; and at laſt ſaid, Well Sir, I ſee I muſt not expect any favour from you, on this ſubject. Let us turn into that ſhaded alley. And now, Sir, as to the other part of my requeſt to you, in my laſt Letter—It was not a requeſt made on undeliberate motives.

What is that, madam?

How ſhall I ſay it?—Yet I will—If, Chevalier, you would baniſh from my heart—Again ſhe ſtopt. I thought not, at that moment, of what ſhe meant.

If you would make me eaſy—

Madam—

You muſt marry!—Then, Sir, ſhall I not doubt of my adhering to my reſolution. But, ſay not a word till I have told you, that the Lady muſt be an Engliſh woman. She muſt not be an Italian. Olivia would not ſcruple to change her religion for you. But Olivia muſt *not* be yours. You could not be happy, I perſuade myſelf, with Olivia. Do you think you could?

I

I bowed, in confirmation of her opinion.

I *thought* you could not. Let not Clementina be diſgraced in your choice of a Wife. I have a proud heart. Let it not be ſaid, that the man, of whom Clementina della Porretta thought with diſtinction undervalued himſelf in marriage.

This, Dr. Bartlett, was a requeſt of the ſame generous import, that ſhe mentioned in her reveries before I left Italy. How conſiſtently delicate! She had tears in her eyes, as ſhe ſpoke. I was too much affected with her generoſity, to interrupt her.

If you marry, Sir, I ſhall, perhaps, be allowed to be one in the party, that will make you a viſit in England: My Siſter-in-law has, within this hour, wiſhed to be one. She will endeavour to prevail upon her Lord (He can deny her nothing) to accompany her. You will be able to induce Mrs. Beaumont once more to viſit her native country. You and your Lady, and perhaps your Siſters and their Lords, will return with *us*. Thus ſhall we be as one family. If I am not to be obliged in *another* wiſh, I muſt in *this*: And this *muſt* be in your power. And will you not make me eaſy?

Admirable Clementina! Who can be ſo great as you? Such tenderneſs as I read in your eyes, ſuch magnanimity, never before met in woman! You can do every thing that is noble—But that very greatneſs of ſoul attaches me to you; and makes it, at leaſt while I am an admiring witneſs of your excellence—

Huſh, Chevalier, Not a word more on this ſubject. It affects me more than I wiſh it did. I am afraid I am chargeable with affectation—But you muſt, however, marry. I ſhall not be eaſy, while you are unmarried—When I know it is not poſſible to be—But no more of this ſubject now—How long is it, that we are to have you among us?

If I have no hopes, madam—

Dear Chevalier, ſpeak not in this ſtrain—She turned her face from me. The

The ſooner, the better—But your pleaſure, madam—

I thank you, Sir—But did I not tell you, that I have pride, Chevalier?—Ah, Sir, you have long ago found it out! *Pride* will do greater things for women, than *Reaſon* can—Let us walk to that ſeat, and I will tell you more of my pride.

She ſat down; and making me ſit by her—I will talk to theſe myrtles, fancifully ſaid ſhe, turning her head from me. "Shall the Chevalier Grandiſon be "acquainted with the weakneſs of thy heart, Clemen- "tina?—Shall he, in compaſſion to thy weakneſs, "leave his native country, and come over to thee?— "Shall the ſucceſs that has attended his generous ef- "fort, ſhew *his* power to the confirmation of *thy* "weakneſs?—Shalt thou, enabled by the divine good- "neſs to take a reſolution becoming thy character, "be doubtful whether thou canſt adhere to it; and "give him room to *think* thee doubtful? Shall he, "in conſequence of this doubtfulneſs, make *officious* "abſences, to try thy ſtrength of mind?—And ſhalt "thou fail in the trial his compaſſionate generoſity puts "thee to?"—No, Clementina!

Then turning to me, with a downcaſt eye—I thank you, Sir, for all the inſtances of generous compaſſion you have ſhewn me. My unhappy diſorder had *intitled* me, in ſome meaſure, to it. It was the hand of God. Perhaps a puniſhment for my pride; and I ſubmit to it. Nor am I aſhamed to acknowlege the kindneſs of your compaſſion to me. I will retain a grateful ſenſe of it, to the laſt hour of my life. I wiſh to be remembered by you with tenderneſs to the laſt hour of yours. I may not live long: I will therefore yield to your requeſt, ſo earneſtly made, and to the *wiſhes* of my deareſt friends, in ſuſpending, at leaſt, *my own*. I will hope to ſee you (in the happy ſtate I have hinted at) in England, and afterwards in Italy. I will ſuppoſe you of my family. I will ſuppoſe myſelf of

yours.

yours. On theſe ſuppoſitions, in theſe hopes, I can part with you; as, if I live, it will be a temporary parting only; an abſence of a few months. And have I not behaved well for the whole laſt month, and ſeveral days over; tho' I reckoned to myſelf the time as it paſſed, more than once every day, as ſo much elapſed, and nearer to the time of your return?—I own it (bluſhing)—And now, Sir, I return to you the option you offered me. Be the day, the ſolemn day, at *your* nomination—Your *Siſter* Clementina will ſurrender you up to *her* Siſters and *yours*—O Sir! lifting up her eyes to me, and beholding an emotion in me which I tried to conceal, but could not, how good, how compaſſionate, how affectionate, you are!—But name to me *now* your day! This ſeat, when you are far, far diſtant from me, ſhall be a ſeat conſecrated to the remembrance of your tenderneſs. I will viſit it every day; nor ſhall the ſummer's ſun, nor the winter's froſt, keep me from it.

It will be beſt, taking her hand, admirable Lady! it will be beſt for us both, for *me* I am ſure it will, that the ſolemn day be early. Next Monday morning let me ſet out—Sunday *evening*—The *day*, on my part, ſhall be a day paſſed in imploring health, happineſs, and every bleſſing, on my deareſt Clementina, on our Jeronymo, and their whole family; and for a happy meeting to us all in England—SUNDAY EVENING, if you pleaſe, I will—I could not ſpeak out the ſentence.

She burſt into tears; reclined her face on my ſhoulder—her boſom heaved—and ſhe ſobbed out—Oh, Chevalier!—*Muſt*, *muſt*—But *be* it—*Be* it ſo!—And God Almighty ſtrengthen the minds of both!

The Marchioneſs, who was coming towards us, ſaw at diſtance the emotion of her beloved Daughter, and fearing ſhe was fainting, haſtened to her, and claſping her arms about her—My child, my Clementina, ſaid ſhe—Why theſe ſtreaming eyes? Look upon me, Love.

Ah,

Ah, madam! The day, the day is ſet!—Next Monday!—The Chevalier will leave Bologna!

God forbid—Chevalier, you will not ſo ſoon leave us? My dear, we will prevail upon the Chevalier—

I aroſe, and walked into a croſs alley from them. I was greatly affected!---O Dr. Bartlett! Theſe good women!—Why have I a heart ſo ſuſceptible; yet ſuch demands upon it for fortitude?

The General, the Biſhop, and Father Mareſcotti, came to me. I briefly recounted to them the ſubſtance of the converſation that had paſſed between Lady Clementina and me. The Marquis joined his Lady and Daughter; and Clementina, in her tender way, gave her Father and Mother an account of it alſo.

The Marquis and his Lady, leaving her to her Camilla, joined us: O Chevalier! ſaid the Marquis, how can we think of parting with you?—And ſo ſoon?—You will not ſo ſuddenly leave us?

Not if Lady Clementina commands the contrary. If ſhe do not, the ſooner, the better it will be for *me*. I cannot bear her generous excellence. She is a moſt exalted woman.—See! the dear Lady before us, leaning on her Camilla, as if ſhe wanted ſupport!

My Siſter and you, Chevalier, ſaid the General, will no doubt correſpond. We ſhall none of us deny her that liberty. As ſhe has already expreſſed to you her wiſhes that you would marry; may we not hope, that you will try your influence over her, upon the ſame ſubject, in your future Letters? The marriage of *either* will anſwer the end ſhe propoſes to herſelf, by urging yours.

Good Heaven! thought I---Do they believe me abſolutely diveſted of human paſſions?---I have been at continual war, as you know Dr. Bartlett, with the moſt ungovernable of mine; but without wiſhing to overcome the tender ſuſceptibilities, which, properly directed, are the glory of the human nature.

This is too much to be aſked, ſaid the young Marchioneſs. How can this be expected?

You know not, madam, ſaid the Biſhop, ſeconding his Brother's wiſhes, what the Chevalier Grandiſon can do, to make a whole family happy, tho' againſt himſelf.

Lady Clementina, ſaid the equally unfeeling, tho' good, Father Mareſcotti, thinks ſhe is under the divine direction, in the reſolution ſhe has taken. This world, and all its glories, are but of ſecond conſideration with her. Were it to coſt her her life, I am confident, ſhe would not alter it. As *therefore* the Chevalier can have no hopes.

I cannot aſk this, ſaid the Marquis. You ſee how hard a taſk (*referring to me*)---O that the great obſtacle *could be* removed! My dear Grandiſon, taking my hand, cannot, cannot---But I dare not aſk---If it could, my own Sons would not be more dear to me, than you.

My Lord, you honour me. You engage my utmoſt gratitude. It is with difficulty that I am able to adhere to my engagement, not to preſs her to be mine, when I have the honour to be with her. I have wiſhed her to reſign her will to that of her Father and Mother, as you have ſeen, *knowing* the conſequence. I am perſuaded, that if *either* were to marry, the other would be more eaſy in mind; and I had much rather follow *her* example, than ſet her one---You will ſee what my return to my native country will do for us *both*. But ſhe muſt not be precipitated. If ſhe is, her wiſhes to take the veil may be reſumed. Punctilio will join with her piety; and, if not complied with, ſhe may then again be unhappy.

They agreed to follow my advice; to have patience; and leave the iſſue to time.

I left them, and went to Jeronymo. I communicated to him what had paſſed, and the early day I

had named for ſetting out on my return to England. This I did, with as much tenderneſs as poſſible. Yet his concern was ſo great upon it, that it added much to mine; and I was forced, with ſome precipitation, to quit his chamber, and the houſe; and to retire to my lodgings, in order to compoſe myſelf.

And thus, my dear Dr. Bartlett, is the day of my ſetting out fixed. I hope I ſhall not be induced to alter it. Mrs. Beaumont, I know, will excuſe me going back to Florence. Olivia muſt. I hope ſhe will. I ſhall write to both.

I ſhall take my route thro' Modena, Parma, Placentia. Lady Sforza has deſired an interview with me. I hope ſhe will meet me at Pavia, or Turin. If not, I will attend her at Milan. I promiſed to pay her a viſit before I quitted Italy: But as her requeſt to ſee me was made while it was thought there might have been a relation between us, I ſuppoſe the interview now can mean nothing but civility. I hope, if I ſee her, her cruel Daughter will not be preſent.

LETTER XXXIX.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON. *In Continuation.*

Parma, Monday Night, { *Aug.* 21. / *Sept.* 1.

HERE I am, my dear Dr. Bartlett. Juſt arrived. The Count of Belvedere allows me to be alone. I am not fit for company.

The whole family, Jeronymo and Clementina excepted, dined with me on Saturday. Clementina was not well enough to leave her chamber. She would endeavour, ſhe ſaid, on Sunday night, when I was to take my leave of them all, to behave with as much preſence of mind as ſhe did on a former occaſion. All the intervenient time, ſhe ſaid, was neceſſary to fortify her heart. But, alas! the circumſtances between

us, then and now, were not the ſame. We had, for ſome time paſt, been allowedly too dear to each other, to appear, either of us, ſo politely diſtant as we did then.

She never once aſked me to ſuſpend the day of my departure. Every one elſe repeatedly did. We *both* thought it beſt, as the ſeparation was neceſſary, that it ſhould *not* be ſuſpended.

I had many things to do; many Letters to write; much to ſay to Mr. Lowther, and he to me. I declined therefore their invitation to attend them home in the evening, as well as to dine with them next day. The ſolemn viſit was to be made yeſterday in the evening; and every viſit near the time, would have been as ſo many farewels. My own heart, at leaſt, told me ſo, and forbad me more than one parting ſcene. The time *ſo* near, they themſelves wiſhed it paſſed.

The Count had come from Urbino on purpoſe, with the two young Lords, to take leave of me: What bleſſings did that nobleman, and the Marquis and Marchioneſs, invoke upon me! The General had more than once tears in his eyes; He beſought me to forgive him for every-thing, in his behaviour, that had been diſagreeable to me. His Lady permitted me to take leave of her in the moſt affectionate manner; and ſaid, that ſhe hoped to prevail on her Lord to viſit me himſelf, and to allow her to bear him company, in my own country. The Biſhop ſupplicated Heaven to reward me, for what he called my goodneſs to their family. Father Mareſcotti joined in his ſupplications, with a bent knee. The Marquis and Marchioneſs both wept; and called me by very endearing names, vowing everlaſting love and gratitude to me. Jeronymo! my dear Jeronymo! one of the moſt amiable of men! how precious to my ſoul will ever be the remembrance of his friendly love; *His* only conſolation was, and it is *mine*, that, in a few months,

months, we ſhall meet in England. They wanted to load me with preſents. They pained me with their importunities, that I would accept of ſome very valuable ones. They ſaw my pain; and, in pity to me, declined their generous ſolicitations.

Clementina was not preſent at this parting ſcene. She had ſhut herſelf up for the greateſt part of the day. Her Mother, and her Siſter-in-law, had been her only viſiters: And ſhe having declared that ſhe was afraid of ſeeing me, it was propoſed to me, whether it were not beſt for me to depart, without ſeeing her. I can well ſpare to myſelf, ſaid I, the emotions which already ſo great, will on taking leave of her, be too powerful for my heart, if you think, that, when I am gone, ſhe will not wiſh (as once ſhe was ſo earneſt even to diſcompoſure, for a farewel viſit) that ſhe had allowed herſelf to ſee me.

They all were then of opinion, that ſhe ſhould be prevailed upon. Camilla at that inſtant came down with her Lady's deſire, that I would attend her. In what way, Camilla, is my Clementina? aſked the Marchioneſs; every-one attending the anſwer. In great grief, madam: Almoſt in agonies. She was ſending me down with her warmeſt wiſhes to the Chevalier, and with her excuſes; but called me back, ſaying ſhe would ſubdue herſelf: She would ſee him: And bid me haſten for fear he ſhould be gone.

The two Marchioneſſes went up directly. I was in tremors. Surely, thought I, I am the weakeſt of men!---The Biſhop and General took notice of my emotion, and pitied me. They all joined in the wiſh ſo often repeated, that I could yet be theirs.

I followed Camilla. Lady Clementina, when I entered, ſat between the Mother and Siſter; an arm round each of their necks; Her face was reclined, as if ſhe were ready to faint, on the boſom of her Mother, who held her ſalts to her. I was half-way in the room, before either mother or Daughter ſaw me.

The Chevalier Grandiſon, my beſt Siſter! ſaid the young Marchioneſs: Look up, my Love.

She raiſed her head. Then ſtood up, courteſied; and, guſhing into tears, turned her face from me.

I approached her: Her Mother gave me the hand of her Clementina---Comfort her, comfort my Clementina, good Chevalier---You only can---Sit down, my Love, Take *my* ſeat, Sir.

The young Lady trembled. She ſat down. Her Mother ſeated herſelf; tears in her eyes. I ſat down by Clementina. The dear Lady ſobbed; and the more, as ſhe endeavoured to ſuppreſs her emotion.

I addreſſed myſelf to her Siſter-in-law who had kept her ſeat---Your Ladyſhip, ſaid I, gives me a very high pleaſure, in the hope of ſeeing you, and your Lord, a few months hence, in company with my Jeronymo. What a bleſſing is it to us all, that that dear friend is ſo well recovered? I have no doubt but change of climate, and our ſalutary ſprings, will do wonders for him. Let us, by our *patience* and *reſignation*, intitle ourſelves to *greater* bleſſings; the conſequence, as I hope, of thoſe we have *already* received.

Pleaſe God, I will ſee you in England, Chevalier, ſaid the young Marchioneſs, if my Lord is in the leaſt favourable to my wiſhes; And I hope my beloved Siſter may be of the party. You, madam, and the Marquis, I hope—looking at her Mother-in-law.

I hope you will not go without *us*, my dear, replied the Marchioneſs. If our Clementina ſhall be well, we will not leave her behind us.

Ah, madam!—Ah, Sir!—ſaid Clementina, how you flatter me! But this, *this* night, if the Chevalier goes early in the morning, is the laſt time I ſhall ever ſee him.

God forbid! replied I—I hope that we may, many, many years rejoice, in each other's friendſhip. Let us look forward with what pleaſure we may. My heart, madam, wants your comfortings. I have a greater opinion

opinion of your magnanimity, than I have reaſon to have of my own. I depart not, but in conſequence of your will—Enable me, by your example, to ſuſtain that conſequence. In every-thing you muſt be an example to me. *I* could not have done, as *you* have done: Bid me ſupport my ſpirits in the hope of ſeeing you again, and ſeeing you happy. Tell me that your endeavours ſhall not be wanting to be ſo: And I ſhall then be ſo too; Dear Lady Clementina, my happineſs is bound up with yours.

Ah, Sir, I am *not* greater than you: And I am leſs than myſelf. I was afraid when I came to the trial—But *is* your happineſs bound up with mine? O that I may be happy for *your* ſake! I will *endeavour* to make myſelf ſo. You have given me a motive. Beſt of men! How much am I obliged to you! Will you cheriſh the remembrance of me? Will you forgive all my foibles?—The trouble I have given you?—I know you depart in conſequence of my—*Perverſeneſs*—perhaps you think it, tho' you will not call it ſo—What ſhall I do, if you think me either perverſe or ungrateful?

I *do* not, I *cannot*, think you either. May I be aſſured of your correſpondence, madam? Your Ladyſhip, turning to her Mother, will give it your countenance—

By all means, anſwered the Marchioneſs. We ſhall *all* correſpond with you. We ſhall pray for you, and bleſs you, every day that we live. You will be to me, as you have always been, a fourth Son---My deareſt Clementina, ſay, if your mind is changed, if it be *likely* to change, if you think that you ſhall not be happy, if the Chevalier---

O madam, permit me to withdraw for one moment.

She hurried to her cloſet. She ſhut the door, and poured out her ſoul in prayer; and ſoon returning---It *muſt* be ſo--- with an air of aſſumed greatneſs. Let

thy ſteadineſs, O Grandiſon, excuſe and keep mine in countenance---Bear witneſs, my Siſter; forgive me, my Mamma: But never did one mortal love another, as I do the man before us. But you both, and you, my dear Chevalier, know the competition; and ſhall not the UNSEEN (caſting up her eyes ſurcharged with tears) be greater with me than the *ſeen?* Be you my Brother, my Friend, and the Lover of my *ſoul:* This *perſon* is unworthy of you. The mind that animates it, is broken, diſturbed---Pray for me, as I will for you---

Then dropping down on one knee, God preſerve and convert thee, beſt of Proteſtants, and worthieſt of men! Guide thy footſteps, and bleſs thee in thy future and better lot! But if the woman, whom thou ſhalt diſtinguiſh by thy choice, loves thee not, perſon and mind, as well as ſhe before thee, ſhe *deſerves* thee not.

I would have raiſed her; but ſhe would not be raiſed---ſeeming full of ſome other great ſentiments. I kneeled to her, claſping my arms about her: May you, madam, be ever, ever happy!---I reſign to your will---And equally admire and reverence you for it, though a ſufferer by it. Laſting, as fervent, be our friendſhip!---And may we know each other hereafter in a place where all is harmony and love; where no difference in opinion can ſunder, as now, perſons otherwiſe formed to promote each other's happineſs!

I raiſed her, and aroſe; and kiſſing firſt one hand, then the other, and bowing to the two Marchioneſſes, was haſtening from her.

She clapt her hands together---He is gone!---O ſtay, ſtay, Chevalier---And *will* you go?---

I was in too much emotion to wiſh to be *ſeen*---She haſtened after me to the ſtairs---O ſtay, ſtay! I have not ſaid half I had to ſay---

I returned, and, taking her hand, bowed upon it, to conceal my ſenſibility---What further commands, with

with a faltering voice, has Lady Clementina for her Grandiſon?

I don't know---But will you, muſt you, *will* you go?

I go; I ſtay; I have no will but yours, madam.

The two Marchioneſſes ſtood together, rapt in ſilent attention, leaning on each other.

Clementina ſighed, ſobbed, wept; then turning from me, then towards me; but not withdrawing her hand; I thought, ſaid ſhe, I had a thouſand things to ſay---But I have loſt them all! Go thou in peace; and be happy! And God Almighty make *me* ſo! Adieu, deareſt of men!

She condeſcendingly inclined her cheek to me: I ſaluted her; but could not utter to her what yet was upon my lips to ſpeak.

She withdrew her hand. She ſeemed to want ſupport. Her Mother and Siſter haſtened to her. I ſtopt at the door. Her eyes purſued my motions. By her uplifted hands ſhe ſeemed praying for me. I was apprehenſive of her fainting. I haſtened towards her; but reſtraining myſelf, juſt as I had reached her, again hurried to the door: And on my knees, with claſped hands, audibly there beſought God to ſuſtain, ſupport, preſerve, the noble Clementina: And ſeeing her ſeated in the arms of both Ladies, I withdrew to Mr. Lowther's apartment; and ſhut myſelf in for a few moments. When a little recovered, I could not but ſtep in to my Jeronymo. He was alone; drying his eyes as he ſat: But ſeeing me enter, he burſt out into freſh tears.

Once more, my Jeronymo—I would have comforted him; but wanted comfort myſelf.

O my Grandiſon! embracing me, as I did him—

CLEMENTINA! The angel CLEMENTINA! *Ah, my Jeronymo*—Grief again denied me further ſpeech for a moment. I ſaw that *my* emotion increaſed *his*—*Love, love*, ſaid I, *the dear*— I would have added CLEMEN-

TINA; but my trembling lips refuſed diſtinct utterance to the word.—I tore myſelf from his embrace, and with precipitation left the tendereſt of friends.

About eleven, according to the Engliſh numbering of the hours, I ſent to know how the whole family did. Father Mareſcotti returned with my ſervant. He told me, that the Lady fainted away after I was gone: But went to reſt as ſoon as recovered. They all were in grief, he ſaid. He was charged with the beſt wiſhes of every one; with thoſe of the two Marchioneſſes in particular. Signor Jeronymo was ſo ill, that one of his Italian ſurgeons propoſed to ſit up with him all night; for Mr. Lowther had deſired to accompany me as far as Modena: And him I charged with my compliments to each perſon of the family; and with my remembrances to ſervants, who well deſerved kindneſs from me; and who, Father Mareſcotti told me, were all in tears on my departure. I prevailed on the Father himſelf to make my acknowledgements to the good Camilla. He offered, and I thankfully accepted of, his prayers for my health and happineſs, which he put up in the moſt fervent manner, on his knees; and then embracing me, with a tenderneſs truly paternal, we parted bleſſing each other.

This morning early, I ſet out from Bologna. The Count of Belvedere rejoiced to ſee me; and called me kind for being his gueſt, though but for one night; for I ſhall purſue my journey in the morning. He aſſures me, that he will make me a viſit in England.

You will hardly, till I arrive at Paris, have another Letter, my dear Dr. Bartlett, from

Your ever affectionate

CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER

LETTER XL.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Dr.* BARTLETT.

Paris, { *Aug.* 31. / *Sept.* 11.

I Set out from Parma early on Tueſday morning, as I intended. The Count of Belvedere was ſo obliging, as to accompany me to Pavia, where we parted with mutual civilities.

I paid my reſpects to Lady Sforza at Milan, as I had promiſed. She received me with great politeneſs. Our converſation chiefly turned on the differences between the other branches of her family, on one part; and herſelf, and Lady Laurana, on the other. She owned, that when ſhe ſent to deſire a viſit from me, ſhe had ſuppoſed, that the alliance between them and me was a thing concluded upon; and that ſhe intended, by my mediation, to reconcile herſelf to the family, if they would meet her half-way.

She was ſo indiſcreet, as to lay general blame on her noble Niece, as a perſon given up to a zeal that wanted government: She threw out hints, injurious to the ſincerity of the three Brothers, as well as to that of the Father and Mother, with regard to me: All which I diſcountenanced.

I have hardly ever converſed with a woman ſo artful as Lady Sforza. I wonder not, that ſhe had the addreſs to fire the Count of Belvedere with impatience, and to ſet him on ſeeking to provoke me to an act of raſhneſs, which, after what had happened between me and the young Count Altieri, ſome years ago, at Verona, might have been fatal to one, if not to both; and, by that means, rid Italy, if not the world, of me, and, at the ſame time, revenged herſelf on the Count, for rejecting her Daughter (who, as I have told you before, has a paſſion for him) in a

manner that ſhe called too contemptuous to be paſſed over.

She told me, that ſhe doubted not *now*, that I had been circumvented, by (what even ſhe, an Italian, called) *Italian fineſſe*, but her Niece would be prevailed upon to marry the Count; and bid me remember her words. Ah, my poor Laurana! added ſhe—But I will renounce her, if ſhe can be ſo mean, as to retain Love for a man who deſpiſes her.

A convent, ſhe ſaid, after ſuch a malady as Clementina had been afflicted with, would be the fitteſt place for her. She aſcribed to hers, and Laurana's treatment of her (with great vehemence, on my diſallowing her aſſertion) the foundation of her cure. She wiſhed that, were Clementina to marry, it might have been me, preferably to any other man; ſince the Love ſhe bore me, was moſt likely to complete her recovery; which was not to be expected, were ſhe to marry a man to whom ſhe was indifferent—But, added ſhe, they muſt take their own way.

Lady Laurana was on a viſit at the Borromean palace: Her Mother ſent for her, unknown to me. I could very well have excuſed the compliment. I was civil, however: I could be no more than civil: And, after a ſtay of two hours, purſued my route.

Nothing remarkable happened in my journey. I wrote to Jeronymo, and his beloved Siſter, from Lyons.

At the poſt-houſe, there, I found a ſervant of Lady Olivia, with a Letter. He was ordered to overtake, and give it into my own hands, were he to travel with it to Paris, or even to England. Lady Olivia will be obeyed. The man miſſed me, by my going to viſit Lady Sforza at Milan. I incloſe the Letter; as alſo a copy of mine, to which it is an anſwer. When you read them, you will be of opinion, that they ought not to paſs your own hands. Perhaps you will chooſe to read them in this place.

LETTER

LETTER XLI.

Sir CHARLES GRANDISON, *To Lady* OLIVIA.

Bologna, Saturday, Aug. 19-30.

NOW, at laſt, is the day approaching, that the writer of this will be allowed to conſider himſelf wholly as an Engliſhman. He is preparing to take, perhaps, an everlaſting leave of Italy. But could he do this, and not firſt bid adieu to two Ladies at Florence, whoſe welfare will be ever dear to him---Lady Olivia, and Mrs. Beaumont? It muſt be to *both* by Letter.

I told you, madam, when I laſt attended you, that poſſibly I ſhould never ſee you more. If I told you ſo in anger, pardon me. Now, in a farewel Letter, I would not upbraid you. I will be all in fault, if you pleaſe. I never incurred the diſpleaſure of Olivia, but I was more concerned for her, than for what I ſuffered from it; and yet her diſpleaſure was not a matter of indifference to me.

I wiſh not, madam, for my own happineſs, with more ſincerity than I do for yours. Would to Heaven it were in my power to promote it! I will flatter myſelf, that my true regard for your honour, Daughter as you are of a houſe next to princely, and of fortune more than princely, will give me an influence, which will awaken you to your glory. Allow, madam, the friendly, the brotherly expoſtulation---Let me think, let me ſpeak, of Olivia, in abſence, as a fond Brother would of a Siſter moſt dear to him. I *will* ſo ſpeak, ſo think of you, madam, when far diſtant from you. When I remember my Italian friends, it will always be with tender bleſſings, and the moſt affectionate gratitude. Allow me, Olivia, to number you with the deareſt of thoſe friends. Your honour, your welfare, preſent and future, is, and ever will be, the object of my vows. God

God and nature have done their parts by you: Let not your own be wanting. To what purpoſe live we, if not to grow wiſer, and to ſubdue our *paſſions?* Dear Lady! Illuſtrious Woman! How often have *you* been ſubdued by the violence of *yours*; and to what ſubmiſſions has your generous repentance ſubjected you, even to your inferiors! Let me not be thought a boaſter---But I will preſume to ſay, that I am the rather intitled to adviſe, as I have made it my endeavour (and, I bleſs God, have not been always unſucceſsful) to curb my paſſions. They are naturally violent. What do I owe to the advice of an excellent man, whom I early ſet up as *my* monitor? Let me, in this Letter, be *yours*.

Your ſituation in life, your high birth, your illuſtrious line of anceſtors, are ſo many calls upon *you*, in whom the riches and the conſequence of ſo many noble progenitors centre, to act worthy of their names, of their dignities, of your own; and of the dignity of your Sex. The world looks up to you (your education, too, ſo greatly beyond that of moſt Italian Ladies) with the expectation of an example---Yet have not evil reports already gone out upon your laſt excurſion? The world will not ſee with our eyes, nor judge as we would have it, and as we ſometimes know it *ought* to judge. My viſit to Italy, when you were abſent from it, and in England, was of ſervice to your fame. The malignant world, at preſent, holds itſelf ſuſpended in its cenſures; and expects, from your future conduct, either a confutation or a confirmation of them. It is, therefore, ſtill in your power (rejoice, madam, that it is!) for ever to eſtabliſh, or for ever to depreciate, your character, in the judgment both of friends and enemies.

How often have I ſeen paſſion, and even rage, deform features that are really lovely! Shall it be ſaid, that your great fortune, your abundance, has been a ſnare to you? That you would have been a happier, nay

a *better* woman, had not God ſo bountifully bleſſed you?

Can your natural generoſity of temper allow you to bear ſuch an imputation, as that the want of power only can keep you within the limits (Pardon, Olivia, the lover of your fame!) which the gentleneſs of your Sex, which true honour, preſcribe?

You are a young Lady. Three fourths of your natural life (Heaven permitting) are yet to come. You have noble qualities, ſhining accompliſhments. You will probably, in a very few years, perhaps in a few months, be able to eſtabliſh yourſelf with the world. So far only as you have gone, the inconſideration of youth will be allowed an excuſe for your conduct. Bleſt with means, as you are, you *ſtill* have it in your power, let me repeat, to be an honour to your Sex, to your Country, to your ſplendid Houſe, and to the Age to which you are given.

The monitor I mentioned (You know him by perſon, by manners) from my earlier youth, born as he knew me to be, the heir of a conſiderable fortune, ſuggeſted to me an addreſs to Heaven, which my heart has had no repugnance to make a daily one; "That the Almighty will, in mercy, with-hold from "me wealth and affluence, and make my proud heart "a dependent one, even for my daily bread, were "riches to be a ſnare to me; and, if I found not my "inclinations to do good, as occaſions offered, en-"large with my power."---O that you, Olivia, were poor and low, if the being ſo, and nothing elſe, would make you *know yourſelf*, and act accordingly!---And that it were given to me, by acts of fraternal love, to reſtore you, as you could bear it, to an independence, large as your own wiſhes!

What an uncontroulable MAN would Lady Olivia have made, had ſhe been a man, with but the ſame paſſions, that now diminiſh the grandeur of her ſoul, and ſo large a power to gratify them!---What a *Sovereign!*

vereign!---Look into the characters of abſolute princes, and ſee whoſe, of all thoſe who have ſullied royalty, by the violence of their wills, you would have wiſhed to copy, or to have been compared with.

How has the unhappy Olivia, though but a ſubject, dared!---How often has that tender boſom, whoſe glory it would have been to melt at another's woe, and to rejoice in acts of kindneſs and benevolence to her fellow-creatures, been armed by herſelf (not the miſtreſs, but the ſlave, of her paſſions) not with defenſive, but offenſive, ſteel *(a)*! Hitherto Providence has averted any remedileſs miſchief; but Providence will not be tempted.

Believe me, *ſtill* believe me, madam, I mean not to upbraid you. *My dear* Olivia, I *will* call you, how often has my heart bled for you! How *paternally*, tho' but of years to be your *Brother*, have I lamented for you in ſecret! I will own to you, that, but for the with-holding prudence, and with-holding honour, that I owed to both our characters, becauſe of a ſituation which would not allow me to expreſs my tenderneſs for you, I had folded you, in your contrite moments, to my boſom; and, on my knees, beſought you to act up to your own knowledge, and to render yourſelf worthy of your illuſtrious anceſtry. And what but your *glory* could have been, what but *that* is now, my motive?

With what joy do I reflect, that I took *not* (God be praiſed for his reſtraining goodneſs!) advantage of the favour I ſtood in, with a moſt lovely, and princely-ſpirited woman; an advantage that would have given me cauſe to charge myſelf with baſeneſs to her, in the hour wherein I ſhould have wanted moſt conſolation! With what apprehenſion (dreading for myſelf, becauſe of the great, the ſometimes almoſt irreſiſtable, temptation) have I looked upon myſelf to be (ſhall I ſay?) the *ſole* guardian of Olivia's honour! More than once moſt generous

(a) Alluding to the poniard ſhe carried in her boſom.

generous and *confiding* of women, have I, from your unmerited favour for me, beſought you to ſpare me my *pride*; and as often to permit me to ſpare you *yours*---Not the odious vice generally known by that name (the fault of fallen angels) but that which may be called a prop, a ſupport, to an imperfect goodneſs which, properly directed, may, in time, grow into virtue:---That friendly pride, let me add, which has ever warmed my heart with wiſhes for your temporal and eternal welfare.

I call upon you once more, my FRIEND! How unreproachingly may we call each other by that ſacred name! The Friend of your Fame, the Friend of your Soul, calls upon you once more, to rejoice with him, that you have it ſtill in your power to tread the path of honour. Again I glory, and let us *both*, that we have nothing to reproach each other with. I leave Italy, a country that ever will have a title to my grateful regard, without one *ſelf*-upbraiding ſigh; though not without *many* ſighs. I own it to Olivia. *Juſtice* requires it. Juſtice to a Lady Olivia loves not; but who deſerves, not only hers, but the Love of every woman; for ſhe is an ornament to her Sex, and to human nature. Yet, be it known to Olivia, that I am a ſufferer by that very magnanimity, for which I revere *her*---A rejected man!---Will Olivia rejoice that I am?---She will. What inequalities are there in the greateſt minds? But ſubdue them in yours. For your own ſake, not for mine, ſubdue them. The conqueſt will be more glorious to you, than the acquiſition of an empire could be.

Let me conclude, with an humble, but earneſt, wiſh, that you will cultivate, as once you promiſed me, the friendſhip of one of the beſt of women, Mrs. Beaumont, diſpoſed as ſhe, your neighbour, is to cultivate yours. I ſhall then hear often from you, by the pen of that excellent woman. Your compliance with this humble advice will give me, madam, for

your

your own ſake, and for the pleaſure I know Mrs. Beaumont will have in it, the greateſt joy that is poſſible for you to give to a heart, that overflows with ſincere wiſhes for your happineſs: A heart that will rejoice in every opportunity that ſhall be granted to promote it: For I am, and ever will be,

The Friend of your Fame, of your true Glory, and your devoted Servant,

GRANDISON.

LETTER XLII.

Lady OLIVIA, *To Sir* CHARLES GRANDISON.
(*Tranſlated by Dr.* Bartlett.)

Florence, Sept. 4. N. S.

I Am to take it kindly, that you have thought fit to write to the unhappy Olivia before you leave Italy. I could not have expected even this poor favour, after the parting it was your pleaſure to call *everlaſting*. Cruel man!—Can I *ſtill* call you ſo? I *did*, before I had this Letter; and was determined, that you ſhould have reaſon to repent your cruelty: But this Letter has almoſt reconciled me to you; ſo far reconclied me, however, as to oblige me to lay aſide the intended vengeance that was rolling towards you from ſlighted Love. You have awakened me to my glory, by your diſpaſſionate, your tender reaſonings. Your Letter (for I have eraſed one officious paſſage in it (*a*) is in my boſom all day. It is on my pillow at night. The laſt thing, and the firſt thing, do I read it. The contents make my reſt balmy, my up-riſing ſerene. But it was not till I had read it the ſeventh time, and after I had eraſed that obnoxious paſſage, that it began to have that happy effect upon me. I was above advice, for the firſt day. I could not reliſh your reaſonings. Reſolutions of vengeance had poſſeſſed me wholly. What

(*a*) This paſſage is that were he hints at Lady Clementina's noble rejection of him, p. 257. l. 17. beginning, "I leave Italy," to the end of the paragraph.

What a charm could there be in a *Letter*, that ſhould make a ſlighted woman lay aſide her meditated vengeance? A woman too, that had fallen beneath herſelf in the object of that deſpiſed Love.

Allow me, Grandiſon, to ſay ſo. In the account of worldly reckoning, it *was* ſo. And when I thought I hated you, it was ſo in my *own* account. Yet, could you have returned my Love, I would have gloried in my choice; and attributed to envy all the inſolent cenſures of maligners.

But even at the ſeventh peruſal, when my indignation began to give way, *would* it have given way, had you not, in the ſame Letter, hinted, that the proud Bologna had given up all thoughts of a Huſband in the man to whom my heart had been ſo long attached?—Allow me to call her by the name of her city. I love not her, nor her family. I hate them by their own proud names. It is an hereditary hatred, augmented by rivalry, a rivalry that had like to have been a ſucceſsful one: And is *ſhe* not proud, who, whatever be her motive, can refuſe the man, who has rejected a nobler woman? Yet I think I ought to forgive her; for has ſhe not avenged *me?* If *you* are grieved, that ſhe has refuſed you, I am rejoiced. Be the pangs ſhe has ſo often given me, if poſſible, forgotten!

What a miſerable wretch, however, from my own reflexions, did this intelligence make me! Intelligence that I received before your Letter *bleſſed* my hands. Let me ſo expreſs myſelf; the contents, I hope, will be the means of bleſſing, by purifying, my heart!—And why a miſerable wretch?—O this man, of ſentiments the moſt delicate, of life and manners the moſt unblameable; yet of air and behaviour ſo truly gallant, had it not been for thy forwardneſs, Olivia; had it not been for propoſals, ſhame to thyſelf! ſhame to thy Sex! *too plainly* intimated to him; propoſals that owed their exiſtence to inconſiderate Love;

a Love mingled, I will now confeſs, with paſſions of the darkeſt hue—Envy, malice—and thoſe aggravated by deſpair---would, on this diſappointment from the Bologna, have offered his hand to the Florentine!---But now do I own, that it cannot, that it ought not to be. For what, Olivia, is there in the glitter of thy fortune, thy *greateſt* dependence, to attract a man, whom worldly grandeur cannot influence? Who has a fortune of his own ſo ample, that hundreds are the better for it?---A man whoſe œconomy is regulated by prudence? Who cannot be in ſuch difficulties as would give ſome little merit to the perſon who was ſo happy as to extricate him from them?---A man, in ſhort, who takes pleaſure in conferring obligations, yet never lays himſelf under the neceſſity of receiving returns? Prince of a man! What Prince, King, Emperor, is ſo truly great as *this* man? And is he not likewiſe ſurrounded by his nobles?—What a number of people of high interior worth, make up the circle of his acquaintance!

And is there not, cannot there yet be hope; the proud Bologna now (as ſhe is) out of the queſtion?---The Florentine wants not pride; but betrayed by the violence of her temper, ſhe has not had the caution to confine herſelf within the bounds of female (Shall I ſay) *hypocriſy*. What ſhe could not hide from herſelf, ſhe revealed to the man ſhe loved. But never, however, was there any other man whom ſhe loved. Upon whom but one man, the haughty object of her paſſion, did ſhe ever condeſcend to look down? Who but he was ever encouraged to look up to her?---And did not his gentle, his humane, his unreproaching heart, ſeem to pity rather than deſpiſe her, till ſhe was too far engaged? At the time that ſhe *firſt* caſt her eyes upon him, his fortune was not high: His Father, a man of expence, was living, and likely to live: His Siſters, whom he loved as himſelf, were hopeleſs of obtaining from their Father for-

tunes

tunes equal to their rank and education. Olivia knew all this from unerring intelligence. His friends, his Bartlett, his Beauchamp, and others, were not in circumſtances, that ſet them above owing obligations to him, ſlender as were his own appointments—*Then* it was that thou, Olivia, valuedſt thyſelf for being bleſt with means to make the power of the man thou lovedſt, as large as his heart. Thou wouldeſt have veſted it *all* in him. Thou wouldeſt have conditioned with him, that this he ſhould do for one Siſter; this for the other; this for one friend; this for another; and ſtill another, to the extent of his wiſhes: And with *him*, and the *remainder*, thou wouldeſt have been happy.

Surely there was ſome merit in Olivia's Love.

But, alas! ſhe was not prudent: Her temper, ſuppoſed to be naturally haughty and violent, hurried her into meaſures too impetuous. The ſoul of the man ſhe loved, too great to be attracted by riches, by worldly glory, and capable of being happy in a mere competence, was (how can I ſay it? I bluſh while I write it!) diſguſted by a violence that had not been uſed to be reſtrained by the accuſtomed reſerve. It was all open day, no dark machinating night, in the heart of the undiſſembling Olivia. She perſecuted the object of her paſſion with her Love, becauſe ſhe thought ſhe could lay him under obligation to it. By hoping to prove herſelf more, ſhe made herſelf appear leſs than woman. She deſpiſed that affectation, that hypocriſy, in her Sex, which unpenetrating eyes attribute to modeſty and ſhame—Shame of what! of a natural paſſion?

But you, Grandiſon, were too *delicate*, to be taken with her *ſincerity*. If you had penetration to diſtinguiſh between reſerve and openneſs of heart, you had not greatneſs of mind enough to break thro' the low reſtraints of cuſtom; and to reward the latter in preference to the former. Yet who, better than you,

knows, that women in Love are actuatad by *one* view, and differ only in outward appearance? Will bars, bolts, walls, rivers, ſeas, any more withhold the ſupercilious, than the leſs reſerved? That paſſion which made the Florentine compaſs earth and ſeas, in hopes of obtaining its end, made, perhaps, the prouder Bologna (and *from* pride) a more pitiable object—Yet, who ever imputed immodeſty to Olivia? Who ever dared to harbour a thought injurious to her virtue? You only (cuſtom her judge) *have* the power, but not, I hope, the will, to upbraid her. You *can*. The creature, who, conſcious of having alarmed you by the violence of her temper, would have lived with you on terms of *probation*, and left it to your honour, on full conſideration and experience of that temper, to reward her with the celebration, or puniſh her with rejection (her whole fortune devoted to you) had ſubjected herſelf to your challenges. But no-body elſe could harbour a thought inglorious to her.

And muſt ſhe yield to the conſciouſneſs of her own unworthineſs, from a propoſal made by herſelf, which tyrant cuſtom only can condemn?

O yes, ſhe muſt. There is, among your countrywomen, one who ſeems born for *you*, and you for *her*, If *ſhe* can abate of a dignity, that a firſt and only Love alone can gratify, and accept of a ſecond-placed Love, a widower-bachelor, as I may call you, *ſhe*, I know, muſt, will, be the happy woman. To *her* the ſlighted Florentine can reſign, which, with patience, ſhe never could to the proud Bologna; and the ſooner, becauſe of the immortal hatred ſhe bears to that woman of Bologna. You, Grandiſon, have been accuſtomed to be diſtinguiſhed by women who in degree and fortune might claim rank with princeſſes. Degree and fortune captivate you not—This humbler fair-one is more ſuitable to your own degree: And in the beauties of perſon and mind (at leaſt, in thoſe beauties of the latter, which *you* moſt admire)

ſhe

ſhe is ſuperior either to your Bologneſe or Florentine. Let my pen praiſe her, tho' malice to Clementina, and deſpair of obtaining my own wiſhes, mingle with my ink—She is mild, tho' ſparkling: She is humble, yet has dignity: She is reſerved, yet is frank and open-hearted: Nobody can impute to her either diſſimulation or licence of behaviour. We read her heart in her countenance; and have no thought of looking further for it: Wiſdom has its ſeat on her lips: modeſty, on her brow: Her eyes avow the ſecrets of her ſoul; and demonſtrate, that ſhe has no one, that ſhe need to be aſhamed of: She can bluſh for others; for the unhappy Olivia ſhe *did* more than once: But for herſelf ſhe need not bluſh. I loved, yet feared her, the moment I ſaw her. I dared not to try myſelf by her judgment. It was eaſy for me to ſee, that ſhe loved you; yet ſuch were your engagements, your *ſuppoſed* engagements, that I pitied her: And can we be alarmed by, or angry at, her whom we pity?—Unworthy Grandiſon! Unworthy I *will* call you; becauſe you cannot merit the Love of ſuch a ſpotleſs heart. You who could leave her, and, under colour of honour, when there was no pre-engagement, and when the proud family had rejected you, prefer to ſuch a fine young creature, a romantic Enthuſiaſt—O may the ſweet maiden, who wants not due conſciouſneſs of interior worth, aſſert herſelf; and, by refuſing your *ſecond-placed* addreſſes, vindicate the dignity of beauty and innocence unequalled!

If you, Grandiſon, cannot forgive Olivia for loving you too well, for rendering herſelf too cheap to you; if you cannot repair in her own eyes, the honour of one, who, in that caſe, muſt be ſunk in yours beyond the power of reſtoration; if you cannot forgive attempts of the hand, in which the heart had no ſhare, but reſiſted; in a word, if you cannot forgive the fervor of a Love, that, at times, combating my pride, had nearly overturned *my* reaſon alſo—Then, let this virgin

virgin goodneſs be yours, and Olivia will endeavour to forgive *you*—Yet—O that yet—Ah, Grandiſon!—But how can a woman bear that refuſal, which, however ſuperior ſhe may be in rank, in fortune, gives her an inferiority to the man of her wiſhes, in the very article in which it ſhould be a woman's glory to retain dignity, even were the man ſuperior to her in birth, and in all other outward advantages? I diſdain thee, Grandiſon, in this light. I will tear thy proud image from my heart, or die.

One requeſt only, let me make, and permit your pride to comply with it. Return not to me, but accept (accept as a token of Love) the cabinets which perhaps will be in England before you. They will be thought by you of too great value; but they are not too great for the grandeur of my fortune, and the magnificence of my ſpirit. The medals alone, make a collection that would do credit to the cabinet of a ſovereign Prince. Theſe are in your taſte. They are *nothing* to Olivia, but for your ſake. Accept of theſe cabinets, as ſome atonement for the trouble I have given you; for the attempts I have made upon your liberty, and more than once (but Oh! with how feeble a hand!) upon your life! How eaſy had it been to take the latter, your ſoul ſo fearleſs, braving menaces and danger, had I been reſolved to take it! How many miniſters of vengeance, in my country, had I been determined to execute it, would my fortune have procured me! How eaſy would it have been for me to conceal my guilt from all but myſelf, had the ſlow working bowl, or even the ſharp-pointed poniard, given thee up to my great revenge!—It is, however, happy for us *both*, that the proud Bigot rejected you! Your death, and my diſtraction, had, probably, been the conſequence of her acceptance of you—Yet, how I rave!—The moment I had ſeen you, my vengeance would have been arreſted, as more than once it was. O Grandiſon! How dear are you (*were* you now,

I will endeavour to ſay) to the ſoul of Olivia! Dearer than fame, than glory, and whatever the world deems valuable.

All that I aſk of you now, that the Bologna, in diſappointing *you*, has diſappointed *herſelf* (great revenge!) is within your own power to grant, without detriment to yourſelf, and, I hope, without regret. It conſiſts of two or three articles: The firſt is, to reſolve within yourſelf, that you will not *now*, ſhould that heat of the zealot's imagination, which has ſeemed to carry her above herſelf, ſubſide (as I have no doubt but it *will*); and ſhould ſhe even follow you to your native place, as a ſtill nobler woman ignobly did; that you will not now receive her offered hand!—O Grandiſon!—If you do—

Next, that you will (thus fairly, tho' *fooliſhly*, diſmiſſed, and the whole family rejoicing in your diſmiſſion, well as they pretend to love you) put it out of your own power, ſince the Florentine can have no hope, to give the Bologneſe any. My ſoul thirſts to ſee her in a Nunnery: I could myſelf aſſume the veil in the ſame convent, I *think* I could, for the pleaſure of exulting over her for the pangs ſhe has occaſioned me. But for *her*, Olivia would have been miſtreſs of her own wiſhes.

Preach not to me, Grandiſon, againſt that ſpirit of revenge, which ever did, and ever muſt, actuate my heart. Slighted Love will warrant it, or nothing can! Have I not loſt the man I loved by it? Can I regain him, if I conquer that not ignoble vehemence of a great mind?—No!—Forbear then the unavailing precept. I am not of Bologna. I am no zealot! While the warm blood flows in my veins, I pretend not to be above human nature. When I can diveſt myſelf of that, *then*, perhaps, I may follow your advice: I may ſeek to cultivate the friendſhip of Mrs. Beaumont: But *till* then, ſhe would not accept of mine.

O Grandiſon! born to diſtinction! princely in

your munificence! amiable in your perſon! great in your mind, in your ſentiments! you have conquered your ambition—You may therefore unite yourſelf to the politeſt country maid, and the loveliеſt, that ever adorned your various climate: Yet, O that in the ſame hour, the Bologneſe might aſſume the veil, and the lovely Engliſh maid refuſe your offered hand!

My third requeſt is (as before requeſted) that you will not refuſe the cabinets which will be ſoon embarked for you. Be not *afraid* of me, Grandiſon; I form no pretenſions upon you from this preſent; valuable as you, perhaps, may think it. Your ſimple acceptance is all the return I hope for. Write only theſe words with your own hand—"Olivia, I accept your "preſent, and thank you for it." Receive it only as a token of my paſt Love, for a man whoſe virtues I admire, and, by degrees, ſhall hope to imitate. That, Sir, when a certain event was *moſt* my wiſh, was not the leaſt motive for that wiſh: But now, what will be the deſtiny of the bewildered creature, who is left at large to her own will, who can tell? A will, that only one man in the world could have ſubjugated. His controul would have been freedom.

I would not have you imagine, that a correſpondence, by Letter, is hoped for, as a *return* for the Preſent of which I entreat your acceptance: But when I can aſſure you, that your advice will probably me of great ſervice to me, in the conduct of my future life, as I have no doubt it will, from the calm effects that the Letter, which has now a place in my boſom, has already produced there, I am ready to flatter myſelf, that a wiſh ſo ardent, and ſo juſtifiable, will be granted to the repeated requeſt of

OLIVIA.

Continuation of Sir CHARLES GRANDISON's *Letter, No.* XL. *Begun* p. 251.

OLIVIA, you ſee, my dear Dr. Bartlett, concludes her Letter, with a deſire of correſponding with me. As ſhe has put it, I cannot refuſe her requeſt. How happy ſhould I think myſelf, if I could be a means effectually to ſerve her in the conduct or her future life!

I have written to her, that I ſhall think an intercourſe by Letters an honour done me, if ſhe will allow me to treat her with the freedom and the ſingleneſs of heart of an affectionate Brother.

As to her particular recommendation of a *third perſon*, I tell her, that muſt be the ſubject of the future correſpondence to which ſhe is pleaſed to invite me.

Olivia *may be* in earneſt, in her warm commendations of a Lady, of whoſe excellencies nobody can write or ſpeak with indifference: But I have no doubt, that ſhe is very earneſt to know my ſentiments on the ſubject. But what muſt be the mind of the *bachelor-widower*, as ſhe calls me, if already I can enter into the ſubject with *any*-body, with Lady Olivia eſpecially? The moſt *ſenſible*, I will not ſay *ſubtle* creature on earth, is certainly a woman in Love. What can eſcape her penetration? What can bound her curioſity?

I tell her, that I can neither decline nor accept of her preſent, till I ſee the contents of the cabinets ſhe is pleaſed to mention. It will give me pain, I ſay, to refuſe any favour from Lady Olivia, by which ſhe intends to ſhew her eſteem of me: But favours of ſo high a price, will, and ought to, give ſcruples to one who would not be thought ungenerous.

I had always admired, I tell her, her collection of medals: But they are a family collection, of two or three generations: And I ſhould not allow myſelf to accept of ſuch a treaſure, unleſs I could have an op-

portunity given me to ſhew, if not my merit, my gratitude; and *that* I ſaw no poſſibility of being bleſſed with, in any manner that could make the acceptance tolerably eaſy to myſelf. I cannot, my dear Dr. Bartlett, receive from this munificent Lady a preſent that is of ſuch high intrinſic worth. Had ſhe offered me any-thing that would have had its value *from* the giver, or *to* the receiver, for its own ſake, and not equally to any-body elſe; for inſtance, had ſhe deſired me to accept of her picture, ſince the original could not be mine; I would not have refuſed it, tho' it had been incircled with jewels of price. But, circumſtanced as this unhappy Lady and I are, could I have aſked her for a favour of that nature?

I think, I have broken thro' one delicacy, in conſenting to correſpond with this Lady. She ſhould not have aſked it. I never knew a pain of ſo particular a nature as this Lady (a not ungenerous, tho' a raſh one) has given me. My very heart recoils, Dr. Bartlett, at the thought of a denial of marriage to a woman expecting the offer, whom delicacy has not quite forſaken.

But a word or two more on this ſubject of Preſents. When the whole family at Bologna were ſo earneſtly ſolicitous to ſhew their gratitude to me by ſome permanent token, I had once the thought of aſking for their Clementina's picture in miniature: But as I was never to think of her as mine, and as, probably, my picture, if but for politeneſs ſake, would have been aſked for in exchange, I was afraid of cheriſhing, by that means, in her mind, the tender ideas of our paſt friendſhip, and thereby of making the work of her parents difficult. And do they not the more *excuſably* hope to ſucceed in their views, as they think their ſucceſs will be a means to ſecure health of mind to their child? But if they viſit me in England, I will then requeſt the pictures of the whole family, in one large piece, for the principal ornament of Grandiſon-hall.

By

By what Olivia ſays, of deſigns on my liberty, I believe ſhe means to include the attempt made upon me at Florence; which I hinted at in my laſt, and ſuppoſed to come from that quarter. What ſhe would have done with me, had the attempt ſucceeded, I cannot imagine. I ſhould not have wiſhed to have been the ſubject of ſo a romantic an adventure—A priſoner to a Lady in her caſtle! She is certainly one of the moſt enterpriſing women in Italy; and her temper is too well ſeconded by her power. She would not, however, in that caſe, have had recourſe to *fatal* acts of violence. Once, you know, ſhe had thoughts of exciting againſt me the Holy Tribunal: But I was upon ſuch a foot, as a traveller, and as an Engliſh Proteſtant, tho' avowed, not behaving indiſcreetly, that I had friends enow, even in the Sacred College, to have rendered ineffectual any ſteps of that ſort. And after all, her machinations were but tranſitory ones, and, the moment ſhe ſaw me, given over.

My firſt enquiry, after my arrival here, was after my poor Couſin Grandiſon. My *poor* Couſin, indeed! What a ſpiritleſs figure does he make! I remember you once ſaid, That it was more difficult for a man to behave well in proſperity, than in adverſity: But the man who will prove the obſervation to be true, muſt not be one, who, by his own extravagance and vice, has reduced himſelf, from an affluence to which he was born, to penury, at leaſt to a ſtate of obligation and dependence. Good God! that a man ſhould be ſo infatuated, as to put on the caſt of a dye, the eſtate of which he is in *unqueſtioned* poſſeſſion from his anceſtors! Yet who will ſay, that he who hopes to win what belongs to another, does not deſerve to loſe his own?

I ſoothed my Couſin in the beſt manner I could, conſiſtently with juſtice: Yet I told him, that his repentance muſt ariſe from his *judgement*, as well as from his *ſufferings*; and that he would have leſs reaſon for re-

gretting the unhappy ſituation to which he had reduced himſelf, if the latter brought him to a right ſenſe of his errors. I was ſolicitous, Dr. Bartlett, for the ſake of his own peace of mind, that he ſhould fall into a proper train of thinking: But I told him, that preachment was no more my intention, than recrimination.

I have two hands to one tongue, my Couſin, ſaid I; and the latter I uſe not but to tell you, that both the former are cordially at your ſervice. You have conſidered this matter well, no doubt, added I: Can you propoſe to me any means of retrieving your affairs?

There is, ſaid he, one way. It would do everything for me: But I am afraid of mentioning it to you.

If it be a juſt way, fear not. If it be any-thing I can do for you, out of my own ſingle purſe, without aſking any ſecond or third perſon to contribute to it, command me—He heſitated.

If it be any-thing, my Couſin, ſaid I, that you think I ought not, in juſtice, in honour, to comply with, do *not*, for your own ſake, mention it. Let me ſee that your calamity has had a proper effect upon you. Let not the *juſt man* be ſunk in the man in adverſity; and then open your mind freely to me.

He could not, he ſaid, truſt the mention of the expedient to me, till he had given it a further conſideration.

Well, Sir, be pleaſed to remember, that I will never *aſk* you to mention it; becauſe I cannot doubt but you *will*, if, on conſideration, you think it a *proper* expedient.

When ſome friends, who came to viſit me on my arrival, were gone, my Couſin reſumed the former ſubject: But he offered not to mention his expedient. I hope it was not, that he had a view to my Emily. I am very jealous for my Emily. If I thought poor Everard had but an imagination of retrieving his affairs

by

by her fortune, nothing but his preſent calamity ſhould hinder me from renouncing for ever my Couſin.

I enquired particularly into the ſituation he was in; and if there were a likelihood of doing any-thing with the gameſters. But he could not give me room for ſuch an expectation. I find he has loſt all his eſtate to them, Dunton-farm excepted; which, having been much out of repair, is now fitting up for a new tenant; and will not, for three or four years to come, bring him in a clear fifty pounds a year.

I have known more men than one, who could not live upon fifteen hundred a year, bring themſelves to be contented with fifty. But Mr. Grandiſon is ſo fallen in ſpirit, that he never will be able to ſurvive ſuch a change of fortune, if I do not befriend him. Poor man! he is but the ſhadow of what he was. The *firſt* formerly in the faſhion: In body and face ſo erect; his ſteps ſo firm, gait ſo aſſured, air ſo genteel, eye ſo lively—But now, in ſo few months, gaunt ſides; his half-worn tarniſh'd-laced coat, big enough to wrap over him; hollow cheeks, puling voice, ſighing heart, creeping feet—O my Dr. Bartlett, how much does it behove men ſo little able to *bear* diſtreſs, to avoid falling into it by their own extravagance! But for a man to fall into indigence thro' *avarice* (for what is a ſpirit of gaming, but a ſpirit of avarice, and that of the worſt ſort?) How can ſuch a one ſupport his own reflections?

I had ſuppoſed, that he had no reaſon, in this ſhattered ſtate of his affairs, to apprehend any-thing from the proſecution ſet on foot by the woman who claimed him on promiſe of marriage; but I was miſtaken; ſhe has, or pretends to have, he told me, witneſſes of the promiſe. Poor ſhameful man! What witneſſes *needed* ſhe, if he *knows* he made it, and received the profligate conſideration?

I am not happy, my dear friend, in my mind. I hope to be tolerably ſo, if my next Letters from Bo-

logna are favourable, as to the ſtate of health of the beloved Brother and Siſter there.

It would have been no diſagreeable amuſement to me, at this time, to have proceeded directly to Ireland; the rather, as I hope a viſit to my eſtate there is become almoſt neceſſary, by the forwardneſs the works are in which I ſet on foot when I was on that more than agreeable ſpot. But the unhappy ſituation of Mr. Grandiſon's affairs, and my hopes of bringing thoſe of Lady Mansfield to an iſſue, together with the impatience I have to ſee my Engliſh friends, determine me to the contrary. To-morrow will be the laſt day of my ſtay in this city; and the day after, my Couſin, and I ſhall ſet out for Calais—Very quickly, therefore, after the receipt of this Letter, which ſhuts up the account of my foreign excurſions, will you, by your paternal goodneſs, if in London, help to calm the diſturbed heart of

Your CHARLES GRANDISON.

LETTER XLIII.

Lady G. *To Miſs* BYRON.

London, Tueſday, Sept. 5.

CONgratulate us, my deareſt Miſs Byron, on the arrival of my Brother. He came laſt night. It was late. And he ſent to us this morning; and to others of his friends. My Lord and I hurried away to breakfaſt with him. Ah, my dear! we ſee too plainly that he has been very much diſturbed in mind. He looks more wan, and is thinner, than he was: But he is the ſame kind Brother, Friend, and good Man.

I expected a little hint or two from him on my paſt vivacities; but not a word of that nature. He felicitated my good man and me: and when he ſpoke of Lord and Lady L. and his joy in their happineſs, he

he put two Siſters and their good men together, as two of the happieſt pairs in England. Politic enough; for as we ſat at breakfaſt, two or three *toyſome* things were ſaid by my Lord (no ape was ever ſo fond!) and I could hardly forbear him: But the reputation my Brother *gave* me, was a reſtraint upon me. I ſee, one may be flattered, by undeſerved compliments, into good behaviour, when we have a regard to the opinion of the complimenter.

Aunt Nell was all joy and gladneſs: She was in raptures laſt night, it ſeems, at her Nephew's firſt arrival. He rejoiced to ſee her; and was ſo thankful to her for letting him find her in town, and at his houſe, that ſhe reſolves ſhe will not leave him till he is married. The good old ſoul imagines ſhe is of importance to him, in the direction of the family matters, now I have left him—*I*, Harriet! there's ſelf-importance!—But, good creatures, theſe old virgins! they do *ſo* love to be thought uſeful—Well, and is not that a good ſign, on Aunt Nell's part? Does it not look as if ſhe would have been an uſeful creature in the days of nightrail and notableneſs, had ſhe been a Wife in good time? I always think, when I ſee thoſe badgerly virgins fond of a parrot, a ſquirrel, a monkey or a lap-dog, that their imagination makes out Huſband and Children in the animals—Poor things!—But as to her care, I dare ſay, that will only ſerve to make buſtle and confuſion, where elſe would be order and regularity; for my Brother has the beſt of ervants.

I wiſhed her in Yorkſhire fifty times, as we ſat at breakfaſt: For when I wanted to aſk my Brother twenty thouſand queſtions, and to ſet him on talking, we were entertained with her dreams the night before his arrival, and laſt night—Seas croſſed, rivers forded—Dangers eſcaped by the help of angels and ſaints, were the reveries of the former night; and of the laſt, the muſic of the ſpheres, heaven, and joy, and feſtivity—The plump creature loves good chear,

Harriet.—In ſhort, hardly a word could we ſay, but what put her upon recollecting a part of one of her dreams: Yet, ſome excuſe lies good, for an old ſoul, whoſe whole life has been but one dream, a little fal-lal-iſhly varied—And, would you think it? (yes, I believe you would) *My* odd creature was once or twice put upon endeavouring to recollect two or three dreams of his own, of the week paſt: and would have gone on, if I had not ſilenced him by a frown, as he looked upon me for his cue, as a tender Huſband ought.

Beauchamp came in, and I thought would have relieved us: But he put my Aunt in mind of an almoſt-forgotten part of her dream; for *juſt* ſuch a joyful meeting, *juſt* ſuch expreſſions of gladneſs, did ſhe dream of, as ſhe now beheld, and heard, between my Brother and him felicitating each other. Duce take theſe dreaming ſouls, to remember their reveries, when realities infinitely more affecting are before them! But Reflexion and Prognoſtic are ever inſpiriting parts of the pretenſion of people who have lived long; dead to the Preſent; the Paſt and the Future filling their minds: And why ſhould not they be indulged in the thought that they know ſomething more than thoſe who are leſs abſtracted; and who are contented with looking no further than the Preſent?

Sir Charles enquired after Sir Harry's health. Mr. Beauchamp, with a concern that did him credit, lamented his declining way; and he ſpoke ſo reſpectfully of Lady Beauchamp, and of her tenderneſs to his Father, as made my Brother's eyes gliſten with pleaſure.

Lord and Lady L. Dr. Bartlett, and Emily, were at Colnebrook: But as they had left orders to be ſent for, the moment my Brother arrived (for you need not doubt but his laſt Letter prepared us to expect him ſoon) they came time enough to dine with us. There was a renewal of joy among us.

Emily,

Emily, the dear Emily, fainted away, embracing the knees of her guardian, as ſhe, unawares to him, threw herſelf at his feet, with joy that laboured for expreſſion, but could not obtain it. He was affected. So was Beauchamp. So were we all. She was carried out, juſt as ſhe was recovering to a ſhame and confuſion of face, for which only her own modeſty could reproach her.

There are ſuſceptibilities which will ſhew themſelves in outward acts; and there are others which cannot burſt out into ſpeech. Lady L's joy was of the former, mine of the latter, ſort. But ſhe is uſed to tenderneſs of heart. My emotions are ready to burſt my heart, but never hardly can riſe to my lips—My eyes, however, are great talkers.

The pleaſure that Sir Charles, Lord L. and Dr. Bartlett, mutually expreſſed to ſee each other, was great, tender, and manly. My buſtling nimble Lord enjoyed over again his joy, at that of every other perſon; and he was ready, good-naturedly, to ſing and dance—That's *his* way, poor man, to ſhew his joy; but he is honeſt, for all that. Don't deſpiſe him, Harriet! He was brought up as an only Son, and to know that he was a Lord, or elſe he would have made a better figure in *your eyes*. The man wants not ſenſe, I aſſure you. You may think me partial: but I believe the moſt fooliſh thing he ever did in his life, was at church, and that at St. George's, Hanover-ſquare. Poor ſoul! He *might* have had a Wife better ſuited to his taſte, and then his very foibles would have made him ſhine. But, Harriet, it is not always given to us to know what is beſt for ourſelves. Black women, I have heard remarked, like fair men; fair men, black women; and tempers ſuit beſt with contraries. Were we all to like the ſame perſon or thing equally, we ſhould be for-ever engaged in broils: As it *is*, human nature (*vile rogue!* as I have heard it called) is quarrelſome enough: So my Lord, being a ſoft man, *fell in love*,

if it pleaſe you, with a ſaucy woman. He *ought* to be meek and humble, you know. He would not let me be quiet, till I was his. We are often to be puniſhed by our own choice. But I am very good to him *now*. I don't know, Harriet, whether it is beſt for me to break him of his trifling, or not: Unleſs one were ſure, that he could creditably ſupport the alteration. Now can I laugh at him; and, if the baby is froppiſh, can coax him into good humour. A ſugar-plumb, and a courteſy, will do at any time; and, by ſetting him into a broad grin, I can laugh away his anger. But ſhould I endeavour to make him wiſe, as the man has not been uſed to it, and as his education has not given him a turn to ſignificance, don't you think he would be aukward; and what is worſe, aſſuming? Well, I'll conſider of this, before I attempt to new-caſt him. Mean time, I repeat—Don't you, my dear, for *my* ſake, think meanly of Lord G.—Ha, ha, ha, hah!—What do I laugh at, do you aſk me, Harriet?—Something ſo highly ridiculous—I have—I have—ſent him away from me, *ſo* much aſhamed of himſelf—He bears any-thing from me *now*, that he knows I am only in play with him, and have ſo *very* right a heart—I muſt lay down my pen—Poor ſoul! Hah, hah, hah, hah! I do love him for his ſimplicity!

WELL, I won't tell you what I laughed at juſt now for fear you ſhould laugh at us both. My Brother's arrival has tuned every ſtring of my heart to joy. The holding up of a ſtraw will throw me into *titteration*—I can hardly forbear laughing again, to think of the ſhame the poor ſoul ſhewed, when he ſlunk away from me. After all, he ill brooks to be laughed at. Does not that look as if he were conſcious?—But what, Harriet (will you aſk) mean I, by thus trifling with you, and at *this* time particularly?—Why, I would be glad to make you ſmile, either *with*

me, or *at* me: I am indifferent which, ſo that you do but ſmile—You do!—I proteſt you do!—Well! now that I have obtained my wiſhes, I will be ſerious.

We congratulated my Brother on the happy turn in the healths of his Italian friends, without naming names, or ſaying a word of the Siſter we had like to have had. He looked earneſtly at each of us; bowed to our congratulations; but was ſilent. Dr. Bartlett had told us, that he never, in his Letters to my Brother, mentioned your being not well; becauſe he knew it would diſturb him. He had many things to order and do; ſo that, except at breakfaſt, when Aunt Nell invaded us with her dreams, and at dinner, when the ſervants attendance made our diſcourſe general, we had hardly any opportunity of talking to him. But in the ſpace between tea-time and ſupper, he came and told us, that he was devoted to us for the remainder of the day. Perſons preſent were, Lord and Lady L. myſelf, and my good man, Dr. Bartlett, Mr. Beauchamp, and Emily, good girl! quite recovered, and blyth as a bird, attentive to every word that paſſed the lips of her guardian—O, but Aunt Nell was alſo preſent!—Poor ſoul! I had like to have forgot her!

In the firſt place, you muſt take it for granted, that we all owned, we had ſeen moſt of what he had written to Dr. Bartlett.

What troubles, what anguiſh of mind, what a ſtrange variety of conflicts, has your heart had to contend with, my dear Sir Charles, began Mr. Beauchamp; and, at laſt, What a ſtrange diſappointment, from one of the nobleſt of women!

Very true, my Beauchamp. He then ſaid great and glorious things of Lady Clementina. We all joined in admiring her. He ſeemed to have great pleaſure in hearing us praiſe her—Very *true*, Harriet!—But you have generoſity enough to be pleaſed with him for that.

Aunt

Aunt Eleanor (I won't call her Aunt Nell any more if I can help it) aſked him, if he thought it were poſſible for the Lady to hold her reſolution? Now you have actually left Italy, Nephew, and are at ſuch a diſtance, don't you think her love will return?

Good ſoul! She has *ſubſtantial* notions ſtill left, I find, of *ideal* Love! Thoſe notions, I fancy, laſt a long time, with thoſe who have not had the opportunity of gratifying the *ſilly* paſſion!—Be angry, if you will, Harriet, I don't care.

Well, but, thus gravely, as became the queſtion, anſwered my Brother—The favour which this incomparable Lady honoured me with, was never diſowned: On the contrary, it was always avowed, and to the very laſt. She had therefore no uncertainty to contend with: She had no balancings in her mind. Her contention, as ſhe ſuppoſed, was altogether in favour of her duty to Heaven. She is exemplarily pious. While ſhe remains a zealous Roman Catholic, ſhe muſt perſevere; and I dare ſay ſhe will.

I don't know what to make of theſe *Papiſts*, ſaid our old Proteſtant Aunt Nell—(Aunt Nell, did I ſay? Cry mercy!)—Thank God you are come home ſafe and ſound, and without a *papiſtical* Wife!—It is very hard, if England cannot find a Wife for you, Nephew.

We all ſmiled at Aunt Nell—The duce is in me, I believe!—Aunt Nell again!—But let it go.

Lady L. aſked when I ſaw or heard from the dowager Counteſs of D.?

Is there any other Counteſs of D. Lady L? ſaid Sir Charles: A fine glow taking poſſeſſion of his cheeks.

Your ſervant, Brother, thought I; I am not ſorry for your charming apprehenſiveneſs.

No, Sir, replied Lady L.

Would you, Brother, ſaid *Boldface* (You know who that is, Harriet) that there *ſhould* be another Counteſs of D.?

I wiſh my Lord D. happy, Charlotte. I hear him as well ſpoken of as any of our young nobility.

You don't know what I mean, I warrant, Sir Charles! reſumed, with an intentional archneſs, your ſaucy friend.

I believe I do, Lady G. I wiſh Miſs Byron to be one of the happieſt women in the world, becauſe ſhe is one of the beſt—My dear, to Emily, I hope you have had nothing to diſturb or vex you, from your Mother's Huſband—

Nor from my Mother, Sir—All is good, and as it ſhould be. You have overcome—

That's well, my dear—Would not the Bath waters be good for Sir Harry? my dear Beauchamp.

A ſecond remove thought I! But I'll catch you, Brother, I'll warrant (as ruſtics ſometimes, in their play, do a ball) on the rebound.

Now, Harriet, you will be piqued, I ſuppoſe. Your delicacy will be offended, becauſe I urged the queſtion. I ſee a bluſh of diſdain ariſing in you lovely cheek, reſtoring the roſes to it, and giving its natural brilliancy to your conſcious eye. Indeed we all began to be afraid of a little affectation in my Brother. But we needed not. He would not ſuffer us to put him upon the ſubject again. After a few other general queſtions and anſwers, of *who* and *who*; and *how* and *how*; and *what* and *when*, and-ſo-forth; he turned to Dr. Bartlett.

My dear friend, ſaid he, you gave me pain a little while ago, when I aſked you after the health of Miſs Byron and her friends: You evaded my queſtion, I thought, and your looks alarmed me. I am afraid poor Mrs. Shirley—Miſs Byron ſpoke of her always as in an infirm ſtate: How, Charlotte, would our dear Miſs Byron grieve, were ſhe to loſe ſo good a relation!

I intended not, anſwered the Doctor, that you ſhould *ſee* I was concerned: But I think it impoſſible,

ble, that a Father can love a Daughter better than I love Miſs Byron.

You would alarm me indeed, my dear friend, if Lady G. had not, by her uſual *livelineſs* juſt now, put me out of all apprehenſions for the health of Miſs Byron. I hope Miſs Byron is well.

Indeed ſhe is not, ſaid I, with a gravity becoming the occaſion.

God forbid! ſaid he; with an emotion that pleaſed every-body—

Not for *your* ſake, Harriet—Be not affectedly nice now; but for our own—

His face was in a glow—What, Lady L. what, Charlotte, ſaid he, ails Miſs Byron?

She is not well, Brother, replied I; but the moſt charming ſick woman that ever lived. She is chearful, that ſhe may give no uneaſineſs to her friends. She joins in all their converſations, diverſions, amuſements. She would fain be well; and likes not to be thought ill. Were it not for her faded cheeks, her pale lips, and her changed complexion, we ſhould not know from herſelf that ſhe ailed any-thing. Some people reach perfection ſooner than others; and are as ſwift in their decay—Poor Miſs Byron ſeems not to be built for duration.

But ſhould I write theſe things to you, my dear? Yet I know that Lady Clementina and you are Siſters in magnanimity.

My Brother was quite angry with me—Dear Dr. Bartlett, ſaid he, explain this ſpeech of Charlotte. She loves to amuſe—Miſs Byron is bleſſed with a good conſtitution: She is hardly yet in the perfection of her bloom. Set my heart at reſt. I love not either of my Siſters, more than I do Miſs Byron. Dear Charlotte, I am really angry with you.

My good-natured Lord reddened up to his naked ears, at hearing my Brother ſay he was angry with me. Sir Charles, ſaid he, I am ſorry you are ſo ſoon

angry

angry with your Siſter. It is *too* true, Miſs Byron is ill: She is, I fear, in a declining way—

Pardon, me, my dear Lord G.—Yet I am ready to be angry with any-body that ſhall tell me, Miſs Byron is in a declining way—Dr. Bartlett—Pray—

Indeed, Sir, Miſs Byron is not well—Lady G. has mingled her fears with her love, in the deſcription. Miſs Byron cannot but be lovely: Her complexion is ſtill fine. She is chearful, ſerene, reſigned—

Reſigned, Dr. Bartlett!—Miſs Byron is a ſaint. She cannot but be reſigned, in the ſolemn ſenſe of the word—Reſignation implies hopeleſſneſs. If ſhe is ſo ill, would not you, my dear Dr. Bartlett, have informed me of it—Or was it from tenderneſs—*You* muſt be kind in all you do.

I did not apprehend, ſaid Lady L. that Miſs Byron was ſo very much indiſpoſed. Did you, my Lord? (to Lord L.) Upon my word, Doctor, Siſter, it was unkind, if ſo, that you made me not acquainted—

And then her good-natured eye dropt a tear of love for her Harriet.

I was ſorry this went ſo far. My Brother was very uneaſy. So was Mr. Beauchamp, for him, and for you, my dear.

That ſhe is, and endeavours to be, ſo chearful, ſaid Beauchamp, ſhews, that nothing lies upon her mind—My Father's illneſs only can more affect me, than Miſs Byron's.

Emily wept for her Miſs Byron. She has always been afraid that her illneſs would be attended with ill conſequences.

My dear Love, my Harriet, you muſt be well. See how *every-body* loves you. I told my Brother, that I expected a Letter from Northamptonſhire, by the next poſt; and I would inform him truly of the ſtate of your health, from the contents of it.

I would not for the world have you think, my Harriet, that I meant to excite my Brother's attention

to

to you, by what I ſaid. Your honour is the honour of the Sex. For are you not one of the moſt delicate-minded, as well as frankeſt, of it? It is no news to ſay, that my Brother dearly loves you. I did not want to know his ſolicitude for your health. Where he *once* loves, he *always* loves. Did you not obſerve, that I ſuppoſed it a *natural* decline? God grant that it may *not* be ſo. And thus am I imprudently diſcouraging you, in mentioning my apprehenſions of your ill health, in order to ſhew my regard for your punctilio: But you *ſhall*, you *will*, be well; and the Wife of—the beſt of men—God grant it may be ſo!—But, however that is to be, we have all laid our heads together, and are determined, for your delicacy-ſake, to let this matter take its courſe; ſince, after an opening ſo undeſignedly warm, you might otherwiſe imagine our ſolicitude in the affair capable of being thought too urgent. I tell you, my dear, that, worthy as Sir Charles Grandiſon is of a princeſs, he ſhall not call you by his name, but with all his ſoul.

As my Brother laid it out to us this evening, I find we ſhall loſe him for ſome days. The gameſters whom Mr. Grandiſon permitted to ruin him, are at Wincheſter; dividing, I ſuppoſe, and rejoicing over, their ſpoils of the laſt ſeaſon. Whether my Brother intends to ſee them or not, I cannot tell. He expects not to do any-thing with them. They, no doubt, will ſhew the fooliſh fellow, that *they* can keep what *he* could not: And Sir Charles aims only at practicable and legal, not at romantic, redreſſes.

Sir Charles intends to pay his reſpects to Lord and Lady W. at Windſor; and to the Earl of G. and Lady Gertrude, who are at their Berkſhire ſeat. My honeſt Lord has obtained my leave, at the firſt aſking, to attend him thither—My Brother will wait on Sir Harry, and Lady Beauchamp, in his way to Lady Mansfield's—Beauchamp will accompany him thither.

Poor

Poor Grandiſon, as humble as a mouſe, tho' my Brother does all he can to raiſe him, deſires to be in his *train* as he calls it, all the way, and never to be from under his wing. My Brother intends to make a ſhort viſit to Grandiſon-hall, when he is ſo near as at Lady Mansfield's: Dr. Bartlett will accompany him thither, as all the way; and hopes he will approve of every-thing he has done there, and in that neighbourhood, in his abſence. The good man has promiſed to write to me. Emily is ſometimes to be with me, ſometimes with Aunt Eleanor, at the Antient's requeſt; tho' Lord and Lady L. mutter at it. My Brother's truſty Saunders is to be left behind, in order to diſpatch to his maſter, by man and horſe, any Letters that may come from abroad; and I have promiſed to ſend him an account of the healths, and-ſo-forth, of our Northamptonſhire friends. I think it would be a right thing in him to take a turn to Selby-houſe. I hope you think ſo too. Don't fib, Harriet.

Adieu, my dear. For God's ſake be well, prays your Siſter, your Friend, and the Friend of all your Friends, ever-affectionate and obliged,

CHARLOTTE G.

LETTER XLIV.

Miſs HARRIET BYRON, *To Lady* G.

Thurſday, Sept. 7.

I Will write to your Letter as it lies before me.

I *do* moſt heartily congratulate you, my dear Lady G. on the arrival of your Brother. I do not wonder that his fatigues, and his diſappointment, have made an alteration in his perſon and countenance. Sir Charles Grandiſon would not be the man he is, if he had not ſenſibility.

You could not know your Brother, my dear, if you expected from him recriminations on your paſt odd behaviour

behaviour to Lord G. I hope he does not yet know a tenth part of it: But if he did, as he hoped you ſaw your error, and would be good for the future, he was right ſurely to forget, what you ought not, but with contrition, to remember. You are very naughty in the Letter before me; and I love you too well to ſpare you.

What can you mean, my dear, by exulting ſo much over your Aunt, for living, to an advanced age, a ſingle woman? However ineffectual, let me add to my former expoſtulatory chidings on this ſubject: Would you have one think you are overjoyed, that you have ſo ſoon put it out of any one's power to reproach you on the like account? If ſo, you ought to be more thankful than you ſeem to be, to Lord G. who has extended his generoſity to you, and kept you from the odium. Upon my word, my dear Lady G. I think it looks like a want of decency in women, to caſt reflections on others of their Sex, poſſibly for their prudence and virtue. Do you conſider, how you exalt, by your ludicrous freedoms, the men whom ſometimes you affect to deſpiſe? No wonder if *they* ridicule old maids. It is their intereſt to do ſo. *Lords of the Creation*, ſometimes you deridingly call the inſulters; Lords of the Creation, indeed you make them!—And pray, do you think, that the ſame weakneſs which made your Aunt Grandiſon tell her dreams, in the joy of her heart, as an old maid, might not have made her guilty of the ſame foible, had ſhe been an old Wife? Joy is the parent of many a ſilly thing. Don't you own, that the arrival of your Brother, which made your Aunt break out into dream-telling, made you break into laughter (even in a Letter) of which you were aſhamed to tell the cauſe?—*Wives*, my dear, ſhould not fall into the miſtakes, for which they would make *maids* the ſubject of their ridicule. You *know* better; and therefore ſhould be above joining the fooliſh multitude, in a general cry to hunt down an

unfortunate

unfortunate claſs of people (as you reckon them) of your own Sex. Your Aunt Grandiſon's dreams, let me add, were more innocent, than your waking mirth—You *muſt* excuſe me—I could ſay a great deal more upon the ſubject; but if I have not ſaid enough to make you ſorry for your fault, a great deal more would be ineffectual—So much therefore for this ſubject.

Poor dear Emily!—I wonder not at the effect the arrival, and firſt ſight, of her guardian, had upon her tender heart.

But how wickedly do you treat your Lord!—Fie upon you, Charlotte!—And fie upon you again, for writing what I cannot, for your credit-ſake, read out to my friends. I wiſh, my dear, I could bring you to think, that there cannot be wit without juſtice; nor humour without decorum: My Lord has ſome few foibles: But ſhall a Wife be the firſt to diſcover them, and expoſe him for them? Cannot you cure him of them, without treating him with a ridicule which borders upon contempt?—O my dear, you ſhew us much greater foibles in yourſelf, than my Lord ever yet had, when you make ſo bad an uſe of talents that were given you for better purpoſes. One word only more on this ſubject—You cannot make me ſmile, my dear, when you are thus unſeaſonable in your mirth. Henceforth, then, remember, that your *excurſiveneſs* (allow me the word, I had a harſher in my head) upon old maids, and your Lord, can only pleaſe *yourſelf*; and *I* will not accept of your compliment, becauſe I will not be a partaker in your fault; as I ſhould be, if I could countenance your levity.

Levity, Harriet!

Yes, *levity*, Charlotte—I will not ſpare you. Whom do you ſpare?

But do you really think me ſo ill as you repreſented me to be, to your Brother? I don't think I am. If I did, I am ſure I ſhould endeavour to put my thoughts into an abſolutely new train: Nor would I quit the hold

which

which at proper times, I do let go, to re-enter the world, as an individual, who imagines herſelf of ſome little uſe in it; and who is therefore obliged to perform, with chearfulneſs, her allotted offices, however *generally* inſignificant I may comparatively be.

You ſay, you had no thoughts of exciting your Brother's *attention*, by your ſtrong colouring, when you deſcribed the effects of my indiſpoſition to him. *Attention!*—*Compaſſion* you might as well have ſaid—I hope *not*. And I am obliged to Mr. Beauchamp for his inference, from my chearfulneſs, that nothing lay upon my mind. Now, tho' that inference ſeemed to imply, that he thought, if he had not made the obſervation, ſomething *might* have been ſuppoſed to lie upon my mind, I am much better ſatisfied that *he* made it, than if Sir Charles had.

Upon the whole, I cannot but be pleaſed at two things in your Letter: The one, that Sir Charles expreſſed ſo great a concern for my health: The other, that you have all promiſed, and that voluntarily, and from a ſenſe of the fitneſs of the meaſure, that everything ſhall be left to its natural courſe—For my ſake, and for goodneſs-ſake, pray let it be ſo. I think the opening, as you call it, was much, *very* much, too *warm*. Bleſs me, my dear, how I trembled as I read that part!—I am not, methinks, quite ſatisfied with it, tho' I am with your intention.

Conſider, my dear, Half a heart—A preferred Lady!—For quality, fortune, and every merit, ſo greatly preferable—O my Charlotte! I cannot, were the *beſt* to happen that *can*, take ſuch *exceeding* great joy, as I once could have done, in the proſpect of that *beſt*.—I have pride—But let us hear what the next Letters from Italy ſay; and it will be then time enough (if the truly admirable Lady ſhall adhere to her reſolution) to come with my ſcruples and drawbacks. Your Aunt Grandiſon is of opinion, that ſhe will *not* adhere. Who can tell what to ſay? Imagination, unnaturally

heightened, may change into one altitude from another. I myſelf ſincerely think (and have ſo often ſaid it, that an uncharitable mind would perhaps charge me with affectation) that Lady Clementina, and no other woman, can deſerve Sir Charles Grandiſon.

Adieu, my dear. Pray tell you Brother that I never thought myſelf ſo ill as your friendly love made you apprehend me to be: And that I congratulate you, with all my heart, and him alſo (it would be an affectation to forbear it, which would imply too much) on his ſafe arrival in England. But be ſure remember, that I look upon you and your Lord, upon my Lord and Lady L. and upon my ſweet Emily, if ſhe ſees what I write, as guardians of the honour (of the *punctilio*, if you pleaſe, ſince no *diſ*-honour can be apprehended from Sir Charles Grandiſon) of

Your and Their

HARRIET BYRON.

LETTER XLV.

Dr. BARTLETT, *To Lady* G.

Monday, Sep. 11.

IN obedience to your Ladyſhip's commands, I write, but it muſt be briefly, on account of our motions.

Sir Charles would not go out of town, till he had made a viſit to Mr. and Mrs. Reeves, and enquired after Miſs Byron's health, of which he received an account leſs alarming, than we, from our love and our fears, had given him.

We arrived at Windſor on Wedneſday evening. My Lord and Lady W. expected him not till the next day.

I cannot find words to expreſs the joy with which they received him. My Lord acknowleged, before us all, that he owed it to God, and to him, that he was the happieſt man in the world. My Lady called herſelf,

ſelf, with tears of joy, a happy woman: And Sir Charles told me, that when he was led by her to her cloſet, to talk about the affairs of her family, ſhe exceedingly abaſhed him, by expreſſing her gratitude to him for his goodneſs to them all, on her knees; while he was almoſt ready, on *his*, he ſaid, to acknowlege the Aunt, that had done ſo much honour to his recommendation, and made his Uncle ſo happy.

Sir Charles, in order to have leave to depart next morning, as ſoon at he had breakfaſted, promiſed to paſs ſeveral days with them, when he could think himſelf a *ſettled Engliſhman*.

You, madam, and Lady L. equally love and admire Lady W.: I will not, therefore, enlarge to you on her excellencies. Every-body loves her. Her ſervants, as they attend, look at their Lady, with the ſame delight, mingled with reverence, as thoſe of my patron look upon him.

Poor Mr. Grandiſon could not help taking affecting notice to me, on the joint acknowlegements of my Lord and Lady made to my patron, that goodneſs and beneficence brought with them their own rewards. Saw you not, my good Dr. Bartlett, ſaid he, how my Couſin's eyes ſhone with modeſt joy, as my Lord and Lady ran over with their gratitude? I thought of him, as an angel among men—What a wretch have I been! How can I ſit at table with him! Yet how he overwhelms me with his goodneſs!

Sir Charles having heard, that Sir Hagrave Pollexfen was at his houſe on the foreſt, he rode to make him a viſit, tho' ſome few miles out of his way. I attended him.

Sir Hargrave is one of the moſt miſerable of men. He is not yet fully recovered of the bruiſes and rough treatment he met with near Paris: And he is ſo extremely ſunk in his ſpirits, that Sir Charles could not but be concerned for him. He received him with grateful acknowlegements, and was thankful for his viſit:

But

But he told him, that he was ſo miſerable in himſelf, that he could hardly thank him for ſaving a life ſo wretched.

Mr. Merceda, it ſeems, died about a fortnight ago.

The poor man was thought to be pretty well recovered; and rode out ſeveral times: But was taken on his return from one of his rides, with a vomiting of blood; the conſequence, as imagined, of ſome inward bruiſes; and died miſerably. His death, and the manner of it, have greatly affected Sir Hargrave.—And poor Bagenhall, Sir Charles, ſaid he, is as miſerable a dog as I am!

Sir Hargrave, underſtanding, as he ſaid, that I was a *parſon*, begged me to give him *one prayer*—

He was ſo importunate, and for Sir Charles to join in it, that we both kneeled with him.

Sir Hargrave wept. He called himſelf a hardened dog.

Srange man!—But I think I was ſtill *more* affected (Sir Hargrave *ſhocked* me!) by your noble Brother's humanity, than by Sir Hargrave's wretchedneſs; tears of compaſſion for the poor man ſtealing down his manly cheek—God comfort you, Sir Hargrave, ſaid he, wringing his hand—Dr. Bartlett is a good man. You ſhall have the prayers of us both.

He left him. He *could* ſtay no longer; followed by the unhappy man's bleſſings, interrupted by violent ſobbings.

We were both ſo affected, that we broke not ſilence, as we rode, till we joined our company at my Lord's.

I recounted what paſſed at this interview to Mr. Grandiſon. Your Ladyſhip will not want me to be very particular in relating what were his applications

to, and reflections on, himſelf, when I tell you, that he could not have been more concerned, had he been preſent on the occaſion.

Mr. Beauchamp was with us when I gave this relation to Mr. Grandiſon. He was affected at it, and with Mr. Grandiſon's ſenſibility: But how happy for himſelf was it, that his concern had in it no mixture of ſelf-reproach! It was a generous and humane concern, like that of his dear friend.

Sir Charles's next viſit was to the good Earl of G. And here we left my Lord G.; the beſt-natured, and one of the moſt virtuous and prudent young noblemen in the kingdom. Your Ladyſhip will not accuſe me of flattery, when you read this; but you will, perhaps, of another view—Yet, as long as I know that you love to have juſtice done to my Lord; and in your heart are ſenſible of the truth of what I ſay, and I am ſure rejoice in it; I give chearful way to the juſtice; and the rather, as you look upon my Lord as ſo much *yourſelf*, that if you receive his praiſes with ſome little reluctance, it is with ſuch a modeſt reluctance as you would receive your own; glad, at the ſame time, that you were ſo juſtly complimented.

My Lord will acquaint your Ladyſhip with all that paſſed at the good Earl's; and how much overjoyed he and Lady Gertrude were at the favour they thought your Brother did them in dining with them. His Lordſhip will tell you alſo, how much they wiſh for you; for they propoſe to winter there, and not in Hertfordſhire, as once they thought to do.

Here Sir Charles enquired after their neighbour, Mr. Bagenhall.

He is become a very melancholy man. His wife is as obliging as he will let her be; but he hates her; and the leſs wonder, for he hates himſelf.

Poor

Poor woman! ſhe could not expect a better fate. To yield up her chaſtity; to be forced upon him afterwards, by way of doing her poor juſtice; what affiance can he have in her virtue, were ſhe to meet with a trial?

But that is not all; for though nobody queſtions her fidelity, yet what weight with him can her arguments have, were ſhe to endeavour to enforce upon his mind thoſe doctrines, which, were they to have proceeded from a pure heart, might, now-and-then, have let in a ray of light on his benighted ſoul? A gloomy mind muſt occaſionally receive great conſolation from the interpoſal and ſoothing of a companionable Love, when we know it comes from an untainted heart!

Poor Mr. Grandiſon found in *this* caſe alſo great room for ſelf-application and regret, without my being ſo officious as to remind him of the ſimilitude; tho' the woman who is endeavoured to be impoſed on him for a wife, is a more guilty creature than ever Mrs. Bagenhall was.

And here madam, allow me to obſerve, that there is ſuch a Sameneſs in the lives, the actions, the purſuits of libertines, and ſuch a likeneſs in the accidents, puniſhment, and occaſions for remorſe, which attend them, that I wonder they will not be warned by the beacons that are lighted up by every brother libertine whom they know; and that they will ſo generally be driven on the ſame rock, overſpread and ſurrounded as it is, in their very ſight, by a thouſand wrecks!—Did ſuch know your Brother, and learn from his example and hiſtory, what a *variety* there is in goodneſs, as he paſſes on from object to object, exerciſing, not officiouſly, but as opportunity offers, his noble talents to the benefit of his fellow-creatures, ſurely they would, like honeſt Mr. Sylveſter, the attorney, endeavour to give themſelves ſolid joy, by following what

that gentleman juſtly called ſo *ſelf-rewarding* an example.

Forgive me, madam, if ſometimes I am ready to preach: It is my province. Who but your Brother can make every province his, and accommodate himſelf to every ſubject?

We reached Sir Harry Beauchamp's that night; and there took up our lodgings.

Sir Harry ſeems to be in a ſwift decay; and he is very ſenſible of it. He rejoiced to ſee your Brother. I was afraid, Sir Charles Grandiſon, ſaid he, that our next meeting would have been in another world. May we meet hereafter and I ſhall be happy!

This was a wiſh, a thought, not to be diſcouraged in a dying man. Sir Charles was affected with it. You know, madam, that your Brother has a heart the moſt tender, and, at the ſame time, the moſt intrepid, of human hearts. I have learned much from him. He preaches by *action*. Till I knew him, young man as he then was, and ſtill is, my preaching was by *words*: I was contented, that my actions diſgraced not my words.

Lady Beauchamp, as my patron afterwards told me, confeſſed, in tears, that ſhe ſhould owe to him all the tranquillity of mind which ſhe can hope for, if ſhe ſurvive Sir Harry. O Sir, ſaid ſhe, till I knew you, I was a narrow ſelfiſh creature. I was jealous of a Father's Love to a worthy Son; whoſe worthineſs I knew not, as a Son, and as a Friend: That was the happieſt day of our Beauchamp's life, which introduced him to an intimacy with you.

Here, on Friday morning, we left Mr. Beauchamp, ſorrowing for his Father's illneſs, and endeavouring, by every tender act of duty, to comfort his Mother-in-law on a deprivation, with which, I am afraid, ſhe will ſoon be tried.

My Beauchamp loves you, Sir Charles, ſaid Sir Harry, at parting in the morning after breakfaſt; and ſo he *ought*. Where-ever you are, he wants to be; but ſpare him to his Mother and me for a few days: He is her comforter, and mine. Fain, very fain, would I have longer rejoiced, if God had ſeen fit, in the Love of both. But I reſign to the Divine Will. Pray for me: You alſo, Dr. Bartlett, pray for me. My Son tells me what a good man you are—And may we meet in heaven! I am afraid, Sir Charles, that I never ſhall ſee you again in this world—But why ſhould I oppreſs your noble heart? God be your Guide and Protector! Take care of your precious health. You have a great deal to do, before you finiſh your glorious courſe, and come to this laſt period of human vanity.

My patron was both grieved and rejoiced—Rejoiced to ſee Sir Harry in a frame of mind ſo different from that to which he had been a witneſs in Sir Hargrave Pollexfen; and grieved to find him paſt all hopes of recovery.

Sir Charles purſued his journey, croſs the country, to Lady Mansfield's. We found no convenient place for dining, and arrived at Mansfield-houſe about five on Friday afternoon.

My Lady Mansfield, her Daughter and Sons, were overjoyed to ſee my patron. Mr. Grandiſon told me, that he never, from infancy till this time, ſhed ſo many tears as he has ſhed on this ſhort tour, ſometimes from joy, ſometimes from grief. I don't know, madam, whether one ſhould wiſh him re-eſtabliſhed in his fortune, if it could be done; ſince calamity, rightly ſupported, is a bleſſing.

Here I left my patron, and proceeded on Saturday morning with Mr. Grandiſon to the Hall. If Sir Charles finds matters ripened for a treaty between the Manſfields

fields and their adverſaries, as he has been put in hopes, he will ſtay at Mansfield-houſe, and only viſit us at the Hall incognito, to avoid neighbourly congratulations, till he can bring things to bear.

Mr. Grandiſon juſt now told me, that Sir Charles, before he left town, gave him a 400*l.* bank note, to enable him to pay off his debts to tradeſmen; of which, at his deſire, he had given him in a liſt; amounting to 360*l.*

He owes, he ſays, 100*l.* more to the widow of a wine-merchant; but being reſolved to pay it the moment money comes into his hands, he would not acquaint Sir Charles with it.

I have the honour to be

Your Ladyſhip's
Moſt faithful and obedient Servant,
AMBROSE BARTLETT.

BRITISH 28 AU 74 MUSEUM

END OF THE FIFTH VOLUME.